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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

October 16, 1937

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE N NAL WEEKLY

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN **SIDNEY F**

WINSTON CHURCHILL **AGATHA C**

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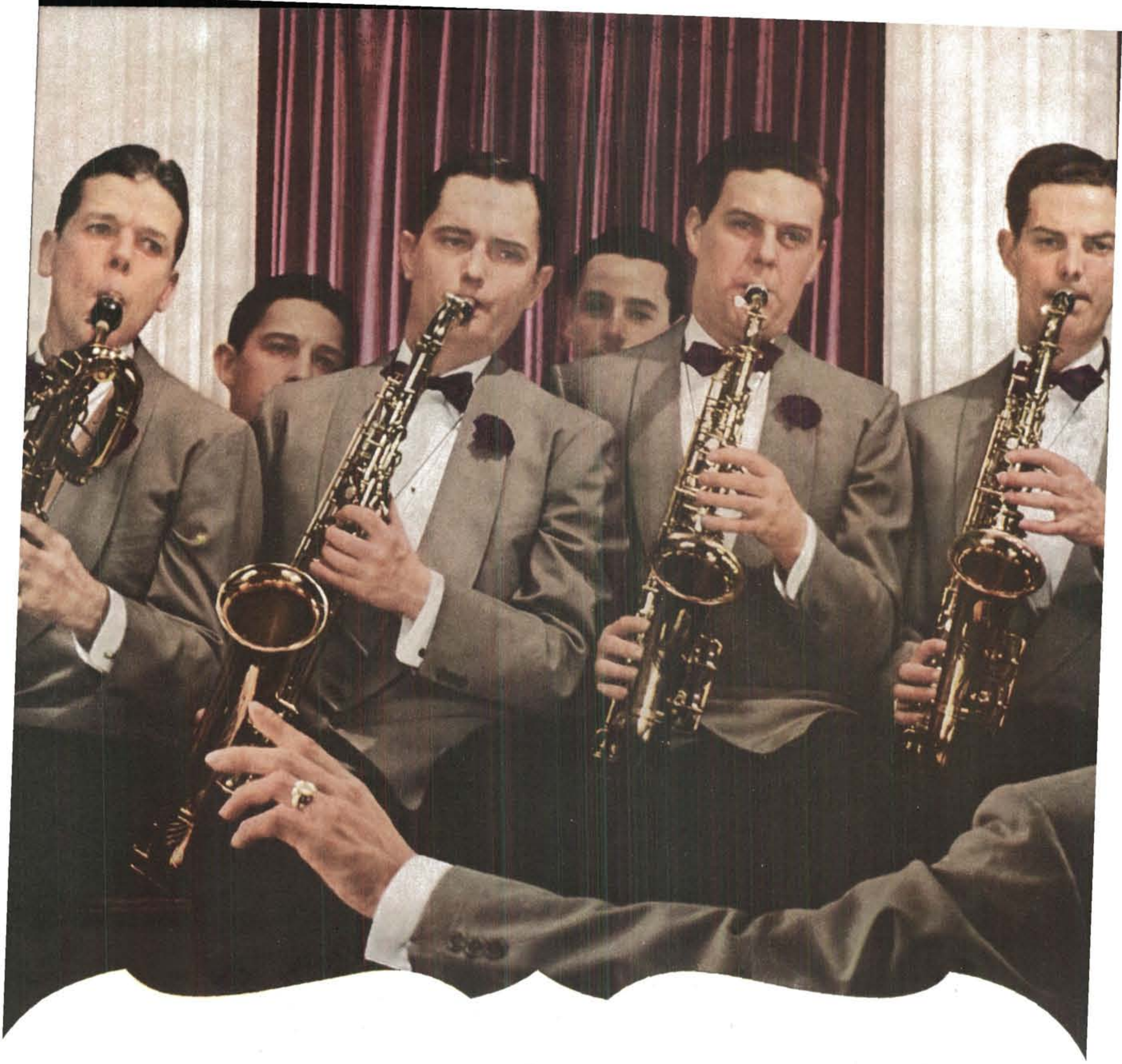


No, sir! One saxophone is not enough!

ANY dance band *could* get along with just one saxophone. But *one* saxophone by itself somehow doesn't seem to say *"Let's dance!"*

It's only when the rich mellow tones of *several* different saxophones are blended together that you get the smooth *symphony* of tone that makes a truly great dance orchestra.

And, in a way, this is precisely why that one word *"symphony"* comes so close to describing a great whiskey—Four Roses. For Four Roses is not just *one* fine straight whiskey—it is a combination, a *symphony*, of *several* straight whiskies.

Why *several?* Because, down here at Frankfort, we believe that no *single* straight whiskey, by itself, can possess *all* the qualities of greatness in perfect balance—no matter how fine a whiskey it may be.

That is why we take *several* great whiskies—each outstanding for some particular virtue. Then, with almost loving care, we blend these fine whiskies (*and nothing but these whiskies!*) together.

The result is Four Roses—and we believe it's the most glorious symphony of whiskey virtues that we, or any one else, ever coaxed into a bottle!

For the new edition of "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book," send 10¢ in stamps to Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville, Kentucky.

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore, also make Paul Jones (90 proof), Old Oscar Pepper brand (90 proof), and Mattingly & Moore (90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies.

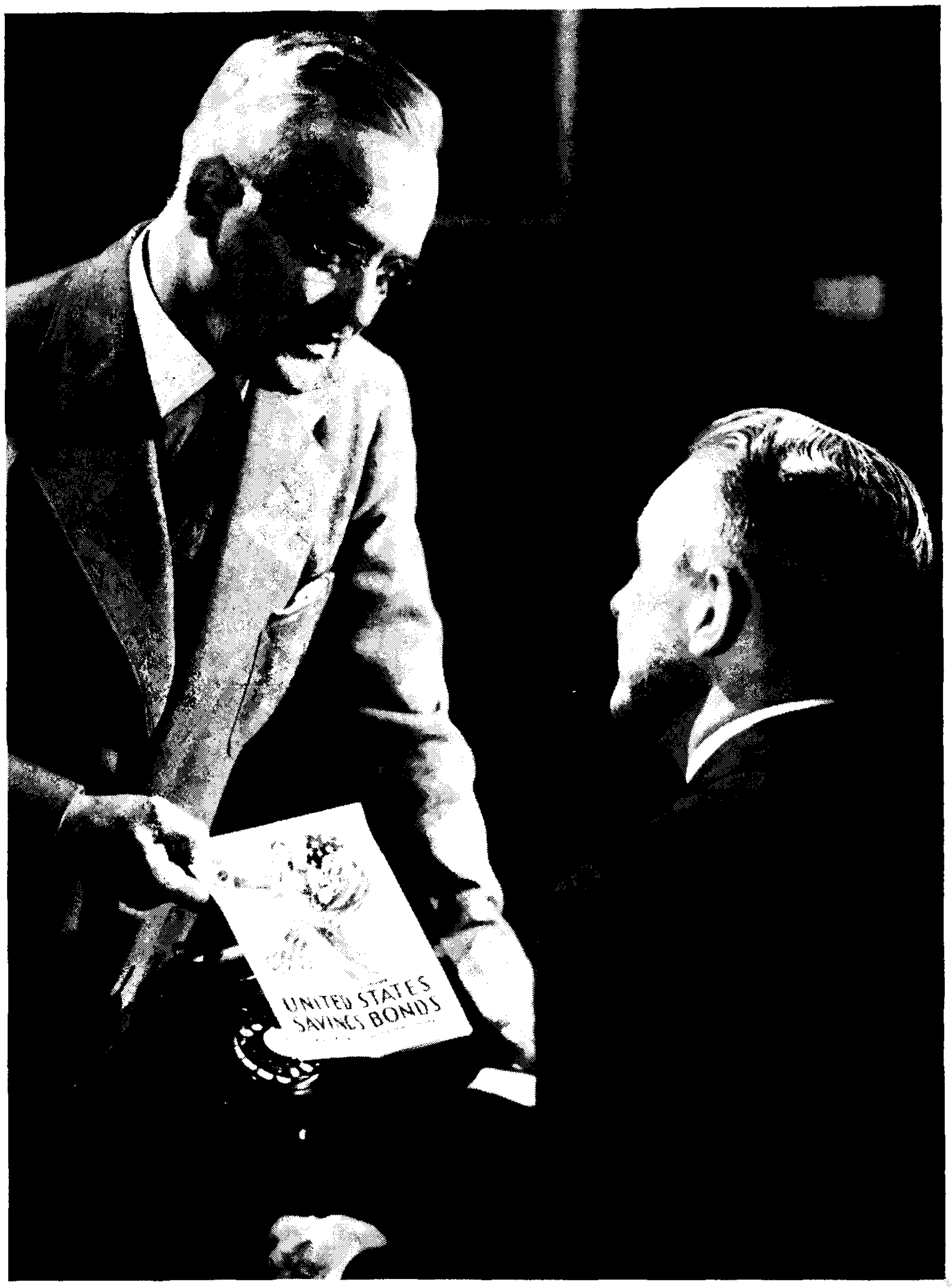
FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies
—90 proof

WE BELIEVE FOUR ROSES IS AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY REGARDLESS OF AGE OR PRICE

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

DIRECT OBLIGATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT



"This is a Sound Investment for our Reserve Funds"

Primarily, United States Savings Bonds are intended for the small investor. But their freedom from price fluctuations, their quick liquidity, automatic re-investment of interest equivalent, and other features make them attractive to *associations, lodges, banks, trust companies, partnerships, corporations,* and other institutions seeking an investment that will not shrink in dollar value.

Each year thousands of these organizations have been investing $7,500 ($10,000 maturity value) which is the maximum amount of bonds issued during any one calendar year that may at any time be held by any one person. These bonds increase in cash redemption value as shown in the table below and, at maturity, return 33⅓% more than the original investment.

For the individual investor, Savings Bonds hold the same advantages, and in addition, co-owners or beneficiary may be named when the bonds are issued. Any bond may be redeemed for cash at any time after 60 days from issue date.

HOW SAVINGS BONDS INCREASE IN VALUE

ISSUE PRICE	**$18.75**	**$37.50**	**$75.00**	**$375.00**	**$750.00**
Redemption values after the issue date:					
First year	$18.75	$37.50	$75.00	$375.00	$750.00
1 to 1½ years	19.00	38.00	76.00	380.00	760.00
1½ to 2 years	19.25	38.50	77.00	385.00	770.00
2 to 2½ years	19.50	39.00	78.00	390.00	780.00
2½ to 3 years	19.75	39.50	79.00	395.00	790.00
3 to 3½ years	20.00	40.00	80.00	400.00	800.00
3½ to 4 years	20.25	40.50	81.00	405.00	810.00
4 to 4½ years	20.50	41.00	82.00	410.00	820.00
4½ to 5 years	20.75	41.50	83.00	415.00	830.00
5 to 5½ years	21.00	42.00	84.00	420.00	840.00
5½ to 6 years	21.25	42.50	85.00	425.00	850.00
6 to 6½ years	21.50	43.00	86.00	430.00	860.00
6½ to 7 years	21.75	43.50	87.00	435.00	870.00
7 to 7½ years	22.00	44.00	88.00	440.00	880.00
7½ to 8 years	22.50	45.00	90.00	450.00	900.00
8 to 8½ years	23.00	46.00	92.00	460.00	920.00
8½ to 9 years	23.50	47.00	94.00	470.00	940.00
9 to 9½ years	24.00	48.00	96.00	480.00	960.00
9½ to 10 years	24.50	49.00	98.00	490.00	980.00
Maturity value	25.00	50.00	100.00	500.00	1,000.00

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

FOR SALE AT POST OFFICES OR, IF YOU PREFER, ORDER BY MAIL

TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, DEPT. C-10, WASHINGTON, D. C.

☐ Please send me without obligation, your Regular Purchase Plan and forms for my consideration and optional use.

☐ Send me the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft, or money order.

NUMBER
.... **$25** U. S. Savings Bonds at **$18.75** $...........
.... **$50** U. S. Savings Bonds at **$37.50** $...........
.... **$100** U. S. Savings Bonds at **$75.00** $...........
.... **$500** U. S. Savings Bonds at **$375.00** $...........
...........**$1000** U. S. Savings Bonds at **$750.00** $...........
Total $...........

It is understood that not more than $10,000 (Maturity Value) of these bonds issued during each or any calendar year (January 1st to December 31) may be held by any one person.

Register in the name of and send to
Name Miss / Mrs. / Mr. ____________________ (If for a firm or association, state whether incorporated or unincorporated)
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Collier's

October 16, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
W. B. COURTNEY	Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
T. R. YBARRA	Europe
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editors

Next Week

THE change in Tony's neighborhood was for the better, but it left Tony lonely and miserable. Workmen came and tore down the houses where his friends lived and put up a fine new apartment building in their place. Tony's friends went away, and in the new apartments the children were rich kids and therefore sissies.

There was one, though, who wasn't bad. Her name was Alice. After a while Tony felt that he would like to do something for Alice. What she wanted was to get to her father in Washington. Tony said he would arrange it. In "The Hard Nut," Thomas Walsh tells about their daring trip.

YOU can have a good football team without great backs or great tackles. You can have a good team without any great players at all. But there's one thing you have to have—a spark plug. He's the fellow with ability to shock eleven men into supreme action at the precise instant when their power and speed will count most. "Shipwreck" Kelly shows you these makers of football in "They Give the Spark."

JOHN got caught between two girls. He liked them both, but at different times. Jean was the actress; she was fun to take out, the life of any party. Catharine was a bit of a highbrow, but nice too in a quiet way. Both girls had definite and contradictory ideas about John's future. David Manuel tells you how he solved his problem in "Lady in Lights."

BEFORE Jim Marshall, Collier's staff writer in the Orient, was expelled from Japan he had a chance to look around and see how the children of Nippon were taking the Chinese war. What he saw was a great deal of method but no enthusiasm. In a brilliant article, he gives you the picture of a nation in grim pursuit of its destiny.

LEN DOTY, who had handled dogs all his life, said that blood was the important thing, family, breeding. In hounds the same as in people. Ginny Council was a good example of what he meant. She had generations of breeding behind her and she showed it. But Ginny didn't share his opinions. She preferred to judge dogs and men by the way they acted. "Autumn Music" is by Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain.

ADDITIONAL contributions come from Ben Ames Williams, Selma Robinson, Agatha Christie, Ernest Haycox, Katharine Roberts, Freling Foster and others.

●

This Week

SHORT STORIES

D. D. BEAUCHAMP
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●

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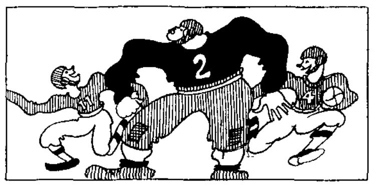
Face the Danger. Page 86

COVER GORDON SLOAN

Any Week

HAVING given the national scene a thorough scanning, Mr. Ed Ladderwell of Hollywood, California, thinks that the report of a football scout for the University of Southern California might apply just as well to President Roosevelt's political prospects. This scout, says Mr. Ladderwell, returned from spying upon an enemy team. Said he: "All we have to do is keep our eyes open. They're big but so slow and clumsy that we'll have to take care that we don't trip over them and break our necks. As long as we keep running *around* them we can name the score."

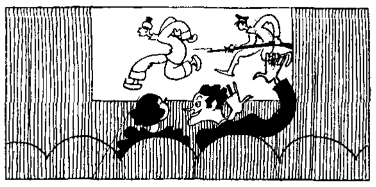


IT was during the gold rush in the Philippines, says Mr. Jim Marshall, who globe-trots for us in the Far East, that a brisk young American salesman called upon a Filipino mining outfit in Manila. Says Mr. Marshall: "Our salesman took a look at two lovely *mestiza* stenographers, smoked a cigar and had a drink in the reception room, sank his hocks into the ankle-deep velvet rugs and presently was ushered into the president's chromium and leather suite. He told the president that his firm made mining machinery and hoped to sell some of it. The president took a *dekko* around the sumptuous place and replied: 'Well, Señor, I tell you: I think already we have all the mining equipment we need. But maybe we could use another cocktail set.' "

BUT of course mining, like a lot of things, isn't what it used to be. Mr. Laurence P. Fornacker of Salt Lake City, Utah, says that he knows "an ancient sourdough, a veteran of Cripple Creek, Goldfields, Anaconda and the Comstock Lode," who recently looked over "a bunch of young college boys and their electrical equipment bound for an air-conditioned, cafeteriaed and forty-hour-week gold strike." The old-timer—Mr. Lou McQuade—was not elated. "Hell, son," said Mr. McQuade, "for strikes like that there when I was a strong young squirt, us fellers wouldn't bother with no machinery. We'd 'a' used toothpicks."

OF course we've got to expect scorn from our elders. We have a letter here from Mr. Harry O. Letzen, who was a sergeant in the United States Army in "the Boxer Rebellion, in the Philippines and Cuba back in '98." A very busy soldier man, if you ask us. Anyway, he's brimming with scoffs. "War wasn't any 'incident' when I was in the service," says Mr. Letzen. "If we took a beating one day we went out next day and tried again. But we didn't kill women and children just because somebody knocked off a few of our side. A fight was a fight, right down on the ground where it belonged, and we didn't have to call in the movies to prove it either."

ANYWAY, Mr. Letzen reminds us of what we heard while watching a newsreel of Shanghai slaughter. A girl and boy were sitting beside us. She was a little bored but even more resentful that nonsense of that sort should be delaying the appearance of Mr. Robert Taylor. Still she showed enough interest to ask her boy friend: "Are these real pictures or—" And he replied: "Maybe some of it. But ya can't tell. They fake up a lot of 'em in the studios."



AND that saddened us because we're the kind of sap who believes almost everything we see. A lot of things people tell us too. We've always believed, for example, that New York City is packed with entertainment. But a group of American Legionnaires shattered that illusion for us. A delegation of them, from Idaho, came in to see us. "Say," said the spokesman, "where does New York get its reputation? Where are all the sights they said we were going to see? Hell, we'd 'a' saved money and had ourselves a time if we'd 'a' stuck to any Saturday night in Pocatello."

AND they may be right. We spent a Saturday night in Pocatello not long ago. Sleeping peacefully and innocently too until awakened by the most prodigious uproar we'd heard since the evening somebody stole the iron elk from the burgomaster's front yard in Bonn, Germany. We looked out the window but we were on the wrong street. We telephoned to the clerk. "It's nothing," said he. "Just a few of the boys practicing going to a fire with the new engine. Don't worry. This hotel's fireproof. Besides, there isn't any fire."

SO we joined them.

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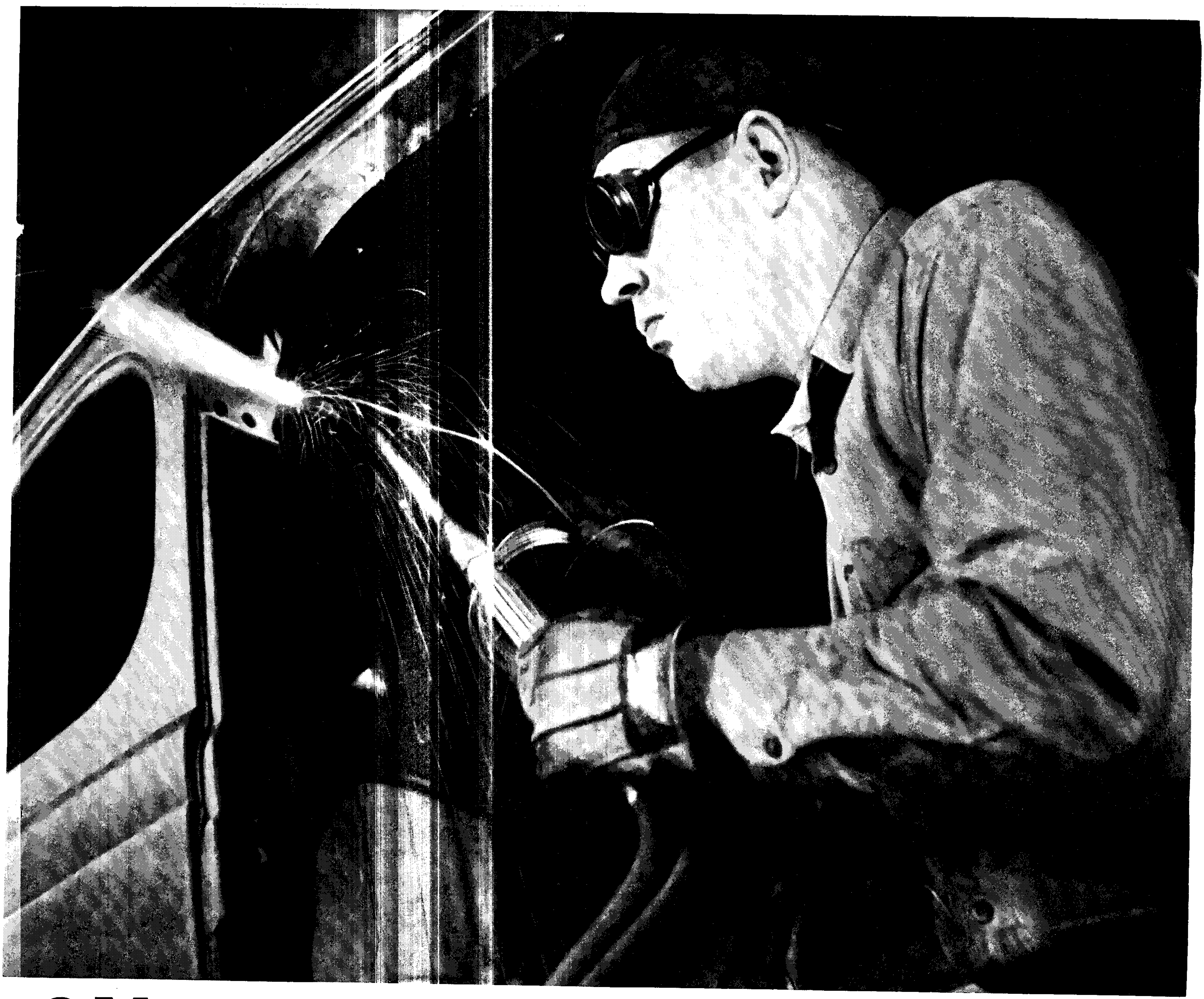


6 Years Building Steel Bodies

EXPERTLY GUIDING a pencil-point of flame, hot enough to make tough steel flow like you ... this skilled worker is welding a big Plymouth body into a single, rigid, all-steel unit.

It's bridged, trussed, braced, against every strain ...and it puts the safety of solid steel over you, under you, around you...to give the most complete protection you can get in a car.

You hear a great deal about steel bodies today. But you *didn't 6 years ago.* And yet...away back then (in the 1931 Plymouth), we started building the famous "Safety-Steel" body. Today's great Plymouth...with its all-steel body...is the fruit of these 6 years of experience.

Six years building steel bodies. Pioneering... to give you more for your car dollar. And Plymouth's whole history has been one of pioneering.

In *1928*...Plymouth introduced double-acting hydraulic brakes in the low-price field...in *1931,* Floating Power engine mountings. Years ago, Plymouth pioneered balanced weight with balanced springing...Calibrated Ignition...a front-end stabilizer...constantly creating bigger value.

This year? Look how the story carries on. Plymouth alone has the Safety Interior...scientific sound-proofing...airplane-type shock-absorbers...live rubber body mountings.

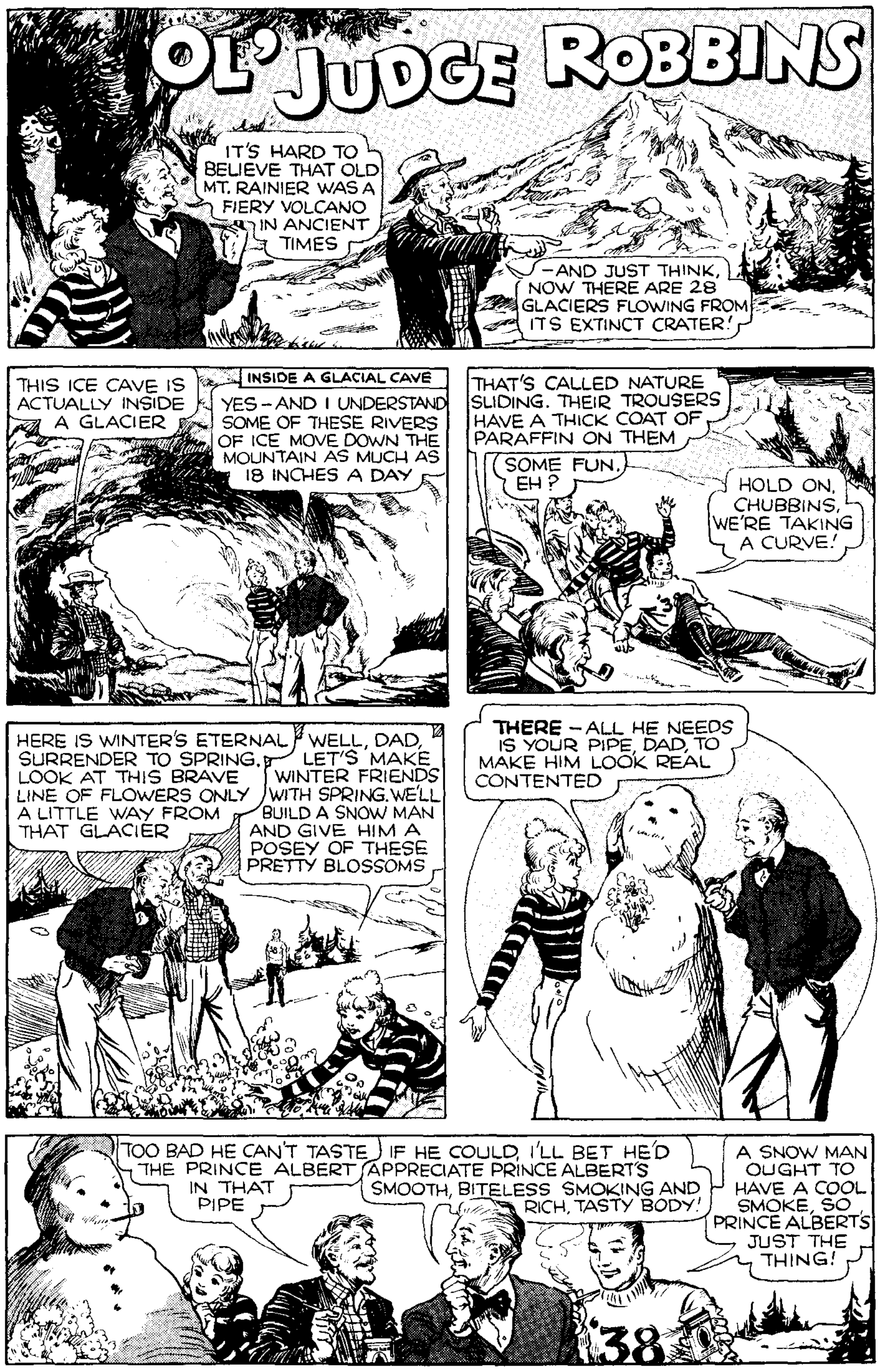
Pioneering...giving you the improvements *first.* This factor is important to you...and it's the big thing that's made Plymouth *"the car that stands up best!"* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

EASY TO BUY

Today, you'll find Plymouth is priced with the lowest...and you can buy a big, beautiful Plymouth on small monthly payments. The Commercial Credit Company has made available—through all Dodge, DeSoto and Chrysler dealers—terms which make it easy to buy a Plymouth today — *"the car that stands up best."*

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR—Columbia network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 p. m., E. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT OLD MT. RAINIER WAS A FIERY VOLCANO IN ANCIENT TIMES
—AND JUST THINK, NOW THERE ARE 28 GLACIERS FLOWING FROM ITS EXTINCT CRATER!
THIS ICE CAVE IS ACTUALLY INSIDE A GLACIER
INSIDE A GLACIAL CAVE
YES—AND I UNDERSTAND SOME OF THESE RIVERS OF ICE MOVE DOWN THE MOUNTAIN AS MUCH AS 18 INCHES A DAY
THAT'S CALLED NATURE SLIDING. THEIR TROUSERS HAVE A THICK COAT OF PARAFFIN ON THEM
SOME FUN, EH?
HOLD ON, CHUBBINS, WE'RE TAKING A CURVE!
HERE IS WINTER'S ETERNAL SURRENDER TO SPRING. LOOK AT THIS BRAVE LINE OF FLOWERS ONLY A LITTLE WAY FROM THAT GLACIER
WELL, DAD, LET'S MAKE WINTER FRIENDS WITH SPRING. WE'LL BUILD A SNOW MAN AND GIVE HIM A POSEY OF THESE PRETTY BLOSSOMS
THERE—ALL HE NEEDS IS YOUR PIPE, DAD, TO MAKE HIM LOOK REAL CONTENTED
TOO BAD HE CAN'T TASTE THE PRINCE ALBERT IN THAT PIPE
IF HE COULD, I'LL BET HE'D APPRECIATE PRINCE ALBERT'S SMOOTH, BITELESS SMOKING AND RICH, TASTY BODY!
A SNOW MAN OUGHT TO HAVE A COOL SMOKE, SO PRINCE ALBERT'S JUST THE THING!
38

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

"THAT'S MY TOBACCO"—SAY THE 3 GREAT GROUPS OF PIPE-SMOKERS

BEGINNERS
REGULARS
OCCASIONAL
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
SO MILD!

'THE NEW PIPE-SMOKER'S FRIEND'—I CALL PRINCE ALBERT! IT'S NO-BITE TREATED—NEVER HARSH

OLD HANDS AT PIPE SMOKING WANT RICH TASTE WITHOUT RAWNESS. P.A. IS MY CHOICE 100%—

WHAT A COMFORT TO GET ALL THE SWELL SMOKES I WANT. P.A.'S CRIMP CUT ASSURES SLOW, COOL, EVEN BURNING

TRY P.A. AT OUR RISK

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

GREAT IN "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES, TOO

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Most somnambulists naturally avoid tables, chairs and other objects while walking in their sleep. Some even learn to avoid obstacles purposely put in their path. In one such case, a tub of cold water was placed beside the bed of a sleepwalker so he would step into it and awaken himself. During the first few nights, the idea worked successfully, but afterward, he always got out on the other side of the bed.

A company in Colombia uses an elaborate system of pipe lines to send coffee berries from its groves up in the Santa Marta Mountains down to its mill in the valley. A telephone dispatcher regulates the feeding into the many branches of the system to avoid "traffic jams."—*By Robert J. Wehrle, Norwood, Ohio.*

Every structure in virtually every city and town in this country is shown and described on the maps used by fire-insurance companies. These maps show the size and construction of every building and, in mercantile establishments, the location of fire walls, the kind of window frames and glass installed. The positions of all fire-alarm boxes and fire hydrants and the size of water mains are also included.—*By W. H. Birkemeier, Kansas City, Missouri.*

One of the most brazen quacks on record is an American physician who was recently discovered selling a medicine of his own manufacture—"Formula No. 1020"—at $100 for six doses. A chemical analysis of the concoction proved that it was only water, slightly tinged with a blue dye.—*By C. H. Gunderson, Corozal, Canal Zone.*

The halo, or nimbus, the circle of rays which surrounds the heads of holy personages in sacred art, was used in a number of religions long before it was adopted by Christian artists in the fifth century. Moreover, the halo was employed in the paintings of many Roman emperors and, in Byzantine art, it always encircled the head of Satan.

The Chapel of the Ascension near the Marble Arch in London is believed to be the only Christian church that is used exclusively for meditation and prayer. Although open every day of the year from morning until dusk, no sermons are ever preached and no hymns are sung within its walls.—*By Janie S. Brown, Jonesboro, Georgia.*

Coffee-grove owners in various parts of the world report that squirrels and elephants become more spirited after feeding on the leaves of the coffee tree, and birds burst into song and monkeys become gayer after eating the berries.

From early childhood, the Chinese are taught so thoroughly to mind their own business that they rarely render assistance when a person is drowning, a house is burning or a store is being robbed. In fact, purse-snatching in broad daylight is a common occurrence on the streets of Chinese cities because thieves are fairly certain that no one will interfere.

The tinamou, a South American game bird resembling the quail, lays eggs having such a highly polished, glasslike surface that they reflect images like a mirror.

Few persons ever shanghaied more sailors than Shanghai Kelly, who kept a notorious saloon on the San Francisco water front in the 1870's. Yet no one ever saw a drugged seaman carried out of the place. All Kelly's victims were thrown down chutes that landed them in waiting boats beneath the building.

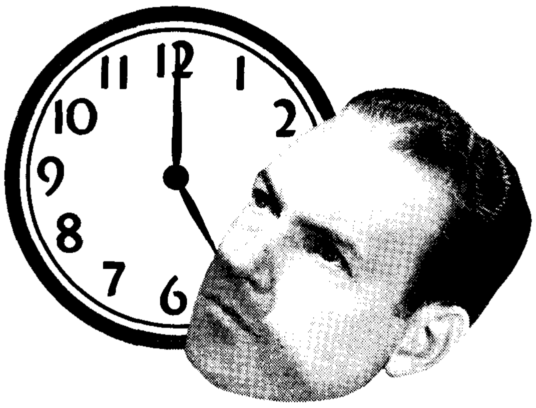
Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

DON'T LET "5 O'clock Shadow" START A WHISPERING CAMPAIGN

Let down a little in your personal appearance and it's just human nature for others to surmise that things aren't so good with you!

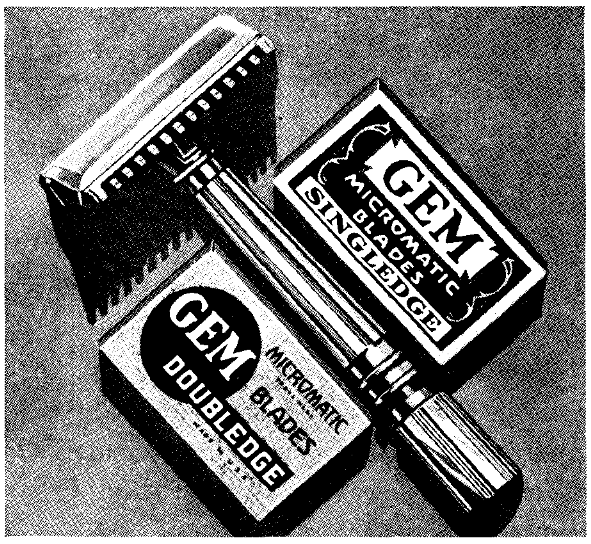
"5 O'clock Shadow"—that unsightly beard growth which appears prematurely at about 5 P.M., looks bad. There's no denying that! It's caused directly by using inefficient shaving instruments which merely "top" the beard. Note this well: *A Gem Blade in a Gem Razor guarantees shadowless shaves which last to the end of the longest day!*

For the Gem Micromatic Razor is scientifically right. Its built-in, face-fitting bevel hugs every facial contour; compels the long, smooth, gliding stroke of the master barber; shaves at the *one* correct angle, clean and close at the dermal line. All one piece, Gem is the world's easiest razor to use. Twist, it opens; twist, it closes.



The Gem Micromatic Blade is made of 50% thicker surgical steel and so can be given a *deeper* beveled edge. This edge is stropped 4840 separate times to incredible keenness. A keenness that lasts. You get cleaner shaves and *far more of them* to each blade.

Stay clean with Gem! One dollar buys a Gem Razor with 5 blades, handsomely cased, at all dealers. Or send coupon below and 25¢ for convincing "proof" offer.


GEM MICROMATIC BLADES SINGLEDGE
GEM MICROMATIC BLADES DOUBLEDGE

SPECIAL "PROOF" OFFER

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. C46, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me special "Proof" set containing 1 single- and 1 double-edge Gem Blade AND THE REGULATION CHROME-PLATED GEM RAZOR. Here's my quarter (stamps or coin).

PRINT NAME____________________
STREET____________________
CITY__________ STATE__________

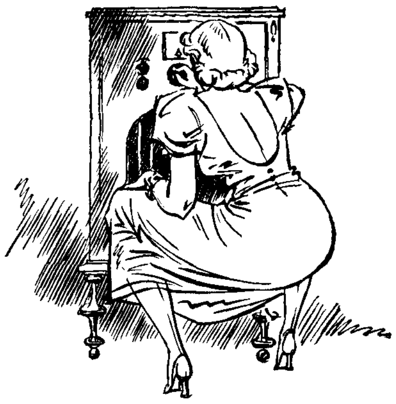
(If you live in Canada, write Mutual Sales Co., 436 Wellington St., W., Toronto, 2, Canada)

Copyright 1937, by American Safety Razor Corp.

GEM MICROMATIC **RAZOR and BLADES**

FOR PERFECT SHAVES – USE A GEM IN A GEM!

With the 1938 Philco, radio outgrows the awkward age! Gone are the days when you had to squat, stoop and squint to tune a station.



NO SQUAT
NO STOOP
NO SQUINT

PHILCO
High Fidelity

Tune easily . . . gracefully . . . speedily . . . accurately . . . with Philco Automatic Tuning and the new Inclined Control Panel! . . . .

When Philco introduced Automatic Tuning a year ago . . . it seemed that radio tuning couldn't be made more convenient. But Philco did it . . . by putting the Automatic Tuning Dial on the Inclined Control Panel. Now there's no longer any need to squat, stoop or squint.

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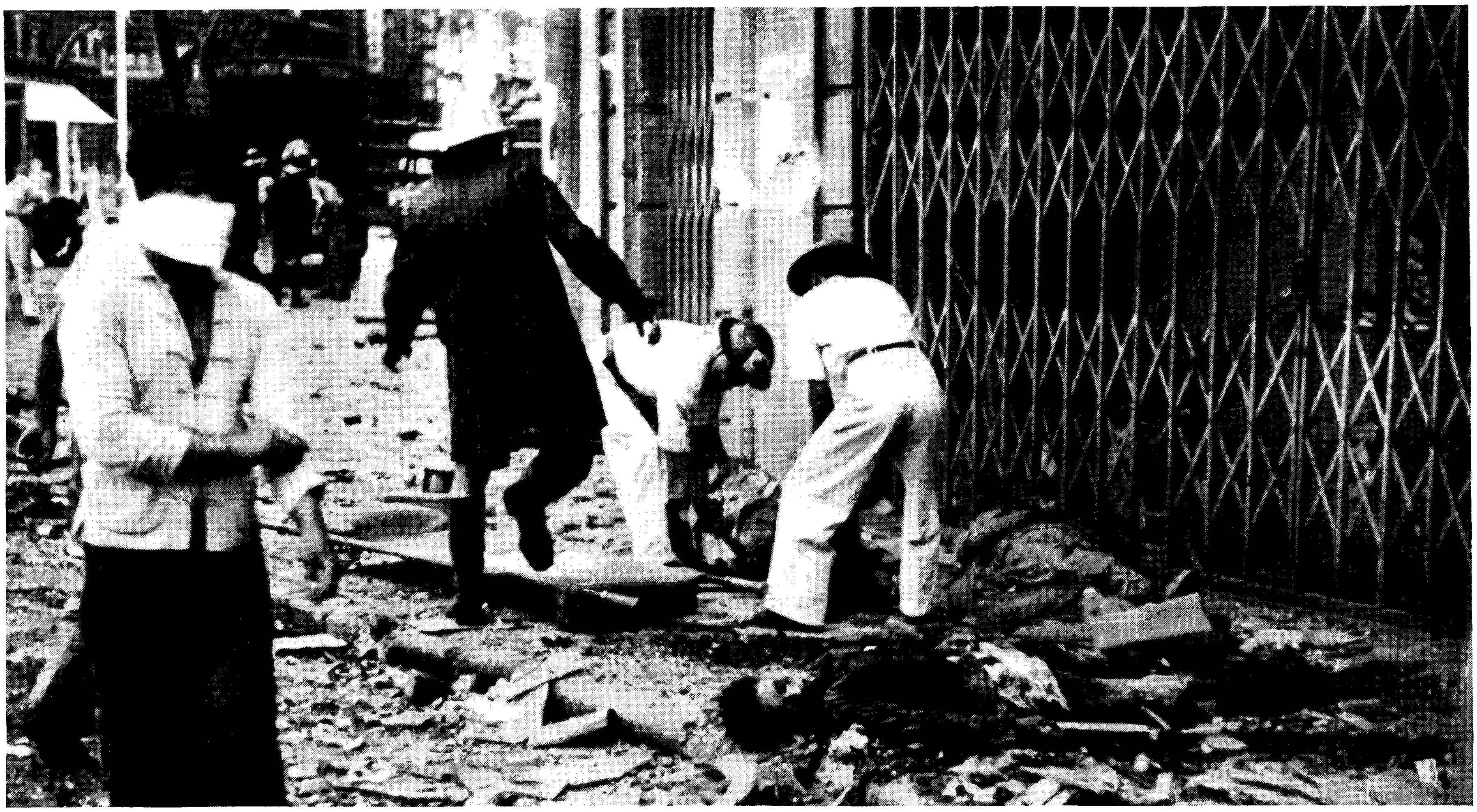
Collier's The National Weekly for October 16, 1937



WIDE WORLD

From miles up, a bomb came rushing down on Nanking Road. Now the dead lie still. The dying writhe. The air is thick with acrid smoke

DEATH FROM THE SKY

This is what people think and say and do when bombs fall from the sky and terror blasts their world away

By Jim Marshall

COLLIER'S STAFF WRITER IN THE ORIENT

HE PRESSED his back flat against the wall of a building in Nanking Road in Shanghai and cursed through his clenched teeth, shaking his fists at the gray, windy sky. There was nothing in the sky except a few typhoon-driven clouds. A minute before a silver sliver had drifted across, two miles up. From this sliver had come rushing a bomb.

Now, all around his feet, the dead lay still. The dying writhed and moaned. The street was inches deep in broken glass and bricks and torn wood and twisted things from the shattered shops. The air was thick with acrid smoke that stung his eyes and tasted salty when he licked his dry lips. His white suit was grimy and blood-streaked. He cursed at the sky. . . .

"You——! You——! You——!" Over and over again.

He did not know if the man up there, who had pulled the bomb release, was Chinese or Japanese or Russian. Nobody knew, except the man up there.

That was the hell of it, thought the man in the grimy white suit. You couldn't do a thing about it. If a guy hit you with his fist, you could take a poke at him. If he squibbed off a gun at you, you could pump lead at him. Or holler for a cop. But this: There wasn't a thing you could do.

His sweating hands clenched. His teeth clamped. "You dirty, lousy——!" he grated. His voice trailed off into a wild snarl.

Americans today are one of the few peoples who do not live in fear of death from the sky. All Europe, half the Orient, wait in terror. In a little while, as warplanes reach farther and farther from their bases, Americans may know this fear.

If the bombs should start dropping on your city, *around your home*, as they are dropping on Chinese cities and homes, and the shrapnel from the high-angle guns starts scattering death and torment from the sky, what are you going to do? Are you going to be panicky, or calm—supposing you live? Are you going to become selfless, trying to save others; or are you going to revert to the primitive and, letting horror rasp off your veneer of civilization, forget everything in your desperate determination to save yourself at all costs?

Ten years ago, for us, these questions were merely academic. Today, they are of practical interest for perhaps forty million of us. Tomorrow, all of us may have to answer them.

A decade ago, there was hardly a possibility that our coastal cities could be bombed. Today, both coastal strips, west of the Rockies, east of the Alleghenies, *can* be attacked from the air, although it would be a foolhardy undertaking. But in a few years, as warplane ranges increase, all America will be open to attack.

How America would defend herself against air attack has been worked out, schemed about, planned and described fully a dozen times. There isn't much the average American can do about his own safety. He must put his trust in the Army and Navy.

But nearly every American has asked himself: "Wonder what I'd do if my city were bombed? Would I go to pieces, be ashamed for the rest of my life; or would I take it and keep my head? What would I do? . . ."

Well, chances are you'd show up pretty well. That half-cynical, half-sentimental, wisecracking American spirit would carry you through the terror. True, you might become a cringing, whining coward, half mad with fear—but the probabilities are all the other way.

The recent Shanghai shambles, the horrors of wanton destruction in Nanking, Peiping, Tientsin and other Chinese cities, have been laboratories of human emotion. In these crowded, cosmopolitan cities, peopled mainly by close-packed millions of poor, uneducated persons and by handfuls of well-off "superior" foreigners, the bomb blasts and the crack of shrapnel have laid bare human souls—as they may lay bare human souls in our own crowded cities—some day.

You will discover, then, that the terror has stripped the character labels from the nations—that the mercurial French, the stolid British, the excitable Italians, the stoical Chinese, the phlegmatic Dutch, are all the same, and that the labels are liars. Down at the bottom, human nature is human nature in Wei-pei-fu or Welte-vreden or West Branch, Iowa.

What will impress you, probably, is not the wholesale destruction or cruel, wanton killing of innocent people, but some minor tragedy of your own. . . .

Tragedies that Seem Worse than Bombs

Jammed into a small tender, coming down the Whangpoo from Shanghai to a waiting American liner, were more than four hundred refugees, almost all women and children. Most of the children had been brought up, from birth, by Chinese amahs. Now, the amahs had been left behind and mothers had taken their places—mothers who hardly knew the sight and *sound and feel of their own children.*

From overhead the Japanese rained down bombs, ignoring the American flags spread atop the tender. Terrified little children wept, and tried to be brave.

"What broke my heart," said one American mother afterward, "was not the danger or the knowledge that

PICTURES, INC.

Chinese in Peiping searching the ruins of their homes for whatever may have escaped the Japanese gunfire

we were financially ruined. It was to hear my Patsy, crying with fright, calling: 'Amah! I want my amah!' Hardly a child on that rocking, heaving boat called for its mother. That was worse than all the bombs. . . ."

The sound you will remember after a bombing is not the crash and boom of the explosions, but the sharp, metallic rush of broken glass, cascading into the streets. It seems to last for minutes. The streets become inches deep in broken glass. You slide and slither over it as you run for safety, hugging the walls. You will run, all right. You will not know why or where you are running, but instinctively you will run somewhere, anywhere. The glass will make a curious, crunching noise under your feet, setting your teeth on edge.

"The thought that came into my head and wouldn't leave," said one woman refugee, "was: 'I'm ruining my shoes. They're getting all cut to pieces!' "

If you are alone when the bombs drop, you will react in one way. If you are with a few friends, you will do something different. But you will act of your own volition. If you are with a mob, however, you will do what the mob does—unless you are a mob leader, which most people aren't. Your reason will leave you. You will do blind, insensate things, swayed by that horror: mob emotion.

In China, the mobs mill endlessly. Back and forth, to and fro. Going nowhere. Just tramping, tramping. The packed masses of humanity start this way, hurry along a few yards, wheel almost as one. They march, glassy-eyed, aimlessly.

There is very little noise. Over the terrified moving huddles of humanity there sweeps a low terrible humming. Occasionally a woman screams; a wounded man groans. If you look closely at individuals you will see them trembling violently. The sweat stands out on their foreheads, makes tiny pathways through the grime on their faces. They seem half paralyzed with fear, looking with unseeing eyes at nothing.

And Time Stands Still

If you are alone you will be stunned physically at first. The thud of the rushing air against your head will stop your brain from working momentarily. You will thrust out your hands for support, or lie flat on your face and try to protect your eyes—always your eyes. Some people fight to keep on their feet, throwing a forearm before their eyes.

Then, as your brain starts working again, you will wonder at the stillness. For a long time, in reality only a second or two, nothing will seem to happen. The picture of the street in which you stood a few moments ago will have changed. But it will seem like a moving picture that has stopped suddenly.

© INTERNATIONAL

This crater was left after an aerial bomb struck the corner of Thibet Road and Avenue Edward VII, Shanghai

As your head clears and you watch, dumbly, the picture will come to life. As the broken glass continues to cascade—you think it never will stop—human beings will slowly start to move. Then you will notice people, or what were people a few seconds ago, who do not move. And parts of people . . .

That thing over there, sprawled headless amid the glass shards. Two minutes ago he saluted you. He was a doorkeeper for a department store. You could chat with him, watch his face smile or frown, his chest rise and fall inside his uniform. Now, you have only a curious detached interest in what is left of him. Suddenly it floods through you: That might be my body; he might be looking at me!

In small groups, the individual acts neither as he would if alone, nor as he would in a mob. As the bombs crashed in Shanghai, five men and a girl sat playing poker in an apartment. You hear a lot about the Chinese impulse to "save face." Well, that was the first impulse of six white people. Each watched for one of the others to crack. Each assumed a pose—bravado, nonchalance, boredom . . .

Waiting, Waiting—for What?

The girl, taking her cocktail with her, walked slowly to the place where the window had been. She looked down into the street. Her cocktail spilled to the carpet. Her ringed fingers trembled as she lit a cigarette. Her face was white as she turned to the men.

"I think, Bill," she said, with a titter of nerves, "you'd better buy me a few shares of United Glass. It looks . . ."

She crumpled in a heap on the floor. The others, finding an outlet for pent-up emotion, revived her. Then the dry American humor, the humor of understatement, ran around the dust-filled room.

A newspaperman said: "A good simile would be: As busy as a Shanghai glazier after a bombing."

"Yes, and won't the street sweepers get some overtime!"

The girl, wedged into a chair, gulped a drink. "The noise," she said, "reminds me of the time the two waiters collided on the stairs at the old Troc."

"Or that time in Paris when the franc fell . . ."

No one laughed. They looked at one another in silence. Then one man gasped, gave an animal cry, rushed from the room. The others sighed, in a sort of unconscious relief. They had not cracked. The girl giggled a little hysterically.

An older American woman came in, walking woodenly, her face a mask of terror. She sat down like an automaton. A frightened Chinese boy brought her a cup of scalding tea.

"Missy dlink, please. Feel more better."

She gulped down the tea, blinked, beckoned to the boy. When he came she turned her purse upside down, pouring the rumpled bills into the boy's hands. "You get small money, Chang," she said. "Get coppers, get five- and ten-cent pieces. Chop, chop!"

"Maskee! Can do!" He ran away and brought back handfuls of small coins. The woman walked out of the room, out into the milling crowd. Methodically, she gave away her money—a copper here, a five-cent piece there—mostly to women.

"Why?" she said later. "I don't know. It seemed I must do something."

If the bombs ever start dropping on *your* city your first emotion will be fear. Fear, not of what has happened but what may happen. Where will the next bomb fall? Will it be here, where I'm standing? Let me get out of here, anywhere, now. You'll start to move. Then reason, memory, will take charge. Lightning never strikes twice in the same place. Better stay here.

Another almost uncontrollable impulse will be to get under something—a bridge, a building entrance. Failing these, into an automobile or a railroad train.

When trains pulled into Shanghai or Nanking stations, after bombings, fear-mad masses of people crowded aboard, through doors and windows, trampling and pushing. People on the trains could not get off. The trains weren't going anywhere, but the impulse of the Chinese was to get aboard, because trains normally went somewhere. Memory of that forced them into the cars. Similarly, streetcars and busses were jammed with humanity, eager to go anywhere, no matter where so long as it was away from the place of fear.

Chinese cities for years have been places in which a handful of comparatively rich and usually supercilious whites, proud of their "prestige," lived surrounded by hundreds of thousands of poor natives. For years most of the whites had treated the Chinese with scant courtesy and a lack of consideration that should not have led them to *(Continued on page 28)*

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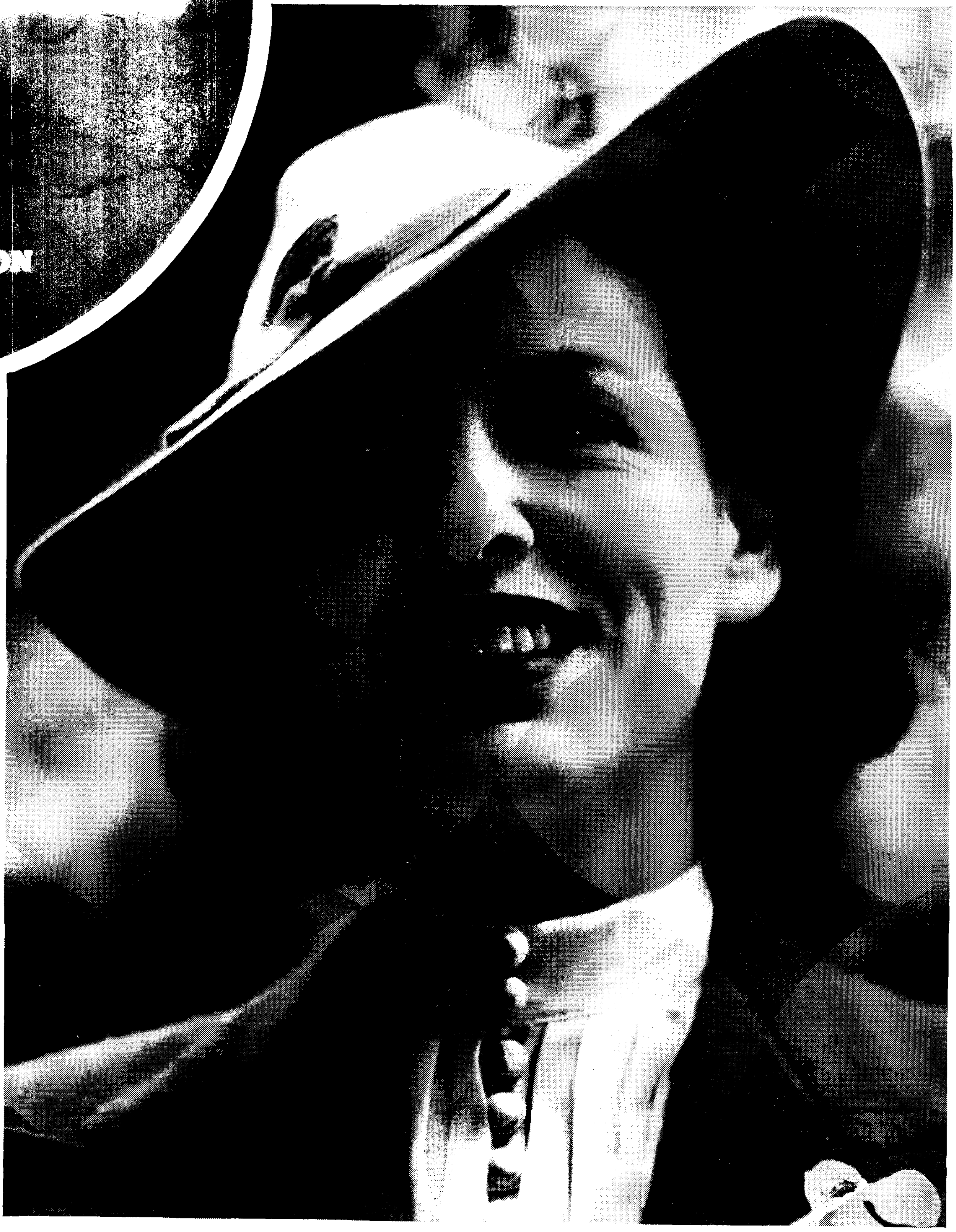
BY KYLE CRICHTON



PAVELLE-JACOBS

UPON being interviewed, Miss Sondergaard answered practically nothing. The reason was not haughtiness, not dumbness, not lack of interest, but merely a constitutional inability to look backward. When it's done, it's done and she forgets about it. Pressed on the point, she will admit she was born and will even remember that the event occurred in Minnesota, but she lays no great store by the fact. For her work in Anthony Adverse she won the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences award for the best acting by a supporting player during 1936 and agreed the honor was nice, but was thinking about something else almost immediately. What she thinks about almost constantly is acting. She is a nut on acting.

To dispose of the unimportant things first, she was born in Litchfield, Minnesota, was named Edith Holm Sondergaard and only changed to Gale Sondergaard when a friend in college, Lila Kiline, now Mrs. H. Barth of New York City, insisted on it. There were too many vowels or something in Edith Sondergaard, Miss Kiline pointed out, and Miss Sondergaard was so interested in the next part she was to play that she didn't bother to protest. She went home and told the folks she was now Gale Sondergaard and they said it didn't matter to them, either, and the thing was settled.

The Sondergaards never bothered about small matters. Papa and Mamma had emigrated from Denmark when the Ibsen fury was at its height and they were a free and different sort of couple in a day when the Middle West was still full of darkened parlors and antimacassars. They were strong for music and books and indifferent to Sunday schools. Mrs. Sondergaard played the piano and gave lessons. Mr. Sondergaard was a butter buyer and a fiddle player. There were three girls: Ragni, who sang; Hester, who played the violin; and Edith (Gale), who played the piano badly and wanted to be an actress.

"A great household," the neighbors still remember. "You'd go in there around suppertime and nobody would be bothering about food. Mr. Sondergaard would be in his basement office alternately checking up on his butter accounts and playing his fiddle. Ragni would be in one room practicing scales. Mrs. Sondergaard would be giving a lesson in another. Hester would be in the attic sawing away at the fiddle and Edy would be up in her room making faces in the mirror."

Later in the evening Gale would practice her art on her sisters. She would post them at the head of the stairs and she would stand halfway up the stairs and then turn out the light. When she snapped the light on again, her face would be contorted into a new emotion.

"What's that?" she'd yell up the stairs to them.

"It was generally wrath or hatred or remorse," says Hester, "but we never had a chance to say what it was because it always scared us so badly that Ragni would scream."

There had previously been the usual stage performances in the hayloft of the barn, admission one pin, and with Ibsen still king. Edy wrote, directed and acted in the plays, which were lugubrious affairs, having to do with a heroine who drinks the hemlock just as the final curtain falls. The boy who invariably met the girl never got much happiness out of it.

The family moved to Philadelphia for two years and then back to Minneapolis and it was in grammar school that the teacher heard Gale read a little "piece" and advised her to take elocution. She started going to the Minneapolis School of Music, Oratory and Dramatic Arts, which was headed by the late Charles Holt and Mrs. Holt. She elocuted for a time but then branched over into dramatics, still leaning heavily on the sad and morbid for her themes. That fault ruined her dramatic career in high school because the rest of the students didn't understand art on such a high plane.

"They wouldn't let me act in the class play," says Gale. "They said I didn't take my dramatics lightly enough."

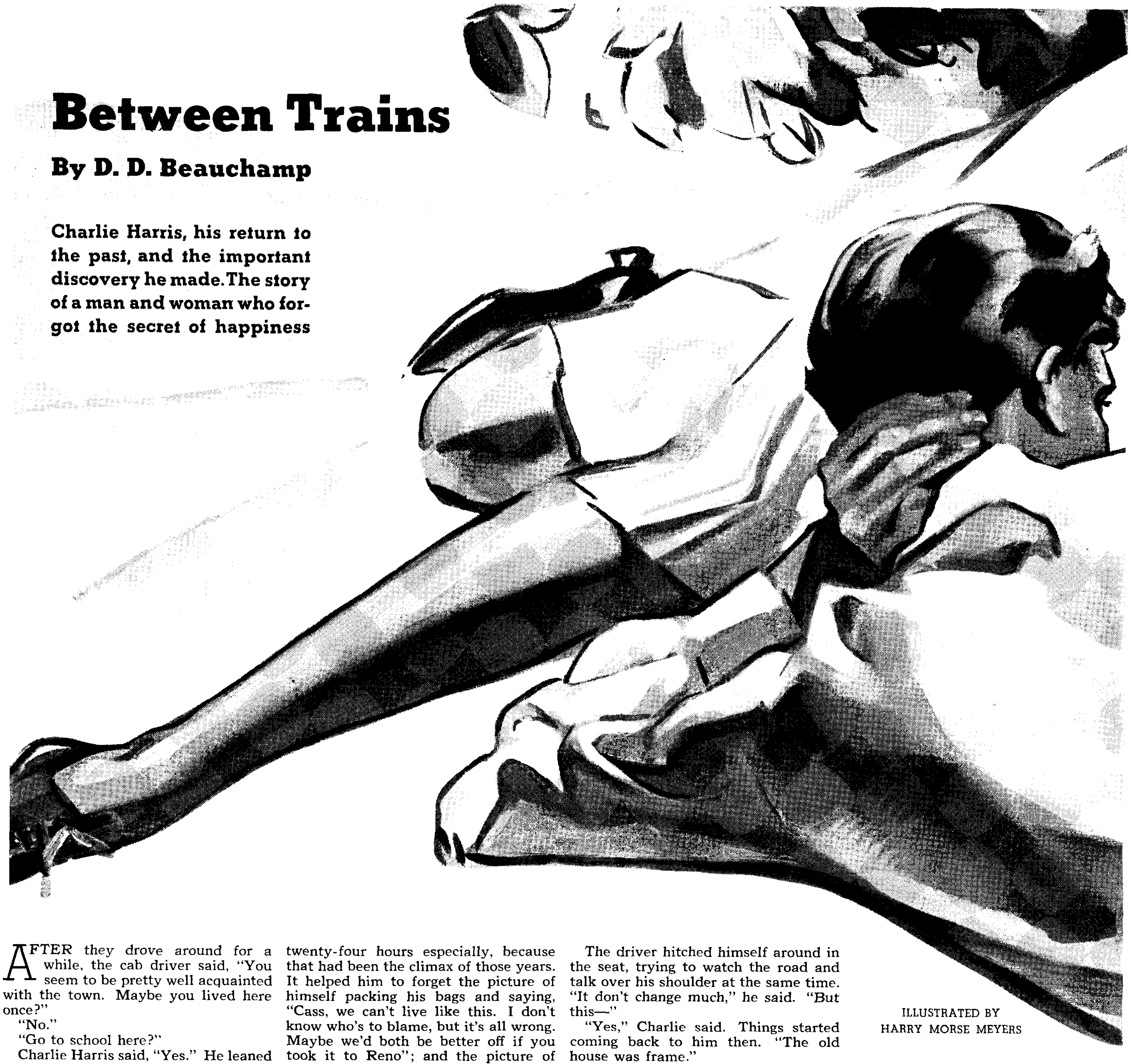
When she went up to the University of Minnesota, she started by playing

(Continued on page 30)

Between Trains

By D. D. Beauchamp

Charlie Harris, his return to the past, and the important discovery he made. The story of a man and woman who forgot the secret of happiness



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

AFTER they drove around for a while, the cab driver said, "You seem to be pretty well acquainted with the town. Maybe you lived here once?"

"No."

"Go to school here?"

Charlie Harris said, "Yes." He leaned far back in the seat in an effort to discourage conversation, but the hack driver was persistent.

"Back for a visit, I suppose."

Charlie said, "Not exactly." He enlarged on that to forestall any further inquiry. "I missed my train connection and had a day to kill. Just thought I'd ride around and see how much the old place has changed."

The streets of the town were quiet and restful under the deep shade of trees. The leather of the seat was hot under Charlie's hands and he sat with his head thrown back, relaxed, feeling the breeze of the car's movement beat through the heavy July air.

It was more pleasant than he had anticipated. At first the idea of being stranded in this small town for a day had annoyed him, but as they drove along he began to feel better about it. It did one thing for him anyway. It helped him to forget the things that had happened in the last twenty-four hours. Or in the last six years, if you wanted to look at it that way; but the last twenty-four hours especially, because that had been the climax of those years. It helped him to forget the picture of himself packing his bags and saying, "Cass, we can't live like this. I don't know who's to blame, but it's all wrong. Maybe we'd both be better off if you took it to Reno"; and the picture of Cass, standing there white-faced and rigid and distant, the way she had been so often in these last two years, saying, "Yes. Yes, I expect that's a very good idea." And after that he had called a cab and boarded a train, and it was all ended.

HE LOOKED around at the streets as they went past, in an effort to put those unpleasant thoughts from his mind. Most of the places were familiar and unchanged, and after a while he started amusing himself by trying to remember the names of streets and restaurants and fraternity houses. They passed First and Second Avenues South, and Mission Street, and came into Fraternity Place. Charlie was proud of the way he could remember things by then. They turned left on Fraternity Place and the first house they passed was the Sigma Nu house. It stood high up on a terraced lawn, with the sun beating down hot on the bricks, and the porch that extended on three sides looking cool and inviting in the shadow.

The driver hitched himself around in the seat, trying to watch the road and talk over his shoulder at the same time. "It don't change much," he said. "But this—"

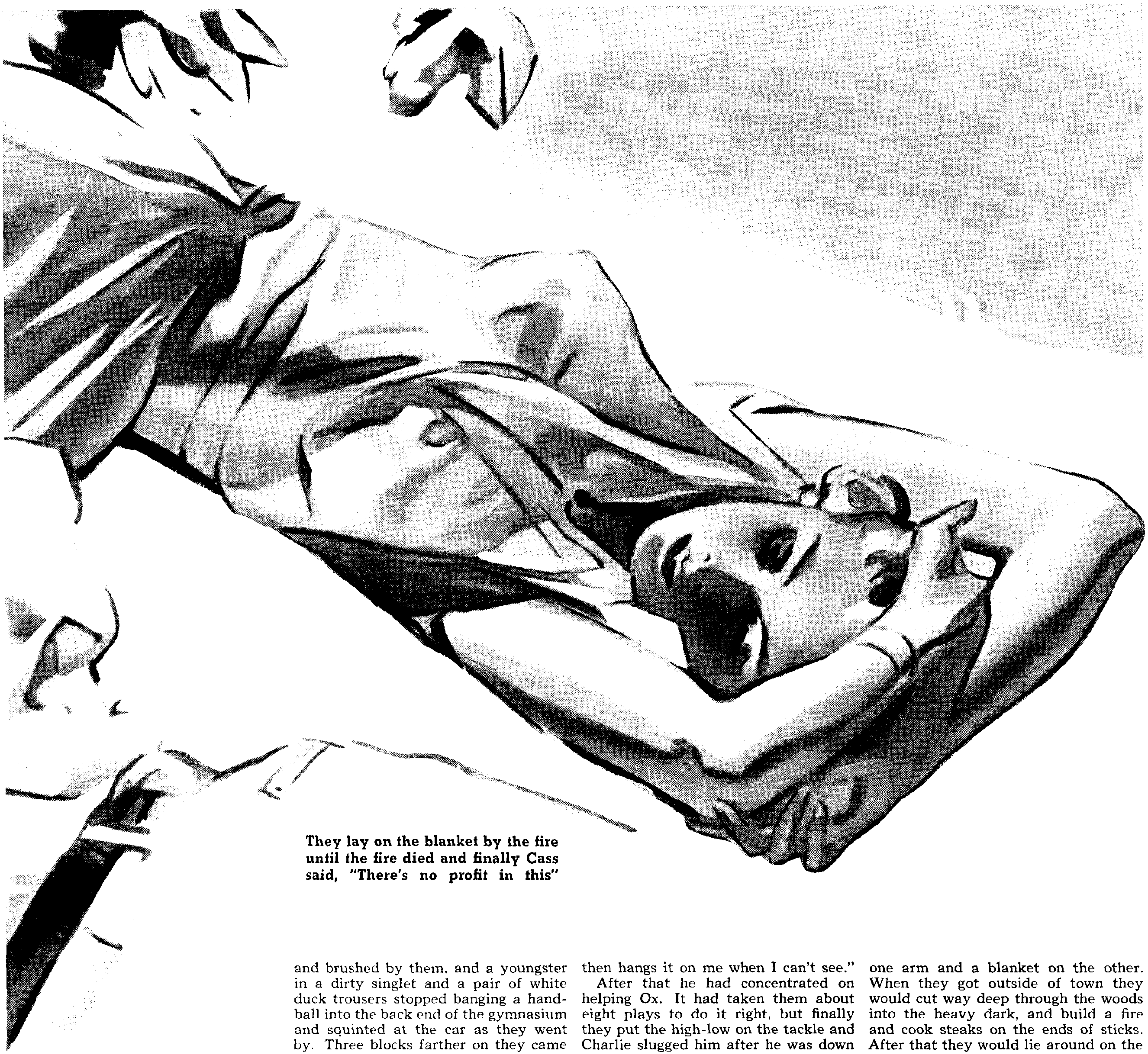
"Yes," Charlie said. Things started coming back to him then. "The old house was frame."

He closed his eyes, trying to bring it back the way it had been before. With his eyes closed it was easier to see and he could remember the house all right, and remembering that much brought the other things into his mind.

The old house was frame. It was frame and it had that shabby and discouraged look that old houses usually have. Some of the shingles were gone from the roof and yellow paint was peeling from the sides. You walked up six wooden steps to the porch, and after you got inside it was blacker than the inside of a derby hat, even in the daytime. The furniture was mostly all broken to hell, and the floors of the study rooms were littered with dirty clothes and old papers. But they had a good gang of fellows.

One night he had gone down there to be initiated into the secrets of the Ten Strike Club, a bowling and social organization, given over on Friday nights to steak dinners, wild stories and a study of the finer points of various games of chance. It was a fine lodge. They had almost beaten the tail off him during the initiation ceremonies, and they had taken all his money away for the following four months in poker and crap games, until the night he moved in with a pair of hot dice he had bought off a jockey and nicked the members for a hundred and ninety-six dollars in cash. That had been a splendid evening except he had to cut Ox O'Brien in on the take because Ox had got wise to the trained dice in some manner. . . .

THE memory of those things ran through Charlie's mind, and then in spite of anything he could do it ran into a memory of Cass, because all things in those days had been related to her in some manner. The week end after that crap game he still had plenty of money, and he took Cass to Chicago. They had gone to a show. He couldn't remember what show it was, but afterward they had gone out to spread his gold on a



They lay on the blanket by the fire until the fire died and finally Cass said, "There's no profit in this"

high evening, hitting all the speaks in the Loop, and eventually winding up at the Blackhawk, dancing to Coon Sanders' music.

In those days it was "hot" music instead of "swing" music, and they played Dinah and Sweet Georgia Brown, and Tiger Rag, and Sugarfoot Stomp, and The Birth of the Blues, and Milenberg Joys. And in those days you ordered setups, cracked ice in glasses and ginger ale, and poured your own drinks out of a bottle that you kept on the floor under the table. And you usually woke up feeling like the wrath of God the next morning. . . .

Charlie opened his eyes again. It made him sad to remember himself and Cass the way they were then after the trouble they had had. The cab was past Fraternity Place by then and back on Mission Street and there were more trees along the walks. Shaped patches of sunlight came through the branches and brushed by them, and a youngster in a dirty singlet and a pair of white duck trousers stopped banging a handball into the back end of the gymnasium and squinted at the car as they went by. Three blocks farther on they came to the stadium.

The driver was going right on past but on a sudden impulse Charlie leaned forward and tapped him on the shoulder. "Hold it a minute, will you?"

It was definitely foolish, Charlie knew. As a general rule he had none of the old grad sentimentality about him but just this one time it didn't matter.

HE GOT out of the cab and walked across the gravel toward the main entrance. The gates were locked but he could stand up close and look through the bars. It looked sad, and slightly ludicrous in its yawning emptiness, but after Charlie stared for a while he could remember the rising tiers of seats full in the autumn with bright colors and crowds cheering.

In the Iowa game their big left tackle had smeared everything that came his way. Ox O'Brien had been playing right end against him and after the first quarter he had come back into the huddle swearing. He said, "Give me some help on that keghead, Charlie. I'm all beat to hell. Every time I look up the big tramp spits tobacco in my eyes and then hangs it on me when I can't see."

After that he had concentrated on helping Ox. It had taken them about eight plays to do it right, but finally they put the high-low on the tackle and Charlie slugged him after he was down and the play piled up. It had cost them a fifteen-yard penalty for unnecessary roughness, but the tackle never got back in the game and in the fourth quarter Louie Grimm slipped through for a sixty-yard run and a touchdown and they won the game 7-6.

That night Charlie had taken Cass to a dance at the gym, but he was tired and all battered to hell and he didn't feel much like dancing, so they spent most of the time outside. It was fairly late in the fall and the air was sharp, but there was a fine moon and the music was sweet and muted coming through the door. That was the first time he had kissed Cass. It seemed a long time ago now, but he could still remember the clean sweet smell of her hair, and feel the strong eager pressure of her body against his.

Thinking of that, he realized how much of that year had belonged to Cass. During the spring months they would go on picnics with Bud Hart and a redheaded babe from the Theta house. He and Bud would call for the girls early in the evening and they would walk down the railroad tracks with a gal on one arm and a blanket on the other. When they got outside of town they would cut way deep through the woods into the heavy dark, and build a fire and cook steaks on the ends of sticks. After that they would lie around on the blankets, looking up through the trees and talking and singing.

ONE night the redhead had to be back early, so she and Bud left Cass and Charlie all alone, and they lay on the blanket by the fire until the fire died and finally Cass said, "There's no profit in this."

After that they sat up, feeling all shaken up with emotion and slightly embarrassed for some reason until Cass said, "Why so serious, darling?"

"It's a pretty serious thing with me," Charlie said.

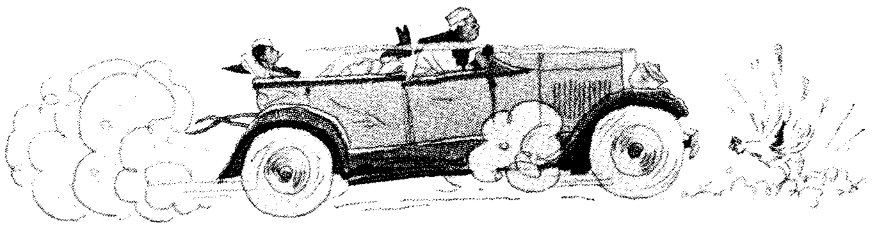
"It's pretty serious here too," Cass said. "But I'll have to think about it, darling."

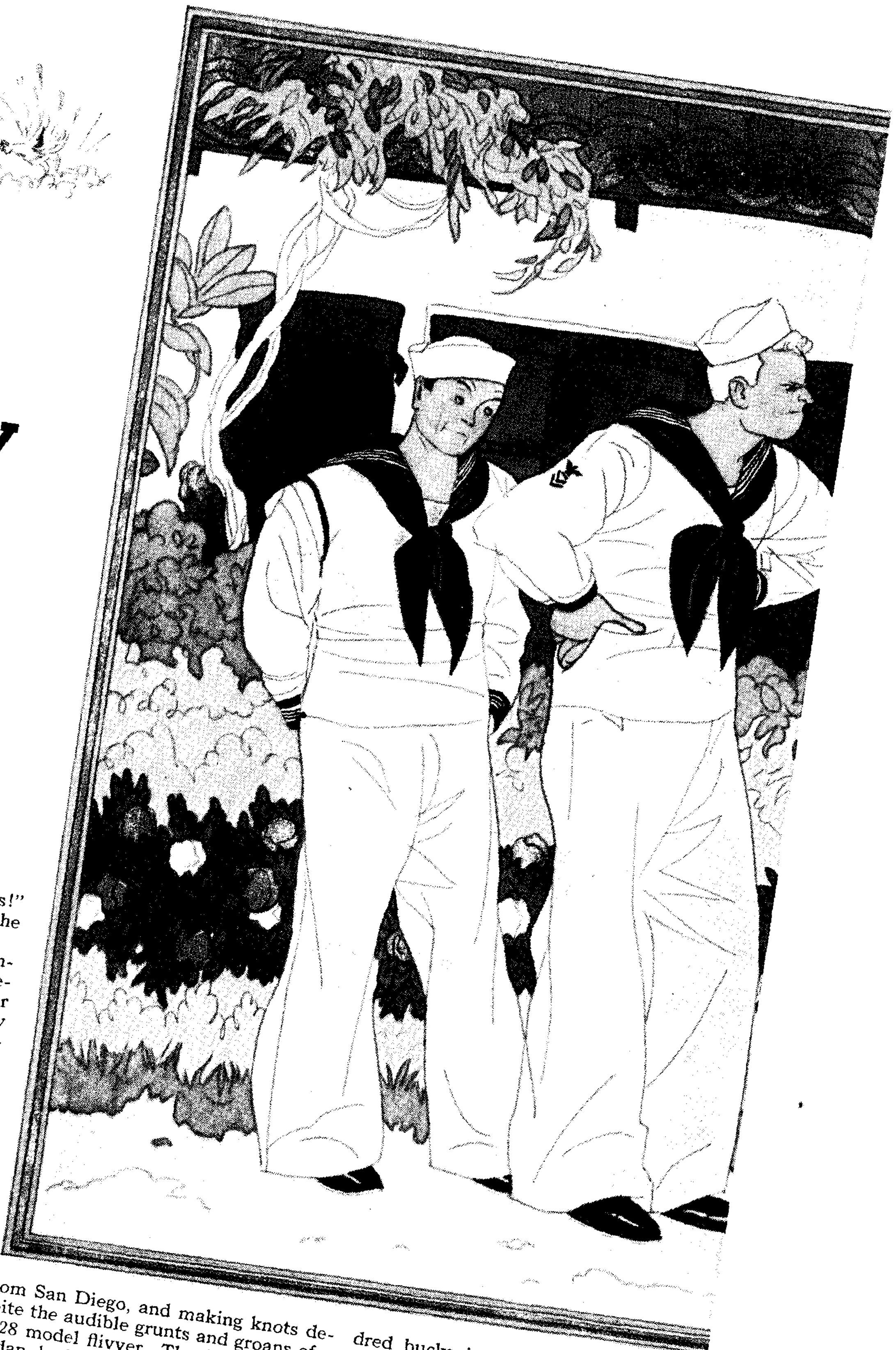
For a while they sat utterly quiet and sober, not saying anything, just sitting for a long time staring at the last red embers of the fire and the gray ashes until Cass smiled at him, suddenly and brightly the way she always did. . . .

The taxi driver was shouting, "Hey, friend, you'll cook out in that sun."

That bawling voice brought Charlie back to the present. The soft rhythm of

(Continued on page 62)





Salt-Water Daffy

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

An experiment in homesteading by those lovers of the pastoral scene, Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan, who expound the theory that a torpedoman on shipboard is easily worth two on the farm

SEAMAN LINN and Fireman Dunnevan sat in the storeroom-brig of the U. S. Destroyer Trimble and wondered if, after all, God really loves U. S. sailors—even though their hearts *are* pure.

"Benny?"

"Yeah."

"It ain't as if we was broke and hadta do ten days, Benny. We're rich and still we gotta do ten days. It sure gripes me. Yerse!"

The tragic thickness in Fireman Dunnevan's voice caused Seaman Linn to swallow hard. Seaman Linn's bright blue eyes clouded and he bit viciously at a toothpick.

"Quit talking about it, Tim."

Fireman Dunnevan obediently gulped down whatever words he was about to utter, sighed and looked once more at the cashier's check which he had affixed to the bulkhead with bits of chewing gum, the better to contemplate. The check, payable to Timothy Dunnevan, had been issued by a Brooklyn bank in the amount of $500. It was Fireman Dunnevan's legacy from his Uncle Clarence, a worthy bartender recently passed to his reward.

"If Rhino Roscoe had've listened I could've got us outa that jam," said Seaman Linn, from the depths.

"Yerse—but he wouldn't," said Fireman Dunnevan.

Captain Rhino Roscoe, Division Commander, had acted on complaint of the Marine Commandant, who alleged that a certain lottery managed by Linn & Dunnevan and based on scores of fleet basketball games was in very fact a confidence swindle. When the simple truth, so on and so forth, was that Marines are excessively dumb and are always asking for it—

"Our shirttails is salty and God hates us, Benny!"

"*Looks* like it's thataway, Tim, but—"

Footsteps sounded outside the iron door and the smirking face of Yeoman Webster, the Skipper's writer, appeared at the grilled peephole.

"The Cap'n wants to see you guys!" Yeoman Webster hastily unlocked the door and fled.

In the cabin of Lieutenant Commander Herrick, Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan awaited the worst. Their commanding officer surprised them by grinning and, in friendly tones, delivering himself of the following speech:

"Torpedoman Larsen says he won't sign on again. His—er—new lady friend has talked him into negotiating for a citrus ranch near Escondido. As you men know, Larsen is the best torpedoman in the Division and we don't want to lose him. I thought that perhaps you fellows might have an idea."

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan exchanged significant glances.

"Yerse! Benny is the only guy in the ship that has brains enough to handle it, sir!"

"Pipe down, Tim." Then, with unction, "If we wasn't under arrest, sir, we might be able to do something with Hangya—I mean Torpedoman Larsen, sir. It's sure too bad I and Tim are under arrest—"

Lieutenant-Commander Herrick reacted satisfactorily.

"I might arrange an—er—parole for a few days!" he said. "And, of course, there would be a bonus for Larsen's reenlistment. Perhaps even—h'mn—we'll see—"

Seaman Linn spoke quickly.

"I and Tim accept the mission, sir. We'll get right to work on it."

"Yerse! We'll make that cluck Norsky stay in the Service like he should even if we hafta—"

"Pipe down, Tim. The Cap'n knows we'll jest appeal to Larsen's patriotism, so on and so forth—but I guess we'll hafta have some of our back pay to—uh—eat on whilst we got shore liberty and for expenses—"

Again, the Trimble's skipper reacted satisfactorily.

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan were bound north on the coast highway from San Diego, and making knots despite the audible grunts and groans of a 1928 model flivver. The flivver, once a sedan, had been converted into an open touring car by an aviation mechanic who had, quite simply, cut off the top with an acetylene torch. Wind flapped Tim and Benny's jumper collars; God was in his heaven and the Republic at Washington, supported by the U. S. Navy, still stood.

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"IF HANGYA LARSEN has went and bought that ranch before we get there, we're sunk, ain't we?"

"We ain't sunk as long as I got my brains—and, besides, Larsen and his gal only went up there to look the place over again. A Norsky never does nothing in a hurry."

"The Skipper sure wants Larsen back, Benny."

"Yeah. Good torpedomen is hard to find."

"It's a big chance for us to redeem ourselves, yerse!"

Seaman Linn spat to leeward. "We're doing it for the U. S. Navy," he observed, self-righteously. "If we was like some U. S. sailors we'd stall on the job and get busy stretching your five hundred bucks into a fortune, Tim. But that's got to wait. . . . Ju-das Priest, look *out*—"

Fireman Dunnevan put his helm to starboard and the little car swayed in the wake of a tractor truck. But presently Tim and Benny turned into the hills of San Diego's back country. And in short order they had reached that section known as A Place in the Sun (Let Your Citrus Grove Work for You in Sun-Kissed San Diego County). Thus they arrived at La Palomar Vista Rancho (A Little Sweetheart of a Ranch—$5,700 guaranteed annual income, if properly managed).

"It's a purty little place—yerse!"

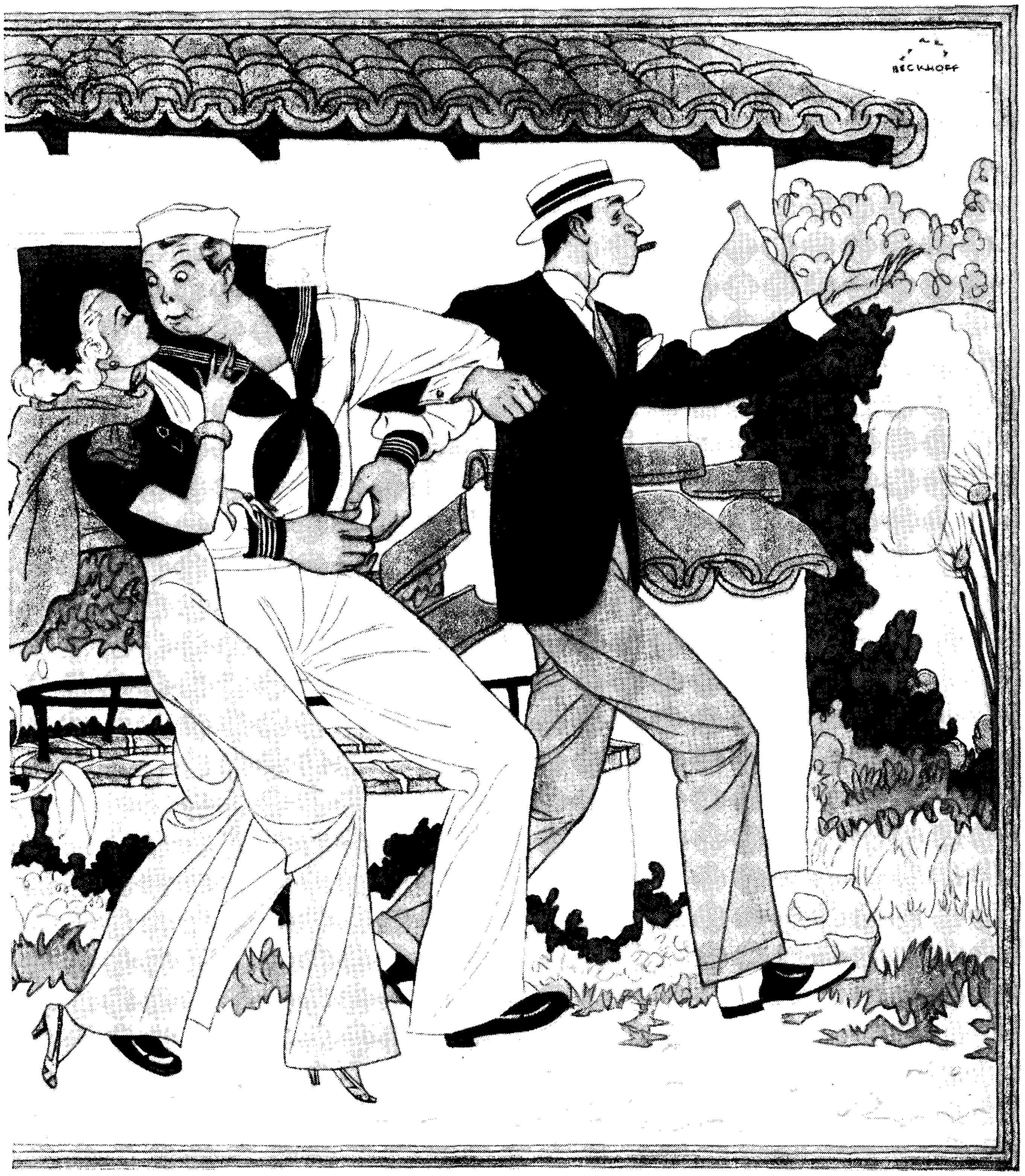
"Pipe down—and keep piped down. Jest agree to everything I say. Force *and* brains, Tim!"

They saw Torpedoman Larsen standing in front of a cute little Spanish bungalow on the hillside. With him was a good-looking lassie wearing sailor pants and a red leather sports jacket.

"Hi-yah, Hangya!" said Seaman Linn, airily.

"Yerse—hi-yah!" echoed Fireman Dunnevan.

Torpedoman Larsen, familiarly known as Hangya from his habit of dropping this strange word into his speech whenever at loss for a better one, tried to



"C'mon, everybody!" she cried. "Let's see the sights!" The drama was shifting too fast for Torpedoman Larsen. He said "Hangya" several times and refused to join the tour

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

glower suspiciously at his shipmates from the Trimble. But having very sparse and blond eyebrows and a round, white and naïve face, Torpedoman Larsen succeeded only in putting on a look of mild disapproval.

"Hallo," he said. "What you fallas want, hangya?"

SEAMAN LINN looked innocently around at La Palomar Vista Rancho and then at Torpedoman Larsen's lady friend.

"Why, I and Tim jest thought we'd drive out to look at your place," he said. "It certainly is a nifty, Hangya! Wouldn't mind having a place like this myself, would you, Tim?"

"Ner—yerse—ner—"

"Ain't you gonna introduce me to your friends, Hon?"

Still perplexed, Torpedoman Larsen did the honors. His lady friend was Miss Shirley Scirania of Oceanside. She described herself as an outdoor girl who liked fresh air and farms and couldn't be happy for two minutes in a big city like L. A. or Dago.

Seaman Linn agreed with her, heartily.

"This is the life, Hangya!" he applauded. "You sure done the smart thing telling the Skipper you wouldn't take another hitch. Yessiree. Ain't this a sweet little harbor for a sailor that wants a permanent home, so on and so forth, Tim?"

"Y-yerse!"

Miss Scirania beamed upon Tim and Benny. She said she had been begging and pleading with Hon simply to give up the sea and tell Mr. Burke, the salesman, he would buy this swell place right then and there this very afternoon. Mr. Burke said why you could pay for the entire place with the crops of lemons and oranges and avocados that were already hanging on the trees where you could see them with the naked eye; but it seemed like why Hon thought maybe he should serve another term in the Navy, and wasn't that silly?

"Yeah, it sure is!" exclaimed Seaman Linn, glowing. "If it was me—Ju-das Priest, lookit that view, Tim! And them trees loaded with fruit—and that house—hphhhhh—what air, what air!"

Fireman Dunnevan, looking obediently, was impressed.

"Sure is a lot *steadier* than a Can, yerse!"

"Jest what I keep telling Hon, boys. Them destroyers is unhealthy boats, breathing oil smoke alla time."

Torpedoman Larsen looked from Tim to Benny to the girl of his dreams. His mild, pale blue eyes were now not only suspicious but stubborn. Unanimity of opinion on any subject invariably inclined Torpedoman Larsen to the contrary view.

"Hangya," he said. "What you fallas want, Linn? This morning, hangya, you were in brig. You don't know noth-ing about farms. Hangya—hangya—"

At this juncture arrived Mr. Will J. Burke, star salesman for A Place in the Sun. He was a tall, gaunt and mordant man—every word he uttered had the solemnity of a Supreme Court decision and his deep-set brown eyes never faltered. Prospective buyers always felt that Mr. Burke was not like other real-estate salesmen; this man *believed* that everything he said was true and would die at the stake for it. Among glibber and lesser real-estate salesmen, Mr. Burke was a Savonarola, a Bruno, a Luther.

"I SEE," he said, when Miss Scirania had explained the situation. "Your friends, Mr. Larsen, want to save you from making a tragic mistake. Delay in acquiring La Palomar Vista will only result in heartbreak tomorrow or the next day. I have two buyers coming from Los Angeles in the morning and a client from Yuma just wired that he was flying over here Thursday to close for this ranch!"

Fireman Dunnevan blinked.

"It must be an orful big bargain."

Mr. Burke nodded, sadly.

"The buy of a lifetime, Mr. Dunnevan. Real-estate men up and down the Coast think we must have lost our reason, offering La Palomar Vista for fifteen thousand dollars."

Seaman Linn whistled.

"Only fifteen grand for *this?*" he gasped. "Why, I was figurin' it at maybe forty—"

Mr. Burke gave a little sigh.

"We held it at forty-five thousand—before the late depression, Mr. Linn!"

Miss Scirania smiled tenderly at Torpedoman Larsen.

"C'mon, Hon," she said. "Sign up, before we lose our chance!"

A light began to dawn on Torpedoman Larsen. He knew the firm of Linn & Dunnevan, Force *and* Brains, Inc. He had sailed the seven seas with them. He had heard of their exploits in every port from Brest to Sydney.

"Hangya!" he blurted. "I don't lak this, hangya! By golly, I bat he is paying Linn and Dunnevan to talk it up to me. Hangya!"

Here was crisis. Miss Scirania was indignant and promptly told Torpedoman Larsen to apologize. Fireman Dunnevan eyed Torpedoman Larsen ominously. Seaman Linn looked serious and hurt and remarked: "That's what we get for trying to do a pal a good turn, Tim!"

Mr. Burke shook his head with infinite sympathy for the stupidity of mankind.

"A Place in the Sun, Incorporated, does not do that sort of thing, Mr. Larsen," he said. "And from my brief contact with Mr. Linn and Mr. Dunnevan I believe that they are sincerely sold on La Palomar Vista ranch." Then, turning on Fireman Dunnevan, he asked, gently, "Am I correct in this assumption, sir?"

(Continued on page 58)

Language of Flowers

By Sidney Herschel Small

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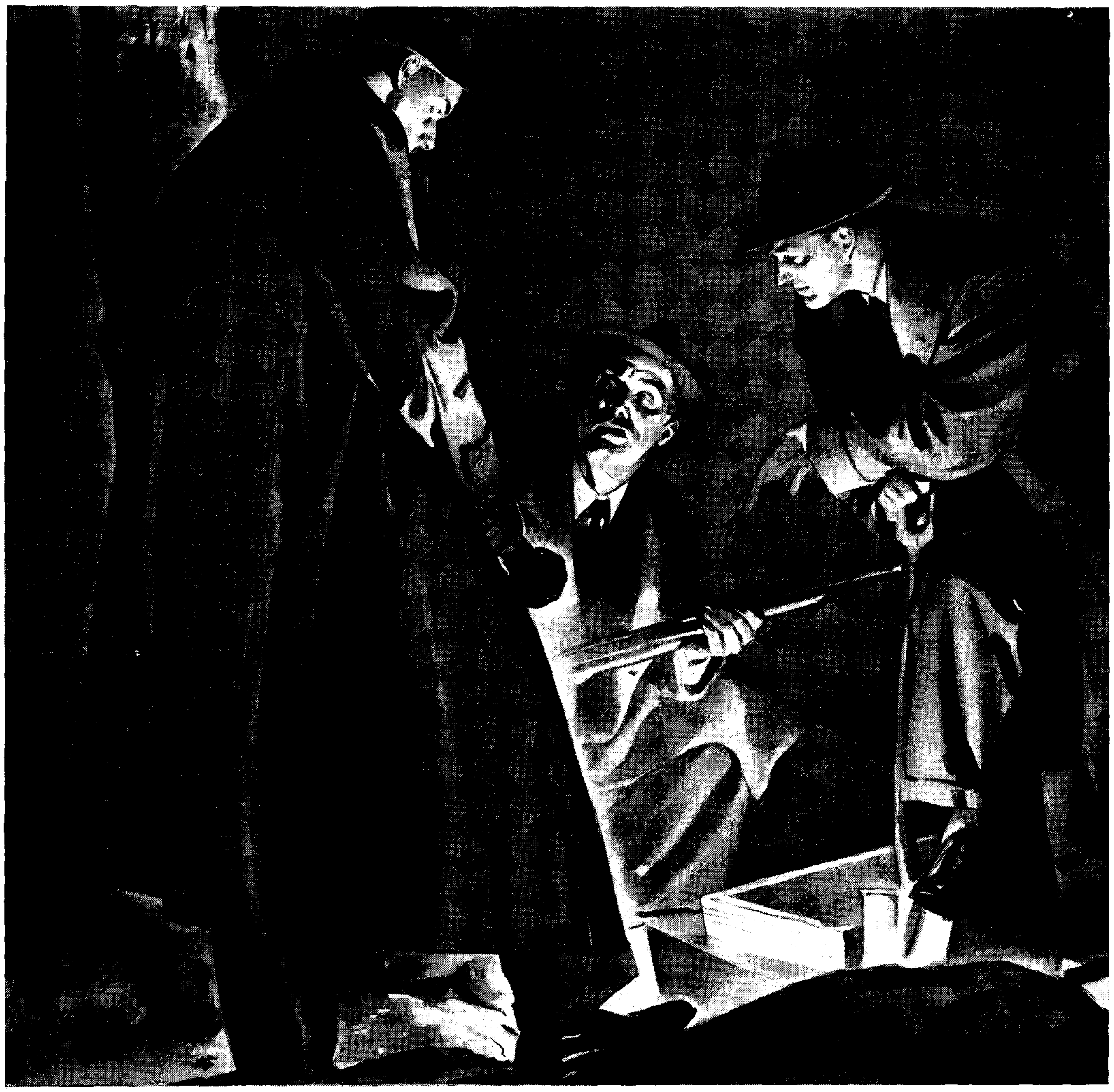


Warren had one box open, was lifting guns from it. The numbers hadn't been filed off

AS THE machine surmounted the last long rise, with the highway's edge spattered by vermilion poppies and scarlet Indian paintbrush, conversation stopped as if throats had been squeezed; the only sound was the diminished hum of the engine. William MacQueen, sitting between a deputy and Celia Thurston in the rear seat, felt the tensing of the girl's hand. He wanted to turn to her with something glib and reassuring, but the sight of the prison buildings, at the far end of the valley, held him rigid.

The car was at the bottom of the slope, swinging around a three-lane turn, when MacQueen pulled his eyes away. Celia was trying to speak, undoubtedly with the simulated brightness they had maintained; it was the deputy who said, almost apologetically, "I got to cuff you in a minute, Mac. You know how it is."

William MacQueen said, "Sure. I know how it is."

That was the devil of it. He knew too well. He knew exactly what was going to happen. He had covered some good prison stories. It came to him now, as it had before, that two or three of these stories, when printed, had given the authorities little reason to be affectionate.

"It's a tough break," the deputy said. "A tough break, Mac. I'll have Peters stop the car before we go inside, so you can tell the lady goodby."

Bill said, "Thanks, but we've taken care of that." He put an arm around Celia; she had not even attempted a smile; he thought of saying, "Grandmother, what big tears you have."

It was one thing to be cynically courageous in theory; but when you stripped the matter to its bones, there was nothing funny about going to a penitentiary. He wanted, desperately, to hold Celia closely. He was going to need to hold on to himself; this was a good time to begin. Just the same, he didn't see why the car was being driven so rapidly.

"I can't let you go," Celia said. "I won't let you go."

This, MacQueen realized, would never do. She must have hope. He said, to the deputy, "Joe, remembering the time I killed a story about missing dimes in a slot machine, give me an honest answer. Do you think I shot Tony Marini?"

"The jury says you did, Mac. Even with your paper working for you, and slick lawyers, you was lucky to get manslaughter. The boys was betting three to one on second degree, and even money you'd get the works. It shows you never know about a jury." He added, "When you get out, Mac, I bet you'll be careful where you drink, and who you drink with."

MacQueen said, "That's a magnificent answer." One more turn, and they'd be at the gate; Celia's fingers, about his, were like tongs. He must keep on talking; a girl could stand just so much. "It was rotten whisky, too," said William MacQueen. "I thought my pint would oil Marini; what he sent out for, with my money, must have been the Brown Bomber brand. When I woke up, Marini didn't—and there were witnesses who saw me shoot him although we'd been alone. D'you know, I didn't even realize I'd bought a gun until I heard the pawnbroker's testimony. Well, live and learn. It shows that going after stories concerning Angel Morales doesn't pay."

HALF unhearing, speaking through MacQueen's words, Celia said, "Everyone says you'll get out. I love you so."

"You want to do your time easy, Mac," suggested the deputy in the front seat. "Don't say much about Ang. You ought to know what goes on, inside. Ang's got angles there, Mac. See?"

The little muscle at the corner of William MacQueen's mouth jumped. He knew what went on in prisons. But he said, "You boys have been decent." The car was slowing, stopping. "Don't let anyone shoot Miss Thurston. A reporter's girl isn't news."

A trusty was swinging the gate open; the guard in the tower called down. Celia said, "I can't help it," and did what MacQueen hoped and feared she would do. Her eyes were open, wide and seeing, as she kissed him, a tight, terrible kiss. Her arms clung to what she knew she could not hold.

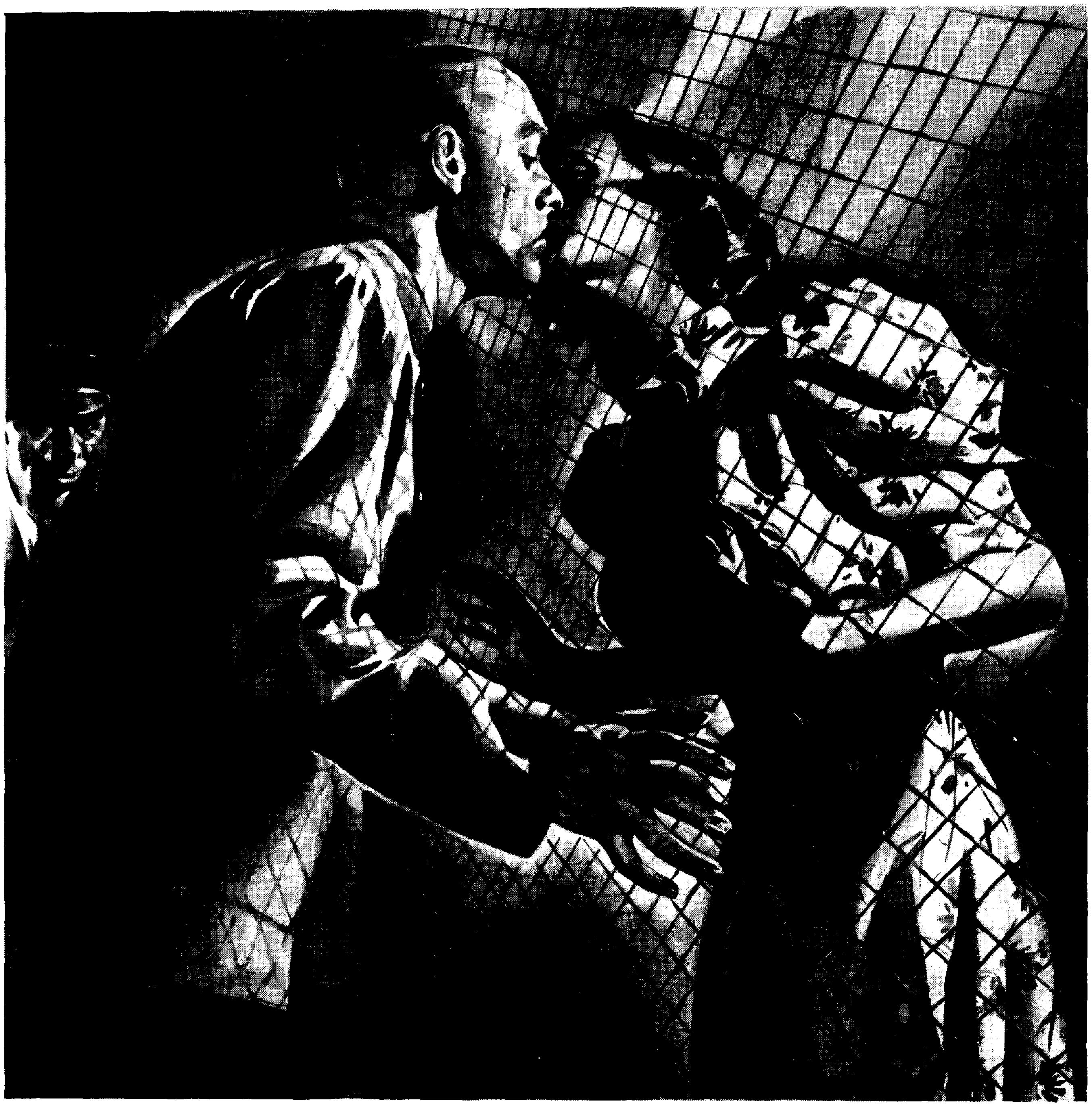
MacQueen did not think at all until she relaxed.

Her head was where his throat throbbed. He turned slightly, to get the ugly stretch of jute mill, hog-pen, convicts in the vegetable garden, from his sight. What he saw then would be vastly better to remember. The madroña, high on the hill, in spring splendor; slender dark laurel, touched with gold. The field below the hill, and rising to it, was like a sheet of sunset with flowers.

It was difficult, as the machine started along the short winding road within the walls, to say, "This is the first time I ever got something for nothing," and make a grimace which might be a smile. He wasn't fooling Celia; he wasn't fooling the deputies; he certainly wasn't fooling himself. He understood, now, why condemned men tried for witticism. It was because they were completely afraid.

AFTER that, things happened rapidly. The car stopped at the prison. Several of the boys from his sheet stepped between somebody and a camera; Terry Kincaid, from Sports, put two hundred pounds behind a swing. The deputies were checking their guns before taking him inside; he was 'tween-gates, in blackness, and then walking across the ridiculous, mathematically precise garden and toward the office of the captain of the yard. The deputies, after delivering him and his commitment, were saying goodby to him, without, he discovered after, having shaken hands; he was now a con. He was photographed, measured, stripped, bathed, given clothes and a long-visored cap. There was a number on his shirt pocket: M74473. He put his hand into that pocket; but there were no cigarettes.

They framed Bill MacQueen for murder, and a jury made it stick. Seven years. Here are the facts—and what Mr. MacQueen did about them. The story of a prison sentence that blew the underworld wide open



MacQueen said, "Celia," and she, instead of replying, leaned toward the wire and kissed him

There were other newly arrived convicts on the porch of the captain's office, waiting. MacQueen was taken inside at once. He heard the customary words regarding good conduct, credits, tobacco purchases; then the captain was saying, "You're to report to the warden, MacQueen." The official started to say something, paused, and then said to a guard, "Bring him back here, afterward."

Bill thought, "He wants to be decent. He always was, with cons and about stories." Then he was walking ahead of the guard. Celia would be back in the city. It would be a month before he might see her again, provided he broke no rules. He wasn't going to break any. What he was to do, for the duration of his confinement, had already been figured out: work like the devil, keep busy at something, see if any of Ang's gang, mostly Mexicans, would say anything about what had happened which might be put to use. . . .

MACQUEEN had been in the warden's office a good many times, and controlled the instinct to pull away a chair from the big desk and sit down. He didn't like O'Toole. Although Bill had used a few pretty strong stories, all of them were absolutely true: the stabbing in the shop caused by favoritism and lax guarding; the solitary escape in the doctor's car. It was a good thing, he decided, standing before the desk with his cap in his hands, waiting for the warden to speak, that he hadn't busted the story about irregularities in the purchasing agent's accounts. The P. A. was the warden's brother-in-law. Nine tenths of the story was ready, turned in to the city desk. All it needed were a few good quotes.

O'Toole's pipe was on the desk, but the warden was smoking a cigarette; Bill had never seen him smoke one before. It must be to show what convicts couldn't have. Then O'Toole said, "Well. Another wise guy."

There was no answer to that. MacQueen knew he had to take it. He didn't intend to lose his temper or his credits.

"MacQueen," O'Toole went on, "you're here for manslaughter. To me, you're just another prisoner serving time. All you've got to do is behave yourself. I'm big enough to let bygones be bygones." The jackass, MacQueen thought; he would say something like that. "We'll start with a clean slate. I'm forgetting the time you did your best to make me look bad when we had a little break. I'm forgetting how you fluffed a little fist fight into a race riot. How I asked you to keep a story quiet, and you wouldn't." He leaned back so far that Bill wondered if he'd go through the window. "I want to make it easy for you, MacQueen. Your managing editor has phoned us, suggesting we give you an office job, but I told him that you were always sneering at me because a little drag gave a man a soft berth here, and I knew you'd want to start with the other boys down in the jute mill. Eh?"

Dust and flying jute; oil, old-fashioned looms clacking. The dregs of the prison. A stabbing a week.

"That's what you want, isn't it, MacQueen?"

It was what he was going to get. Bill's hand tightened on the cap.

"I'm not a vindictive man," O'Toole said. He rubbed out his cigarette, reached for his pipe, and, hastily, lit a second cigarette. "I'm sorry that the new cell block is all filled up, and you'll go to the old one. Five men in a cell. Too bad. Lights out at eight instead of nine. I'm trying to arrange it so you'll cell with some of your old pals, MacQueen; boys you helped into jail."

William MacQueen said, "If you do that, you'll probably have another stabbing story, Warden."

"Such things can't be helped. That's what you said when I wanted to quiet a report about a little quarrel. Remember?" MacQueen did, and also that two men had been sieves. The telephone buzzed. The same bland contented note was in O'Toole's voice as he said, "Yes, yes, Anderson; we've been all over that. I'd like to do your paper a favor, but I must treat all prisoners alike, as I've told you. Ruins morale, favoritism. Able-bodied men start in the mill. Eh? Well, no; not skilled mechanics nor accountants, perhaps. Gonzales? One of Angel Morales' gang? I don't know what job he was given, I'm sure. Anyhow, we were talking about MacQueen, and he starts in the mill. How long? Six months. A year. Maybe two. He—*what?*"

MacQueen, listening, saw men pass outside the window. The tops of their heads, with the visored gray-blue caps so like the bay in color. The last word brought other colors flaming into his head: warm yellows and reds and vivid blues and soft, sunny purples. And Celia.

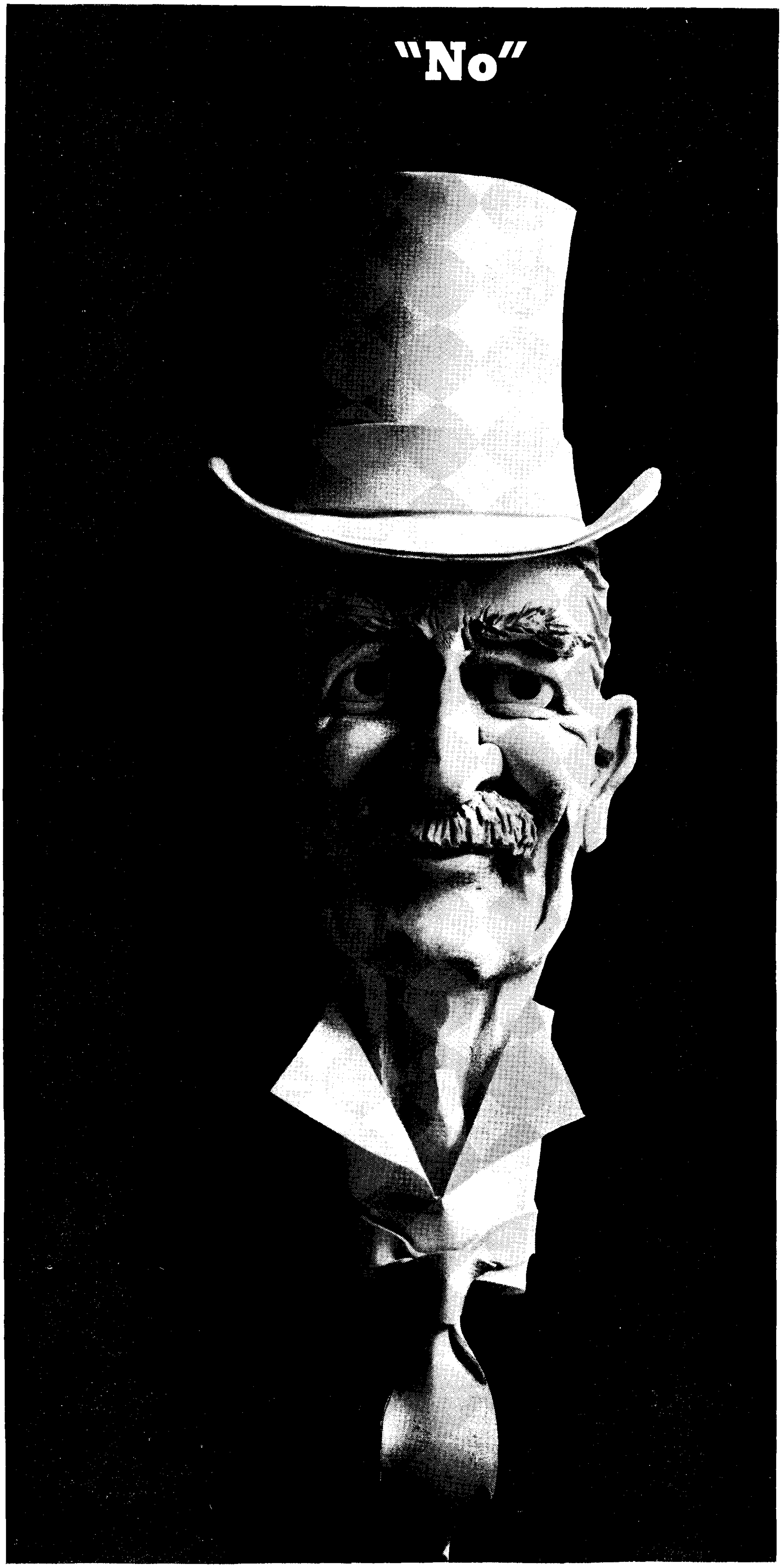
HE MISSED a few words. Celia was more important than comfort, safety even. Then O'Toole was saying sharply into the telephone: "What's to keep me from putting MacQueen in the mill, or solitary, if you print such a story? Eh? Oh. Don't use names over the phone, Anderson! Of course this is all news to me, and doubtless just an explainable clerical error, but, as you say, nine thousand is a lot of money, and even rumors of account shortages are damaging. . . . I'll see what I can do." The warden laughed heartily. "You can count on me, old man."

When he replaced the telephone he demanded of MacQueen, the reporter, "How'd you find out Ben's accounts were in a mess?" and, instantly, "The guard will take you back to the captain. Garden detail. Easiest way to do time we have. Keep your mouth shut about anything. I don't want anything to happen to you."

Nor, William MacQueen knew, to the brother-in-law purchasing agent. He said, "Thank you," and thought warmly of Charley Anderson. Back in the captain's room, MacQueen sensed the man's curiosity, and rather liked the complete

(Continued on page 35)

"No"



Neville Chamberlain, Prime Minister of Great Britain, established his political reputation by being able to say "No" and make it stick. Mr. Churchill, his former colleague, gives you a picture of this inflexible man who had to begin his premiership by changing his mind

THE choosing of a Prime Minister in Great Britain proceeds by methods and movements that are undefinable. In the Victorian age the prize fell to the most distinguished and effective parliamentarian. The writers of those days apologized for this practice. "In a country governed by a Parliament," they said, "the best talkers naturally got into the best positions." After the alternations of Gladstone and Disraeli came the long reign of Lord Salisbury, followed after a brief interruption by Asquith. All these were masters of Parliament. They were the finest, or among the finest, speakers of their day. They were scholars, men of letters or philosophy, or all three. They shone. Everything they said in public or at the dinner table seemed to have a high quality about it—and this whether they were in office or in opposition. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was the first Prime Minister since the sixties whose reputation in Parliament and society—for society played a great part as late as that—was definitely below the Victorian level. He represented the new force of democracy expressed through the queer but comprehensive amalgam of the Liberal party. Himself a wealthy *bourgeois* and highly cultivated Francophile, he represented nothing more nor less than the party politician—the man who within the limits of patriotism and honor "would do what the fellows wanted." He certainly was a most charming, resolute, good-hearted gentleman; but he had none of the glitter of his three great predecessors; nor had he the powerful intellect of Mr. Asquith. He was old and ailing when he was carried to the throne. In outlook and temperament he more closely resembled M. Blum than any other Englishman I have known, although, of course, things have moved on very much since his day.

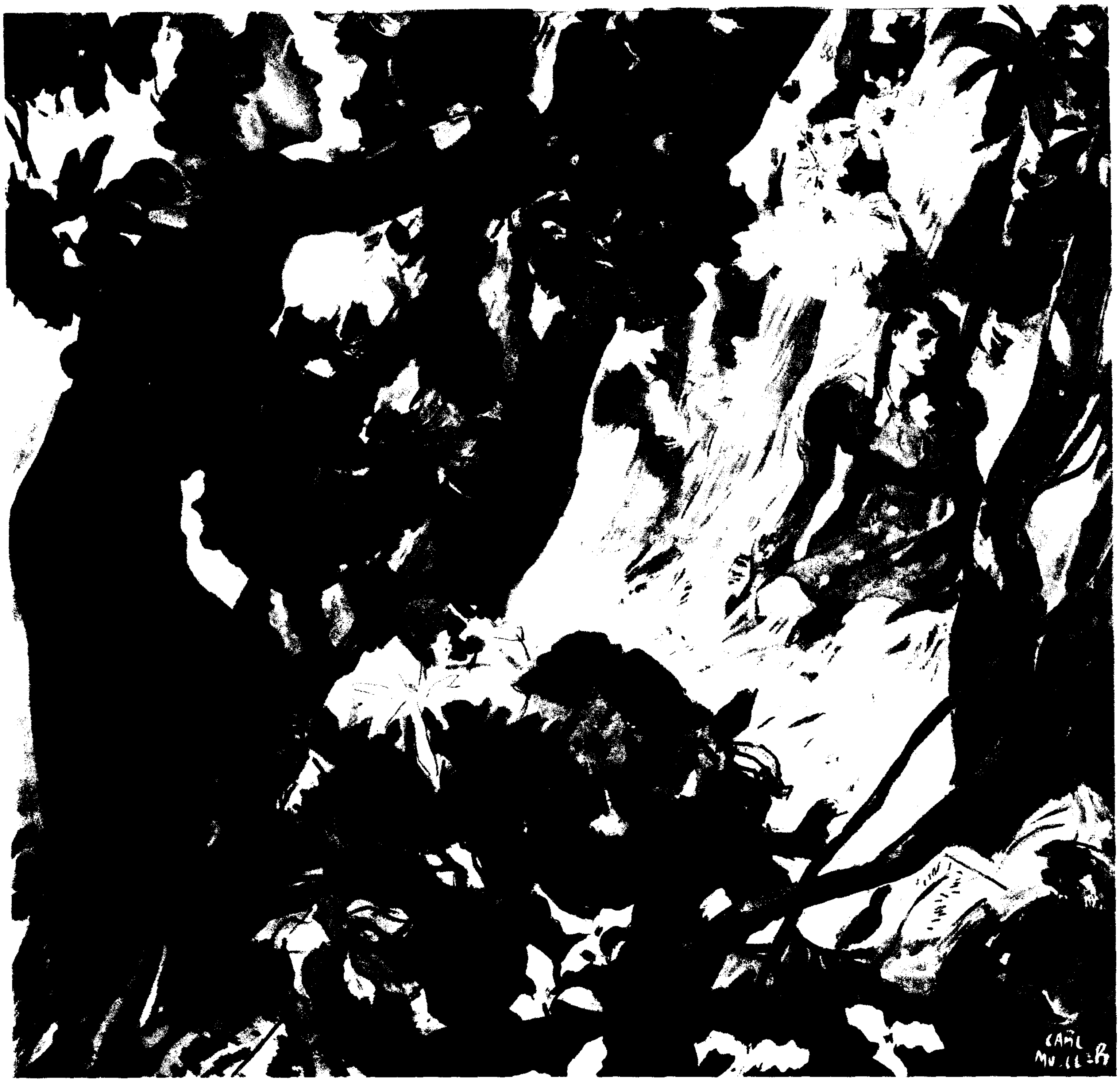
A Genius, in Peace or in War

Then came Lloyd George, the first real product of nineteenth-century democracy—a man who had risen from poverty on the wings of Welsh revolt, who knew nothing of the then powerful social circle of London except to despise it, and who hated the hereditary nobles with an ingrained aversion. But genius lighted the path of this great architect and opportunist. In peace or in war he swept the board. No man since Cromwell or Chatham has left his mark more deeply upon the life, fortunes and laws of the British people. The vast insurance and social schemes which today sustain the mass of the wage-earners; the roads over which we travel; the progressive taxes which we pay, which the United States has imitated; the relations which we have with Ireland, with Egypt, with India; the war which they told us we had won, the peace they tell us we have lost—all bear the deep, decisive dint and bending of his personal action.

After that came the fourteen years of the Baldwin-MacDonald regime. This must be regarded as the period of convalescence of the British nation and empire from the exhaustion and shell-shock of the war. These two statesmen divided the period fairly evenly between them. Nominally, they were supposed to represent the opposite poles of politics. Actually, no two men have often agreed so well. We must regard this period as comparable to the long reign of Lord Liverpool after the Napoleonic wars. There is no doubt, however, that the period of their management of our affairs must be regarded as an interlude of recuperation. We see our country stronger today. We see its old spirit reviving. The shameful doctrines of defeatism and collapse have ceased to exercise their sway upon the mind of youth. A new coherency is coming back to British life. On every side dangers gather, but compared to many other countries Great Britain is more united, more prosperous, more ready to exert herself than she has been since the early years of the century. It is at this moment that Mr. Neville Chamberlain becomes Prime Minister with wide approval and still wider good will. How will he acquit himself? What will he do?

Neville Chamberlain, like his famous father and like his predecessor, Baldwin, *(Continued on page 79)*

ILLUSTRATED BY
CARL MUELLER



Would the man come? The note must have said he would come, or she would not be waiting

A Love Note

By Meyer Levin

The story of Lucy, who some day will realize you don't always get out of life everything that you put in

MISS NAYLOR had been matron of Three Cottage these eleven years, seen hundreds of girls come and go, outlasted two superintendents; she was wise; she could tell the nature and character of a girl the moment she first saw her coming up the walk from the administration building. She didn't need the case record to tell the cause of commitment. By the time the girl was alongside Two Cottage, Miss Naylor knew whether she had been committed by parents or state, and why.

Not that she would treat the girl any differently. All girls were to be treated equally, no matter what their past.

As the entrant bobbed up the steps of Three Cottage, Miss Naylor would measure her as a possible troublemaker. All that Miss Naylor asked of the girls was that they behave themselves and make no trouble; she didn't care what they had done, for in her heart was a great capacity to forgive. She had a religious streak in her, she liked to tell Mrs. Jastrow of Two Cottage, or else how could anyone stand such a job, eleven years of it, and probably for the rest of her life? Compared to her, the girls had it easy, getting out at twenty-one; a life sentence she had.

All she wanted was days of peace. The worst troublemakers, the ones a matron had to watch out for, were not the tough girls—anybody could recognize them a mile off—but the quiet ones.

The ones a matron had to watch out for were the milky kind; and this girl now approaching was such. They went along, model girls, giving no trouble, until suddenly one day, blooey, like that Theresa, the Polish girl that last year had tried to jump out of a window when she was deprived of her hours of freedom because of breaking a stack of dishes. From her flat walk, from the unexpectant look in her eyes, this new girl reminded Miss Naylor of that Theresa.

She had no suitcase, but carried a large paper-wrapped parcel under her arm; and while her guide chattered, the new girl kept turning her head, her brows contracted, looking at the spreading distances of the farm. It was the look of city girls, like turtles afraid to reach out into space; and Miss Naylor saw she was getting another tenement child.

Pauline Massacio was the guide and as usual she was jabbering a blue streak, probably giving the girl the lowdown on Matron Naylor and how to handle her; well, Pauline wasn't so bad, a talkative girl talked things out of herself. . . .

"Miss Naylor," she said, handing over the card, "Miss Briggs told me to bring this girl over to our cottage. Her name is Lucy Rocca, Miss Briggs said—"

"Yes, yes, Pauline, I see," Miss Naylor shut her off, while smiling the welcome smile on the new girl. She glanced over the card; just as she had thought: Fourteen. Mother dead. No home life—wild. "Well, Lucy, I'll show you your little room, and you can put your things out."

THE girl was silent as they went upstairs, but once in the tiny bedroom she moved directly to the window and looked out over the farm, then turned and sat on the cot. She was still holding her package. The tears began to flow, as Miss Naylor had expected.

"Gee," the girl said, "I thought it was going to be a jail, with bars on the windows—"

"Now, now." Miss Naylor permitted herself to pat the girl's shoulder, and the child simply threw herself against the matron with convulsive gratitude, as if it were to her alone she owed the fact that this was a place without bars on the windows.

A bad way to start with a girl. Made them expect too much, gave them the wrong idea entirely. Miss Naylor detached herself. "Put away your things and put on these," she said coldly, indicating the set of institution garments. "Your own clothes will be kept for you. Bring them downstairs to me."

Pauline had followed them and naturally was snooping in the corridor. Sometimes Miss Naylor thought a daily hour of freedom was too much for them.

"Can I help her unpack?" Pauline asked.

"Well, all right." Better not to leave a girl alone the first moments.

Miss Naylor looked in again soon, and a good thing she did. The new girl had opened her package and spread the contents on the bed, clothing and junk and a few simple keepsakes; but trust that Pauline, she had fished out a gewgaw, some kind of five-and-ten brooch with an enameled picture of Gary Cooper on it, probably the girl's most

(Continued on page 32)

Time to Quit

By William Martin

SHE had answered him readily because his question seemed so remote from their happiness—the first happiness in love she had ever known.

Lying there on the warm sand with her cheek close to his elbow, she had been thinking how inadequate were all the old catchwords of love to explain how she felt about him. It would take more than words, always.

Then had come his abrupt question, which at first scarcely stirred her from her dreaming: "Margaret, has there been any other man in your life since you divorced Stan?"

"Yes, one," she said to the brown curve of his jaw. His set, sick smile in answer puzzled her and she pushed up on her elbows. "But that was long before us, Jim," she said, smiling.

Two weeks later, in her apartment, as they were setting up the chessmen on the little coffee table, his hand closed over her hand and the Knight.

"Still love that Knight of yours, Margaret?" he asked. He spoke casually, as one who has thought long before speaking.

"Who?" she smiled. There was that same puzzled sick smile and suddenly she remembered.

"Darling, I *never* loved him. You're not serious?" she said.

"You must have loved him," he said slowly, in a strained voice that hurt her. "You wouldn't give yourself to a man you didn't love."

"Oh, Jim," she said. "You don't understand. It was all so unimportant. I wish you wouldn't think of it."

"I don't," he said.

She began to realize, then, that he was no longer completely happy with her. Not that his manner toward her changed. He was still gravely gentle with her in small things. He still called her at noon every day from his office. Still came to see her four nights a week. But *he* had changed. He drank three cocktails before dinner instead of one. He looked tired. And he had stopped laughing.

But it was not until the night of Anne Glenn's dinner that she realized how unhappy he was. She was sitting on the lounge laughing at Tim O'Hara and his Irish stories when she saw Jim in the hall doorway, drink in hand, watching her intently. *The same set smile of controlled pain.* And she understood suddenly that his was not an aggressive jealousy that could appease itself with a show of possessiveness before a rival, or vent itself in a business triumph over anyone she had known. His was a sick, brooding jealousy that left him humbled and afraid. He needed her now, and she went over and took his arm. "Let's slip out for a while," she whispered. "It's so dull."

"I don't want to take you away from a good time, Margaret," he said gravely.

"*You're* my good time," she said. "Just us."

They rode slowly along the drive, watching the needle points of light on the Jersey shore. She pressed her cheek against his shoulder and said: "Nothing is important but us, Jim, dear."

"Nothing," he said. Then, "I know it's none of my business," he said slowly, "but was *he* there tonight?"

SHE caught her breath sharply. She couldn't say: You heard me talking golf across the table tonight with George Carson. Only golf. Both George and I have forgotten. No, Jim was too deeply hurt to be able to understand now about the night George drove her home in the rain, and stopped in to talk. She had been lonely that night with Stan gone. That was all. George Carson had never mentioned that night, never pressed what most men would have considered an advantage. Somehow, he had come to understand what all women know: that sudden loneliness is not love. But she couldn't explain that to Jim now. She mustn't hurt him more; she must try to help him until he could understand.

"No," she said, hating that first lie, "no, dear, he wasn't there." He stared ahead at the road, then asked huskily:

"Did you want him to be there, Margaret?"

"Oh, Jim," she said, "you've got to believe me. He meant nothing to me. Absolutely nothing. Jim, tell me nothing is important now but us. You mustn't think of anyone but us."

"Do you ever think of him, Margaret?"

"No," she said. "Never."

She slipped her arm under his. It would take more than words. Perhaps if she could be with him all the time, he would be confident of her, have confidence in himself. She said: "Couldn't we be married the last of this month and not wait till fall? Couldn't we, Jim, please?"

"If you can put up with me," he said humbly.

She surprised him the next day by meeting him outside his office for lunch. "I just wanted to remind you," she said, smiling, "that contracts made by moonlight are binding!"

"I hope so," he said.

Later, across the table, he asked: "Do you ever see him, Margaret?"

"Of course not, dear," she said.

She walked with him back to the office. As she was leaving, he asked: "Where are you going now, Margaret?"

"Home," she said, smiling. "Straight home, Jim."

Half an hour later he phoned. He hadn't believed her. Quickly she must help him now. She said: "I'm so glad you phoned. I wish you'd call me any time you are free. I'll always be here, but if I do have to step out, I'll leave word where you can always reach me."

He called her the next morning at ten-thirty. His voice was quick with excitement. "The office is sending me down to Washington for four days."

The fear in his voice made her throat tight. She said: "Please take me, Jim. I've always dreamed of a honeymoon in Washington. Couldn't we, please?" She waited, thinking: "I must keep him close *to me now; he needs me now.*"

"No," he said slowly. "I've got to go alone, Margaret."

"Will you call me, can you call me every day?"

"Every night at eight," he said.

AND now, as she waited for his call, she was thinking that he might come back, laughing, himself again. He had shown strength—hadn't he?—not taking her. The phone rang.

"Jim, darling! How are you?"

"All right," he said quickly. Then: "I didn't go, Margaret. I'm downstairs. Are you alone?" What haggard triumph of detection had he feared? She realized suddenly that he would always be unhappy with her. Words would never convince him. So long as he loved her he would be afraid, and with fear understanding stopped. Through the years he would be calling to her for a help she couldn't give: You're late, Margaret, where were you—were you home all afternoon—do you know him, Margaret—what are you thinking about now? . . .

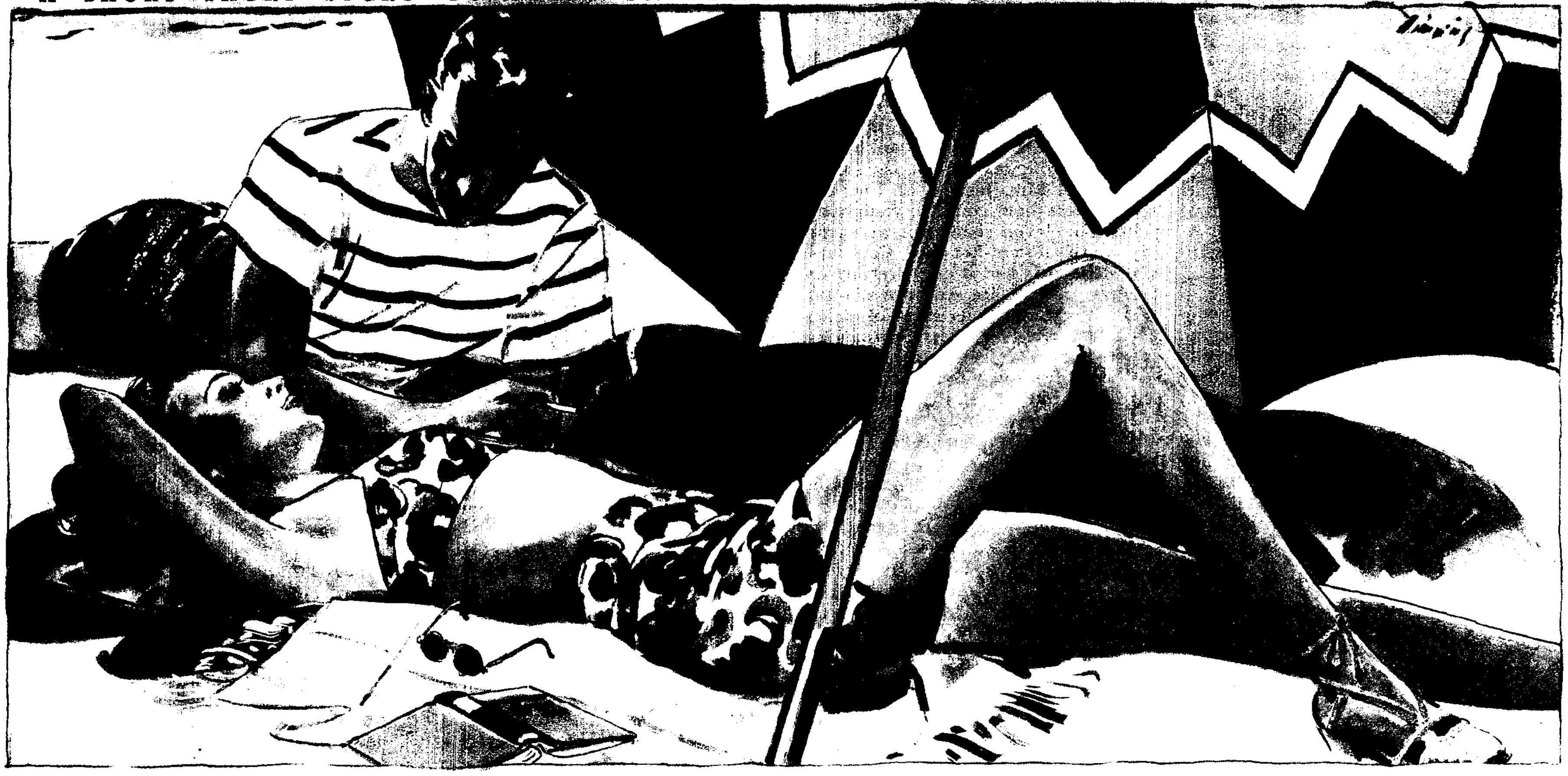
"Margaret. Margaret. Answer me. I'm coming up. Are you alone?"

"Oh, Jim," she said softly. "Oh, Jim—" She steadied herself. She must hurt him now to help him—forever.

"You can't come up," she said slowly. "I'm not alone."

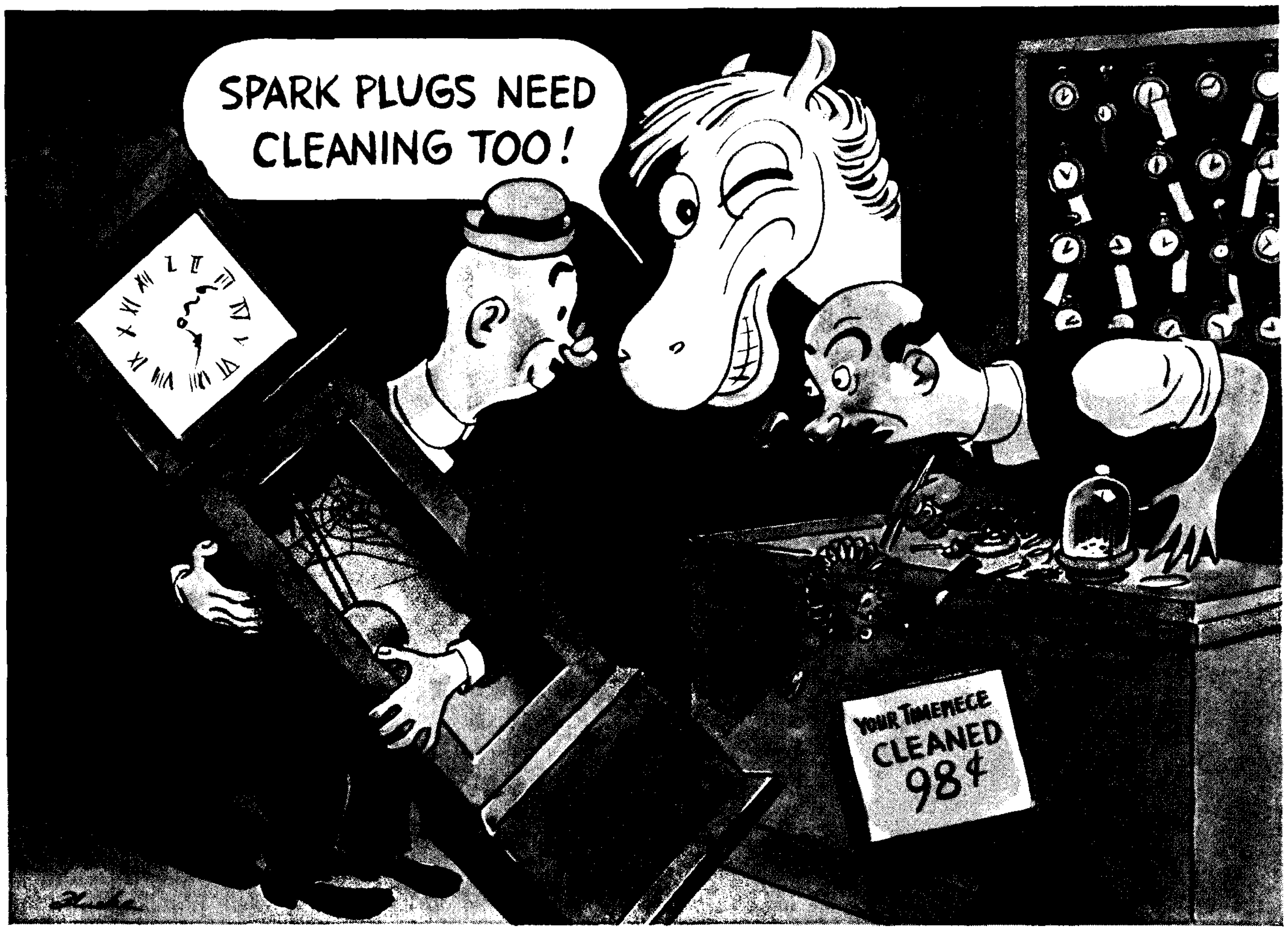
"Margaret. Margaret." She heard his voice grow smaller, smaller as she moved the receiver toward the hook. The click. And silence. Then she pressed her face in her hands, sobbing.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS



Then had come his abrupt question: "Margaret, has *there* been any other man in your life since you divorced Stan?"

Millions of Motorists save money regularly *through the* AC METHOD *of Plug Cleaning*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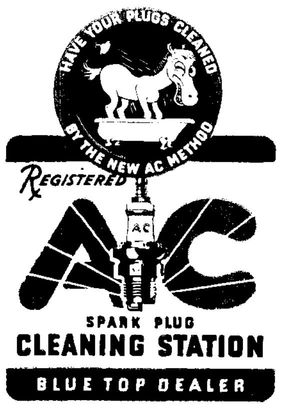

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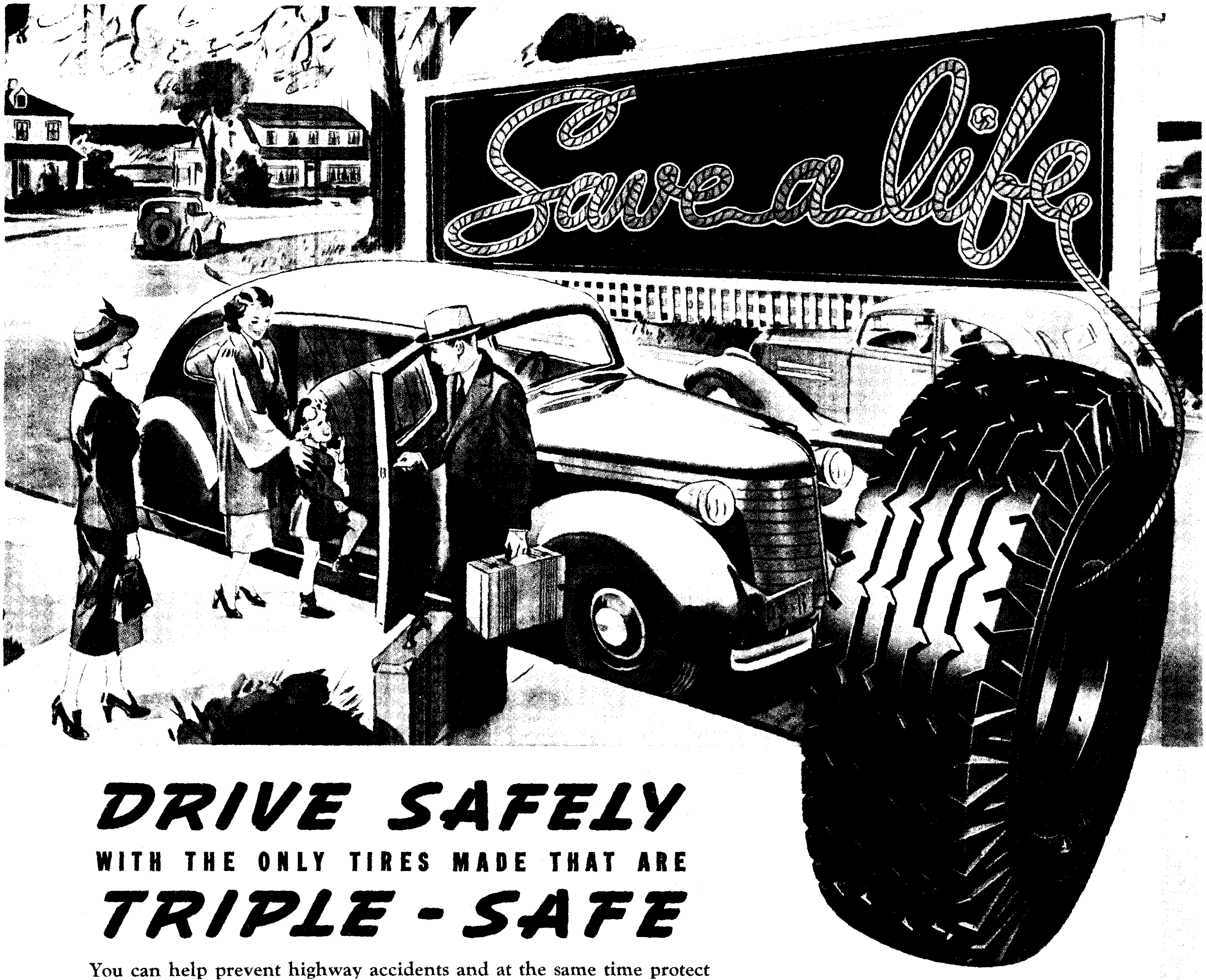

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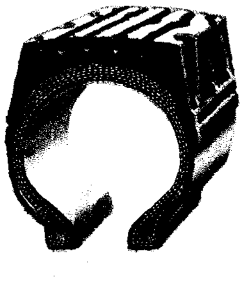
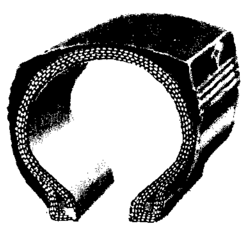

Section of new Firestone Tire. Note protection against skidding, punctures and blowouts


Section of smooth, worn tire which is always susceptible to punctures, blowouts and skidding

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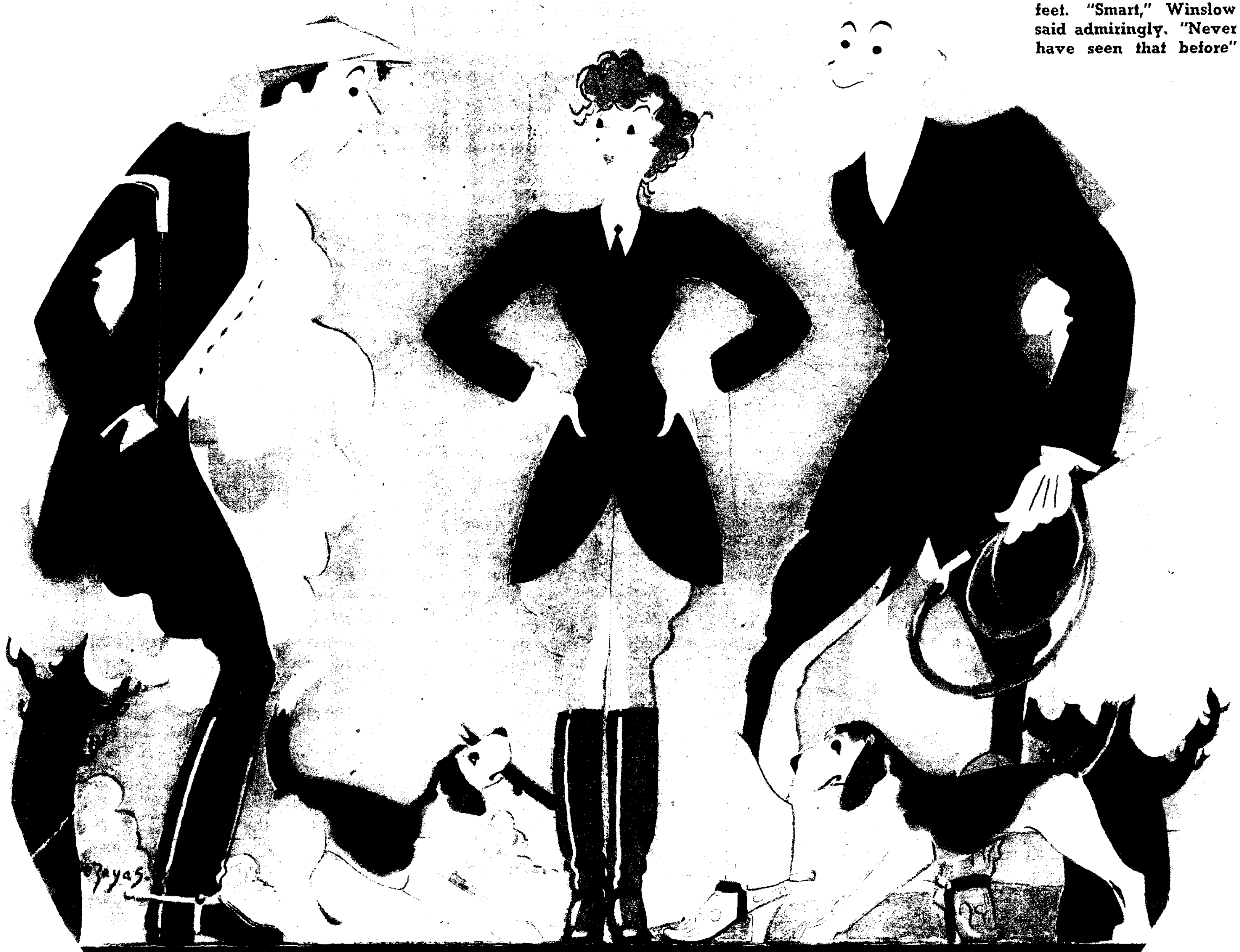


The beagle retrieved the stick and, ignoring Livingston, laid it at Letty's feet. "Smart," Winslow said admiringly. "Never have seen that before"

Rabbits Always Circle

By Edward Shenton

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE DE ZAYAS

The foxhound vs. the beagle, which is another way of saying Carter Ingersol and Letitia Davis. A story of the hunting field with an especial message for all dog-lovers, lovers and dogs

WHEN Letitia Davis was made a whip of the Somerset fifteen-inch beagle pack, Carter Ingersol decided that love was not enough.

He put down the telephone over which her lovely voice, like an excited flute, had been telling him the good news, and strode out of the house.

His dark face, burned by wind and sun, was set in cynical lines. His black eyes brooded upon an empty vastness where only an hour before had stretched the rosy future. In his mind seethed reckless but vague plans all beginning with, "I'll show her!"

Passing the kennels where hounds dozed in the warm sun, he cast a bitter sentence, like a meatless bone, over the wire enclosure:

'We'll never hear the end of this."

Old Ganymede lifted his square muzzle, scarred by a hundred briar patches, and bayed mournfully. Carter stopped dead in admiration and addressed the quiet landscape. "*He* knows. There's brains for you." He glared across the gentle valley to the Davis home, shining in colonial splendor against the tawny rise of autumn hillside.

Then he got into the station wagon and bumped along the rutted lanes, unpaved because this was hunting country, to the ancient red brick clubhouse of the Meadowfield Hunt.

He was not sure what, or whom, he hoped to find there. His flight to those consoling portals was instinctive, the pigeon homing, the wounded child seeking its mother's apron strings. And there was solace in the long empty room, its walls a record of Reynard's less fortunate moments, its floors nicked by spurred heels, the very stillness holding the echo of a thousand "Gone Aways" uttered by the lusty throats of red-faced huntsmen.

It really smelled, or so it seemed to Carter, of leather, horses, winter wind and rain in early spring, and all the multitude of olfactory memories the huntsman plucks from earth and sky and stream and bush, orchard and meadow, in passing. How could anyone deny such magic? Prefer to beagle? Carter sighed and headed for the bar.

"Hi yu, Mistah Ingahsol, suh. Din

'spect youh heah-bouts this evenin'."

"Hello, Sam. Anybody around?"

"No, suh. Yassuh. New gemmun Ovah thar."

Carter glanced casually toward the table near the window. The "new gemmun" lounged negligently in his chair. Above an extraordinarily wide pair of shoulders clad in excellent tweeds rose a round, sleek, blond head. Long legs in breeches stretched indolently, and ended in—Carter's eyes widened. He looked again, carefully. The legs ended in a pair of boots with heels three inches high, and curved tops ornamented with designs worked in bright-colored beads. Carter passed his hand across his eyes.

"RYE," he said. "Straight."

"Yassuh," Sam said. "Ah knows jus' how youh feels, Mistah Ingahsol."

"Impossible."

" 'Nuther rye, suh?"

"Right, Sam. Two more."

After the fifth, Carter said:

"What's the matter with this whisky?"

" 'Deed, it's same lak we allus serve."

"It's been diluted. Nonalcoholic. Note this, Sam. I'm complaining to the House Committee."

"Yassuh, Mistah Ingahsol."

"By letter. Special delivery."

Carter took the sixth drink and by a cautious route reached the table where the new member was sitting. Someone, he thought, had brought a lot more chairs in since he had entered. The room was literally congested. He'd add that to his letter. "These chairs," he composed, "are not the usual club furnishings. As you—no, one—as one goes by they suddenly stick out a leg, hoping to trip the unsuspecting. . . ."

Carter became aware that the gentleman at the table was regarding him with a curious sort of floating expression. "I'll mention that in the letter," he thought, and then noticed the eight empty highball glasses arranged in a column of twos, and the ninth balanced on the new member's chest. Carter decided to omit any reference to floating. The contents of those glasses would float more than an expression.

"Join the party," the new member said. "Winslow's the name; Robert Livingston."

"Ingersol," Carter said, "Carter Buckingham." He thrust out a hand and bowled over six of the eight empties.

"Oh, sorry."

"Don't mention it." Winslow's blue eyes stared gloomily at the broken glass, and he muttered, "Shattered dreams."

"Pardon?"

"Figure of speech. Must sound pretty silly. Fact is, there's a girl . . ." He checked himself apologetically. "Didn't mean to intrude private troubles. Sorry, old man."

"It's all right, old man."

"Dark brunette. Tall, you know, willowy. But vicious. Snap at you suddenly. Nice teeth, but vicious."

"Entertaining, though," Carter said, considering.

"In a way. But disconcerting. Hair down all the time. Savage."

"I see. Needs curb and martingale."

"Exactly. Pops up unexpectedly. Here tomorrow, gone Wednesday. Screams, 'Take your Tiffany rhinestone and go jump in the lake.' "

"What lake?" Carter asked.

"Didn't state. Probably doesn't know any. Practically uneducated. Beautiful moron. Interested only in love . . . Jilted me," added Winslow, stamped his foot pettishly and said, "Ouch."

The movement drew Carter's attention again to the extraordinary footgear. The new member saw the astonished glance and his genial face became suffused by a dull blush.

"Odd things, aren't they? Truth is, I've got a bad instep. Only thing that gives any comfort is these dude-ranch boots."

Carter waved a gracious hand.

"Fascinating, really. Like to wear 'em on a hunt. I'm a fox-hunting man, myself."

Winslow sat upright and frowned.

"Don't think I'm a damned beagler, do you?"

A sensation of pleasure joined the whisky in Carter's veins. Here was a man with a fine contempt for beagles, a friend with understanding. He plunged into the story of Letitia and himself.

"From birth, practically," he concluded, "everybody says, 'Oh, Letty will marry Ingersol some day.' "

"Social arrangement," Livingston said. "Positively indecent. Take love out of matrimony and what have you?"

Both gentlemen fell into a reverie which lasted a long time but furnished no solution.

"Imagine," Carter resumed, "having a wife who goes bounding over the landscape hallooing to a pack of beagles."

Livingston shuddered delicately.

"Worse than death. . . . Nice-looking gal?"

"Oh, yes. On the reddish side. Nose up, you know. Freckles. Green eyes."

"Money?"

"Adequate. Two, three million, maybe five."

WINSLOW drew in his breath so quickly he choked.

"Allergic," he explained.

"Sorry, old fellow."

"It's nothing, old fellow."

Carter had an inspiration.

"We'll run over and I'll introduce you. Can see for yourself. Probably having tea with beagles."

They went out arm in arm, Livingston tottering a little on his cowboy heels, and towering inches above Carter, who was an unassisted six feet. They got into the station wagon and bounced across the valley to the Davis homestead.

Letty was sitting pensively on a wall of whitewashed stones, her little nose pointed toward the sun, her green eyes closed, her red-gold hair glittering like a halo. At her feet slept a couple of beagle hounds, their short crooked legs tucked under them, their faces mournful even in slumber.

The agility of the station wagon, combined with the rush of fresh air, had removed most of the alcohol from Carter's brain, leaving as a residue the premonition that he was making a mistake. As they came up the flagstone walk, Letty and the beagles opened their eyes simultaneously.

"Hal-loo," she called in her new whipper-in voice. The beagles emitted a melancholy baying. A feeling of unutterable depression settled upon Carter. He presented Winslow, who immediately patted the beagles' heads, smiled at Letty, and said:

"Cute little beggars, eh?"

He picked up a stick and tossed it. "Hey, fetch." One of the beagles retrieved the stick and, ignoring Livingston, laid it at Letty's feet.

"Smart," Winslow said admiringly. "Never saw that before."

"He's my pet," Letitia said. "He's called Bongo. His mate's Bingo."

HER face was radiant. She had, Carter thought gloomily, been sitting there like a keg of dynamite all ready to explode at the first kindly match. She grasped Livingston by the arm and took him at a hound trot to the back of the house where the rest of the pack lay like a brown and white carpet before their immaculate kennels.

"The beagle," she rhapsodized, "has a noble lineage. His origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. Shakespeare speaks of him, the Greeks and Romans knew him; but even before that he probably hunted for the barbaric Briton."

"Chasing rabbits," Carter said witheringly, "the sport of the ages."

"Now, now, old fellow," Livingston said with a conciliatory air.

Letty's eyes flickered dangerously.

"Carter hunts foxes. He thinks those clumsy, lumbering, smelly, stupid hounds . . ."

"The rabbit," Carter interrupted with a detached oratorical manner, "admitted to be the dumbest animal alive, is never caught by the beagle."

"Mr. Ingersol," Letty said to Winslow, "always confuses sport with eating."

"Okay," Carter said, glaring. "Coming?" he asked Livingston.

"Why, if—"

"Won't you stay to tea?" Letty asked. "Mother and Father would enjoy meeting you."

"Pleased. Delighted, in fact. Stranger here, you know. Mind, old man?"

"Certainly not," Carter said, and added stiffly, "old man."

"I'm sorry you must go, Carter," Letty said, too sweetly.

Carter was mending a head strap. A brisk fire burned in the great fireplace. Old Ganymede, snoring like a baby bull, lay at his feet. The pungent odor of wood smoke and hound drifted pleasurably through the room. William, the colored houseman, said, "Mr. Winslow, suh," and before Carter could reply, Livingston's cowboy heels tapped across the wide board floor.

"Hello, old man. Hope you don't mind. Dropped in to report."

CARTER looked at him suspiciously. Winslow collapsed into a chair, lit a cigarette and sighed.

"Worse than I thought. Most acute case of beagleitis."

"What are you talking about?" Carter asked.

Livingston's blond eyebrows lifted in surprise.

"Letty, Miss Davis, that is. Nice gal. Can see how you'd think that. But zippy. Belfry full of beagles." He leaned forward and tapped Carter's knee. "You're offended."

"Not at all."

"True. Don't blame you. Mind," Livingston indicated his forehead, "works this way. 'Friends in quandary. Perplexed. Wants to know if this gal—Miss Letitia—prefers beagles to him. I'll find out.' I stayed. I did."

"She does," Carter said gloomily.

"At the moment. She's young. Romantic. Sees life as one long beagle hunt. Alluring, eh?"

"Ghastly."

"Right. Horrible. . . . Contemplate marriage. Fun at first no doubt. But, after?" Livingston let his gaze penetrate the future. "Running, leaping ditches, uphill, downdale, pursuing beagles. Years pass. Old age, wind gone, hocks broken, tendons pulled. Sit in rocking-chair, little hounds in lap. Dreaming of what? Chasing rabbits. . . . No dignity, memories flavor of old chewing gum."

Carter leaped to his feet.

"How about a drink, old man?"

"Don't mind if I do."

William brought in brandy and seltzer.

"Good hunting, old chap."

Carter said, "See here, old fellow, you've sized up the situation. What would you advise me to do?"

"Nothing."

"But—"

"Let me. Experienced with gals. Jilted by savage brunette. Point is this. You and Letty, Miss Davis, I mean—"

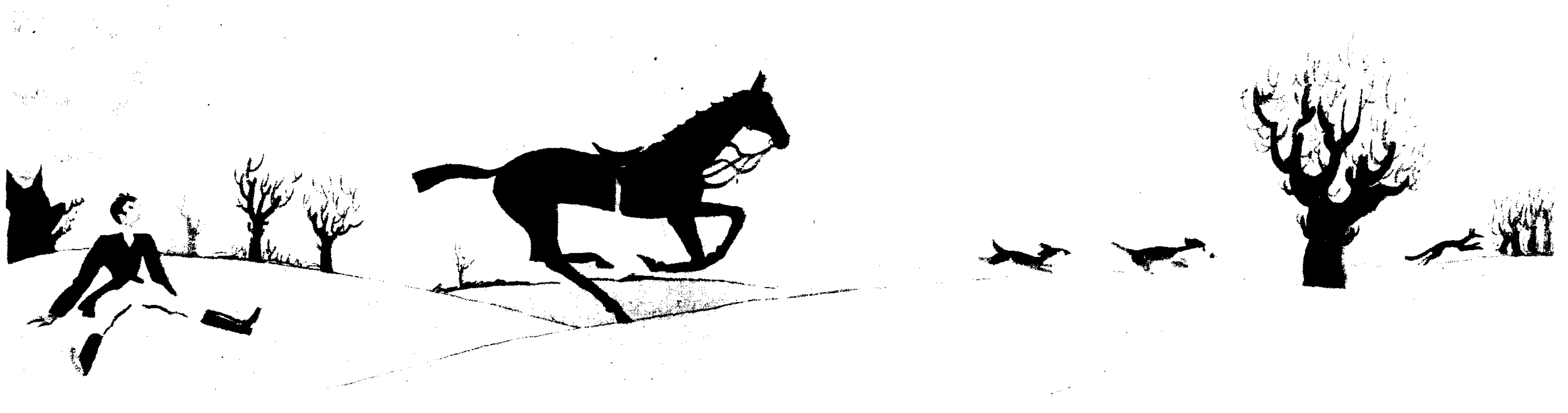
"Call her Letty," Carter said generously.

"Thanks, old man. You and Letty, long familiarity. Breeds disputes. She looks at you, thinks, 'Lumbering old foxhound.' You look at her, think, 'Dumb, bench-legged beagle.' "

"See here, Livingston—"

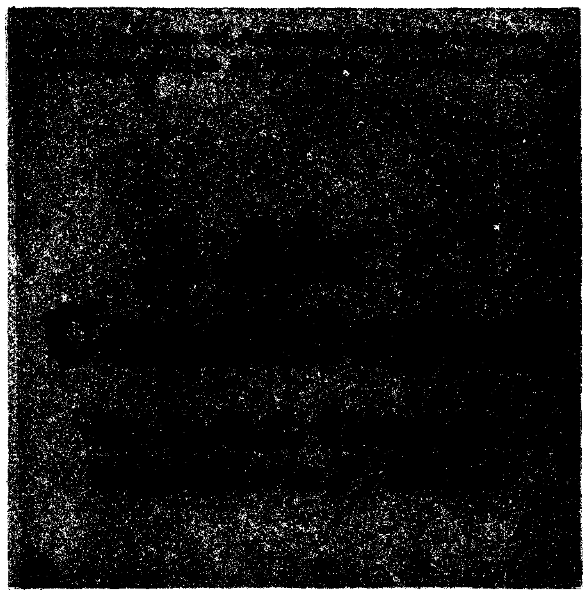
"Not Letty, bench-legged. Fact is . . . Well, what I mean. Two opposed wills. Active. Now me. Detached. Impersonal. Talk beagles, talk hounds. Talk

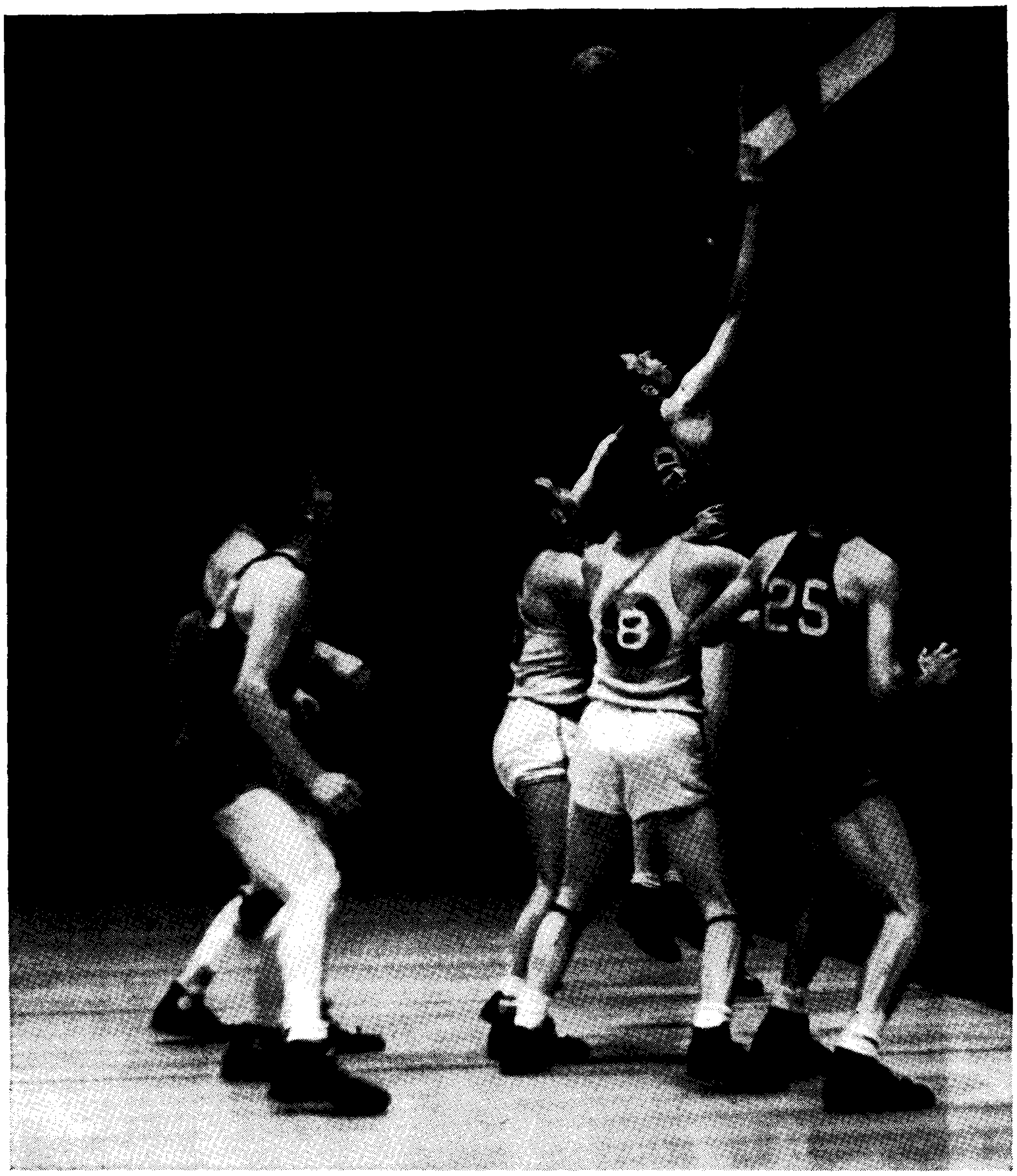
(Continued on page 55)



Lady departed in a whirl of equine vapors. The voices of Molly and Scamper, shrill with adolescent zeal, were rapidly fading

ACME





Jim Lee Howell, of the Razorbacks, in an attempted one-arm basket shot in the Olympic elimination games

Coach Thomsen just can't find a heavy, smashing fullback for his Arkansas Razorbacks. So, instead of relying on power plays, he trains his boys to bomb the enemy with forwards and laterals. That's why they are called the greatest basketball team ever to appear on a gridiron

I WANT to nail that lie that basketball players do not make good football players.

In the spring of 1936 several thousand New York citizens and others at Madison Square Garden saw the University of Arkansas Razorbacks meet the Hollywood Universals in the Olympic final elimination basketball tournament. The fact that the Porkers played in that tournament is proof that they were of the best basketball teams in the nation last year.

Yet two thirds of the double squad that we took to New York to play basketball swallowed mud and water on a Little Rock gridiron last December 5th, fought with the courage of Paul Jones himself, and helped turn back Jack Chevigny's University of Texas Longhorns in the game which gave Arkansas the Southwest conference football championship.

A fortnight later, the same boys, now in basketball togs, defeated the Drake University basketball squad, 1936 co-champions of the Missouri Valley conference. And on December 30th, the Razorback basketball team defeated the University of Tennessee at New Orleans, to win the Sugar Bowl basketball championship.

As a matter of fact I have a decided preference for basketball players for certain positions on the gridiron squad.

Let's agree that, for the time being, the type of football Arkansas has played for the last two years has been something of a glorified basketball game. In 1935, Arkansas, in a ten-game schedule, passed 211 times. Last year we passed 284 times. Both years we used the lateral pass also to the fullest extent.

Every coach knows that before he can employ a passing attack he must first of all have a good passer, and this passer should be a triple-threat man if possible, to keep the opponents guessing. Likewise, it is conceded, good receivers are necessary, and, other things being equal, the bigger and taller the receiver, the better. The third consideration of a passing attack is good blocking. The passer is helpless if his teammates can't block. These are points generally conceded by coaches.

The secret of good passing, however, implies a great deal more, and here is where our basketball players at Arkansas qualify. Our basketball teams at Arkansas consistently are among the tallest in the nation. Our starting fives often average six feet four in height.

A successful football passing attack requires timing, it requires deception, it requires blocking at a given point by the linemen and the backs. A good passing attack requires a general alertness on the part of the backs and ends. Expert handling of the ball is necessary. With the constantly improving methods of pass defense, an effective passing attack nowadays requires receivers who can execute "push-shot" laterals—it requires ends and backs who know how to pivot, and basketball men are already well trained in these fundamentals.

Another thing that we coaches are learning is that an effective passing attack requires that our ends and all our backs be excellent students. They have to have brains, know something of the art of acting, and handle themselves well.

The success of a passing attack may be measured by the ability of the receivers to get into the open while the passer still has time to get the ball to them. That is, the receiver must be in the open by the time the ball arrives. The basketball player has had this idea of getting in the open instilled into his system. Since it is the one essential in basketball playing, why not let the player use his ability in football?

Basketball men, from constant practice on the court, are used to the touch of the leather. They handle it more frequently than your nonbasketball-playing gridiron candidate and consequently are better ball handlers and can execute plays better because they have the finesse that is so necessary with the timing of a play. Basketball men are taught deception, the value of the decoy.

Wear Schoonover, who was picked as an All-America end in 1929 by Grantland Rice and practically everyone else, also was one of the best basketball forwards the Razorbacks have ever had. He recently was selected by sports writers as one of Arkansas' All-Time forwards and was named on several All-America basketball quintets.

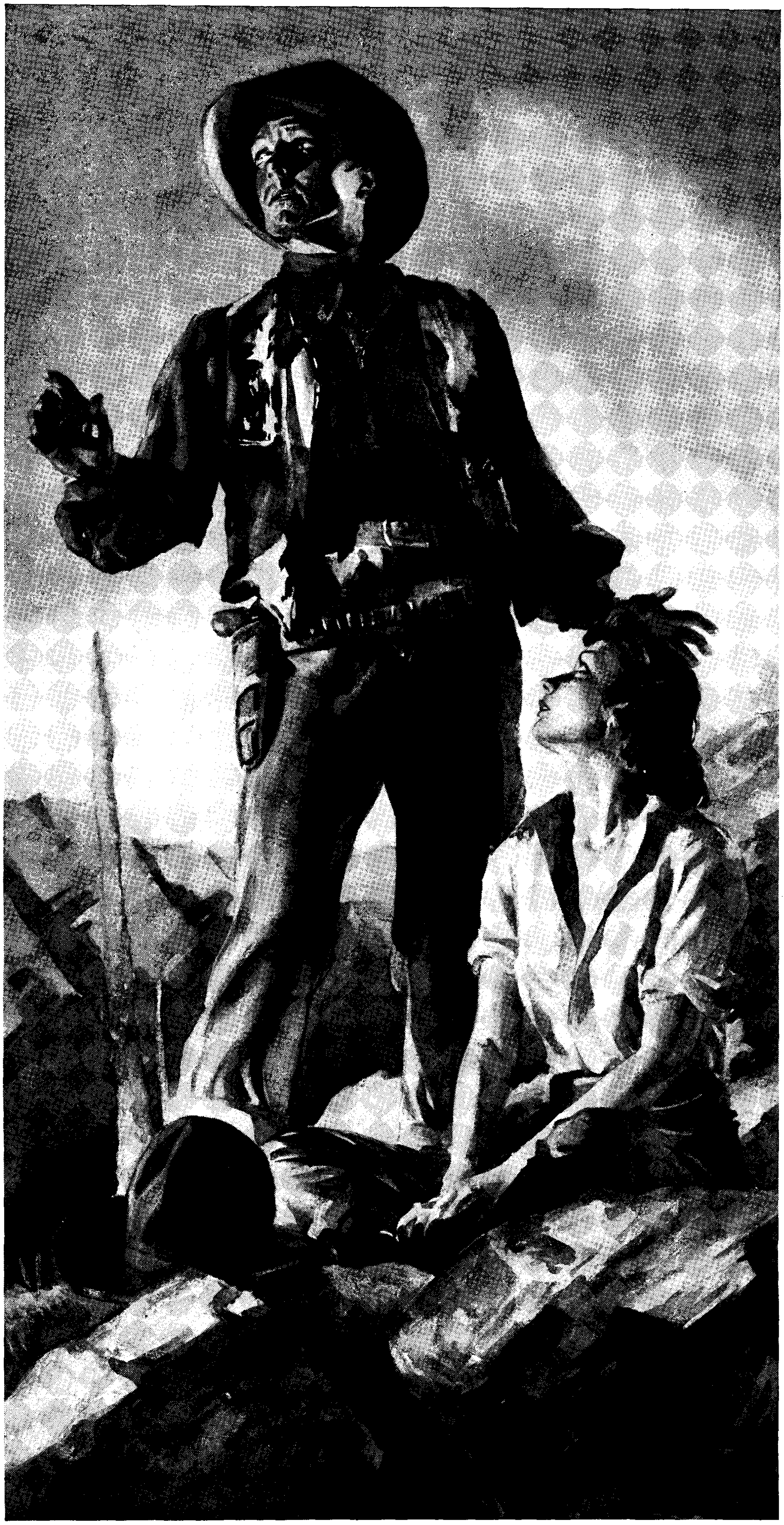
I do not coach basketball at Arkansas. That's Glen Rose's job. Yet I have found that basketball players as a group usually stand out as athletes and also as scholars.

In 1936, Arkansas scored *(Continued on page 77)*

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Sundown Jim

By Ernest Haycox



Katherine watched him with an attention she could not help. "How much," she murmured, "depends on it?"

The Story Thus Far:

A STRANGER just arrived in the little town of Reservation, Jim Majors, a deputy United States marshal who is trailing a gang of outlaws, witnesses the killing of a man named Pete Riley by Ben Maffitt, a notorious bully. He sees Riley fall, die; he sees a girl run to his body and kneel beside it. Taking pity on her (she seems to have no friends), he speaks to her, does what he can to comfort her. Her name, she tells him, is "Tony"; she works in the hotel where Majors has a room.

Within a few days after the killing, Majors learns that the men he is after are being sheltered by Maffitt. But, with the exception of three girls ("Tony," Katherine Barr, and Edith Sultan) and one man (Dobe Hyde), everyone he meets, including the town marshal, Charley Chavis, is hostile and unwilling to answer questions. The Barrs—Katherine's father, Pedee Barr, and his sons—and the Maffitt crowd make no effort to hide their dislike. And presently he learns the reason:

There are two opposing factions in the Silver Lode Range region where Reservation is located—the Barr-Maffitt group and their enemies, who are Buff Sultan (Edith Sultan's brother), the Ketchums, and the Oldroyds. Neither faction is sure where Majors' sympathies lie; and neither cares to have an outsider, a deputy marshal, "meddling" in its affairs.

A fight, in which Majors administers a thrashing to two of Maffitt's henchmen, definitely establishes the newcomer as a man of courage. Nevertheless, Ben Maffitt decides to give him another test—a test which he does not think Majors can meet. He has some of his men hold up a stagecoach, take a sack of mail, and notify Majors that he can find the sack at Maffitt's headquarters, "the Pocket."

Majors is well aware that a trap has been laid for him—that the effort to recover that sack may cost him his life. But he accepts the challenge, rides to the Pocket and, after fighting a gun battle with Maffitt's killers, led by Brick Brand, takes the sack. Then, returning to Reservation, he puts up his horse, enters the lobby of his hotel, and throws the sack on the counter.

Jack Broderick, owner of the hotel, is in the lobby. Majors tells him to leave the sack on the counter until the stage comes in. "I want the town to see it," he adds.

A few minutes later, he is stretched out on the bed in his room, preparing to take a nap.

IV

THREE quarters of an hour later Matt Oldroyd—who was the indolent young fellow Majors had passed on the trail—entered Reservation and stopped behind the hotel. He unlashed the quarter of venison and lugged it into the kitchen and grinned at Tony, who sat alone, eating a delayed dinner. She looked up at him, her expression suddenly smooth and reserved and faintly startled. Oldroyd's grin died and he made an awkward shape above her. Nothing was said for a while, yet there was something between them stronger than the silence; the girl's cheeks showed color and the surprise faded behind a stolid expression. Matt Oldroyd stared down at his boots.

He said in a tone that held a heavy regret, "There's always things a man may be sorry for, Tony."

She sat with her legs tucked beneath the chair, composed and indifferent. There was that old sense of fatalism in her voice, as though nothing much mattered: "Oh, well, Matt."

"Ain't seen you since last summer. How you been?"

She looked squarely at him. "How would you think?"

He said, humbly, "Don't, Tony. Don't."

"How's your mother?"

"Fine."

She looked away from him. "Tell her I send my love."

Matt Oldroyd put his hands in his pockets and walked around the kitchen, his sandy head bowed over. He was a soft-speaking man, slow of motion and taking life pretty much as it *(Continued on page 42)*

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Death from the Sky

Continued from page 10

expect much help in a time of dire disaster. Yet . . .

In Nanking early in August a haughty *white woman, driven by a Chinese* chauffeur in a limousine, shrieked maledictions at a ricksha coolie who blocked her way into a narrow street. It was no fault of the coolie's. The woman was acting just as many white women acted in China. The coolie took it, mindful of the policeman on the corner.

But when steel death rained from the sky above the capital, it was the coolies who stayed with their white masters and mistresses, protected them, packed their belongings to safety—and remained in the inferno while the whites chugged away in the refugee train. Sometimes they wept as their erstwhile bosses pulled out. A Chinese can weep just as bitterly as any sentimental American.

"My experience gave me a new slant on life," one refugee schoolteacher said. "The cook boy at the place I was staying was ripped open by a shell fragment. He lay there, bleeding to death. The *other Chinese servants pleaded with me:* 'Missy, please help. He die quick!'

"I'm ashamed of myself — but I couldn't steel myself to bloody my hands. I ran for help, instead. . . . Yet those servants later protected me with their lives. I'm supposed to be a superior person, calm and collected. The coolies were just coolies, but they are better human beings than I am."

When, and if, your city is bombed, you will find curious things happening to money. In some cases, its purchasing power will be enormously inflated. In others, greatly lessened. Prices of necessities, especially food, will go sky-rocketing. But luxuries and nonessentials can be bought for a song.

In Chinese cities, jewels, bracelets, jades, silks, brocades, ivories—all the things the tourists buy—went for anything anyone wanted to give. Some shrewd Americans, after the first fright had worn off, picked up treasures for a few Mex dollars—and then discovered they had to be left behind for lack of transport.

Dictatorship's First Objectives

For some time after the terror from the skies has passed, you will discover your mind doing curious things. . . .

The floor of the hotel lounge in Shanghai is deep in plaster dust. The acrid smell of high explosives still lingers. Four men sit at a corner table, waiting. One of them starts to figure on a scrap of paper. No one pays much attention to him.

"It's an open-and-shut proposition," says the figurer in a high, excited voice. "Now, there are 450,000,000 Chinese and their per capita wealth is $19. Put that down. Then there are 65,000,000 Japanese and *their* per capita wealth is $38. Put *that* down. Now you multiply 65,000,000 by two and that gives you 130,000,000 people at $19 against 450,000,000 at the same figure. That shows you the Chinese are three and a half times as strong . . ."

His voice trails off. Nobody is listening. He wads his paper into a damp ball and puts it into his pocket. He gnaws his pencil, staring—staring . . .

A man comes in, holding a handkerchief to a cut on his forehead.

"They're bombing the university and the schools," he says. "The big library is a ruin and the printing plant across the creek is a wreck. They're trying to smash the newspaper plants and the radio stations." He means the Japanese are trying to smash them.

Well, of course. That's what a dictatorship, fighting a democracy—even if it's not a very democratic democracy, as in China—would do first. Smash the weapons of democracy. Stop the schools from teaching dangerous democratic ideas. Smash the presses, stop them from spinning out thoughts about freedom, facts about anything. Wreck the radio, shooting out its perilous ideas about liberty to millions of people.

That's what a dictatorship, fighting America, would do, first thing, if it could invade the skies over our cities. Smash the steel factories and powder plants and shipyards, yes. But smash the idea factories and the thought plants, too.

Because of the destruction, the rumors start. Rumors of fresh disasters. At one street intersection a bomb has crashed and killed twenty people—two hundred people—two thousand people. It can't be. You know the corner: The traffic cops stand in the middle. The No. 4 busses. The No. 7 trolleys. The crowded windows of the drugstore and the jeweler's shop. That's the picture in your mind. You can't imagine it as a slaughterhouse, blood and muck and torn flesh and headless bodies and dusty ruins and cascades of broken glass.

But so it is, they say. They say . . . They say . . . The city is full of wild, impossible things, they say.

Then come the safety rumors. Everybody must go to the south station, where it will be safe. Everybody must assemble on the water front—it's safe . . . No, no, somebody in authority says go here, go there. . . .

You hear, dully. You know they are all rumors, all fright-started ideas, growing as they spread, twisted out of all semblance to the original story. You don't believe them, not one of them. But then realization comes: *One* of these rumors may be true. Unless you heed it, you may be torn apart, splashed against a wall, rent by shrapnel. If you heed one whispered bit of advice, you may be safe. Yes, but *which* bit? Indecision paralyzes your brain.

You start to think about war. Sherman. Huh, in Sherman's day most of the battles were fought in the country, between uniformed troops. Soldiers battling soldiers. Each side had a chance. Give and take. Sort of fair.

Now it's all different. We're more civilized. One man up in the air rains down death and mutilation and ruin on thousands of people who can't fight back. Women and kids, cooped up in narrow streets, gazing skyward helplessly with fright in their eyes and sweat on their faces.

From the radiator of a smashed car in the glass-littered street there flaps an American flag. Good old Stars and Stripes. It brings a lump to your throat. Sort of pretty. But it means nothing in this war. Ten years ago, it meant a lot in the Orient. So did the old Red Duster of England, the Tricolor of France, all the rest of the national banners. You could wrap an American flag around you and defy the firing squad.

That was before the Chinese decided to be a nation, before they got their mad up at the Red Ball flag of Nippon. It was before the Japanese decided to keep Asia for the Asiatics, meaning the Japanese. So now the only flags that mean anything are the red, white and blue of the Kuomintang and the Rising Sun.

And where are the marines, by the way? Why don't they land and give somebody hell? Well, you can't land a marine on a bombing plane 15,000 feet up in the gray, windy sky. The marines can't poke cold steel through a bomb dropper ten miles away. Maybe the marines never will land again.

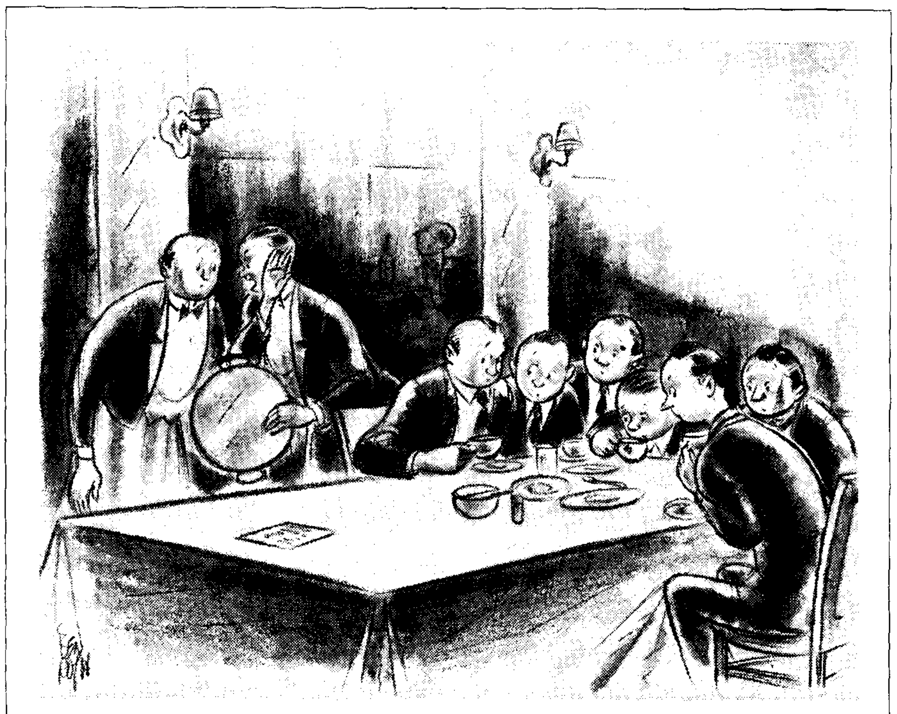
It Can Happen Here

The homeless mobs are marching endlessly, blindly, across the parks and open spaces. Women and babies. Kids and men. From above, you see only an ocean of black heads. Then there is an explosion, far away. The ocean of heads turns suddenly into a myriad of white faces, eyes straining skyward. It is terrible to look at—this mass of human fright.

The packed thousands wheel together, go scrambling and trampling away into the streets, in panic. The dust swirls and the bitter taste of explosives fills your mouth and nose. The smoke from burning buildings drifts across the city.

So it is in Shanghai and Nanking and other Chinese cities.

So it may be in New York and Chicago and San Francisco.



"I think the check frightened them a little" BEN ROTH

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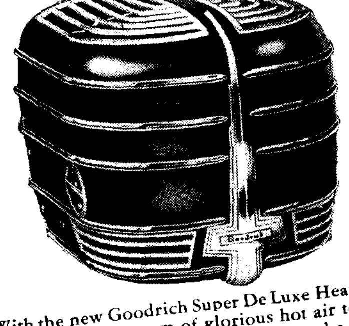

With the new Goodrich Super De Luxe Heater you get a four-way stream of glorious hot air to every nook and corner of your car. Down to the passengers' feet it goes. Across to the driver's feet it travels. Out through the entire car it circulates. Out to the defroster it shoots to clear the windshield of ice and snow. Get a Goodrich Super De Luxe car Heater now—you'll be surprised at its low price.

Goodrich *Super DeLuxe* Heater

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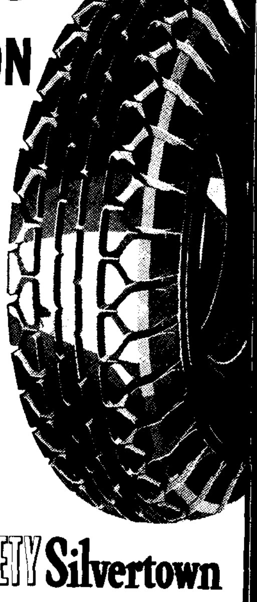

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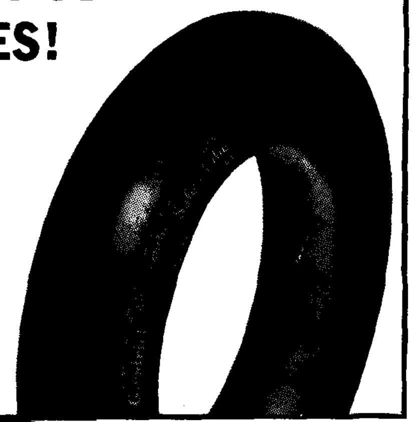

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"WHERE TO BUY IT"

No Intermission

Continued from page 11

basketball and being a class officer but gave that up when she found there was an organization named the Masquers, the undergraduate dramatic society.

"A small, unobtrusive, intense person," they recall at the university.

She belonged to a small group at the university interested in serious affairs. They went on week ends unchaperoned, discussed philosophy, economics and religion and were looked upon with raised brows by the authorities. The big blowup came finally when the wife of the then president of the university referred to the group as a "free-love cult." This threatened to blow up the university but it never disturbed the Sondergaard girl. It wasn't a free-love cult and it didn't matter what they said and she was rehearsing for a play with the Masquers anyhow.

When she got out of college she was taken on by John E. Kellerd, who had been leading man for Modjeska and who had a passion for playing Shakespeare through the West. Up until the Sondergaard experience, Kellerd had compiled a perfect record: every company that went out with him was eventually stranded. This is doing the old gentleman a disservice, for he was not responsible for the lethargy of the home-town folks toward the Great Bard. He was a good actor, the players knew what to expect and nobody felt too outraged when they started walking back from Sioux Falls. The Sondergaard company included Melvyn Douglas, now in Hollywood, and Neil O'Malley, now of Broadway; and Mr. Kellerd got them as far as Vancouver and then back to Toronto, where he paid them off and heaved a sigh. It was success at last!

"We were stranded for three days in Baker City, Oregon," reports Mr. O'Malley, "and finally scraped up enough money to get to Walla Walla, Washington. Baker City to Walla Walla; we used to think that was pretty wonderful."

She Saves Herself for Acting

En route Miss Sondergaard was playing Jessica and the Queen in Hamlet and climbing mountains. She developed a mania for high points and for twenty-five-cent dinners featuring ham and eggs, French-fried potatoes, bread and coffee. When she wasn't getting up at dawn to ascend a peak, she was writing to Jessie Bonstelle, who operated a stock company in Detroit. What Miss Bonstelle answered was nothing, but that didn't deter La Sondergaard. After finishing with Kellerd she proceeded on to New York where Miss Bonstelle assembled her casts for the next season.

She got a room in Greenwich Village and then went up to William Brady's office, where Miss Bonstelle did her business, and waited. There was never any chance of Bonstelle's getting away without seeing her. When she got in, she read a scene and Miss Bonstelle was impressed but noncommittal. The cast was filled, etc.; they would take her name.

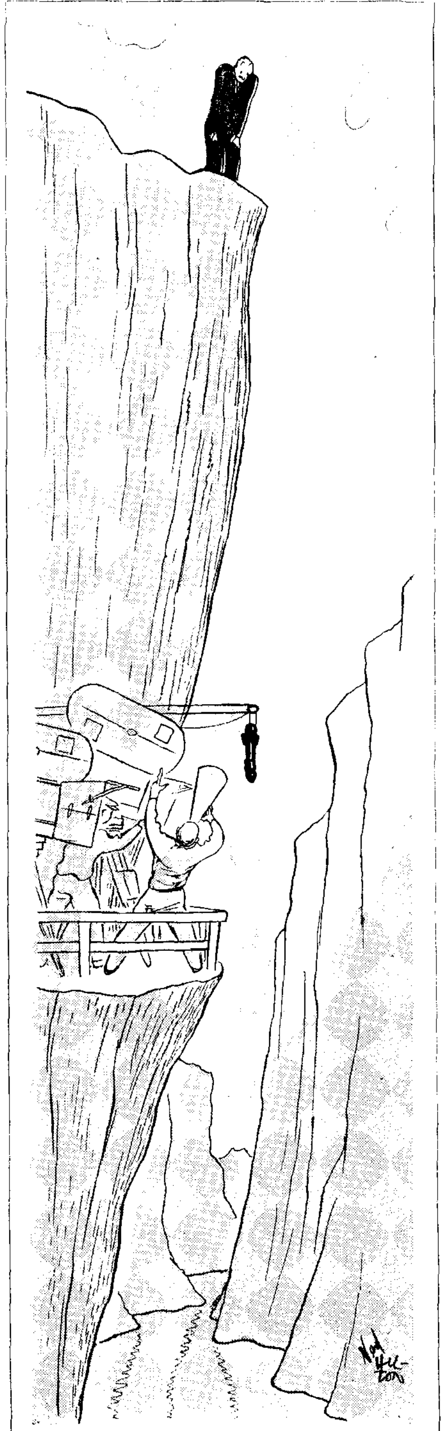
Through the usual grapevine route, Miss Sondergaard learned that what bothered them was her lack of beauty. She dashed downtown for her clippings and back up again with them. Here was one from a marvelous critic in Pocatello, Idaho, saying she was another Helen of Troy. Here was another from a man of great discernment in Glenwood Springs, Colorado, saying that the Rocky Mountains would most certainly melt and run into the sea at the sight of such pulchritude. For her own part, Miss Sondergaard merely stated that she looked much better in make-up. Miss Bonstelle saw it was hopeless and hired her.

After a successful career in Detroit, she came down again to New York—this time with the avowed and sole purpose of acting for the Theater Guild. She read a scene from Strange Interlude and was hired.

"I always knew that was my part," she says.

Of course it wasn't at first because Lynn Fontanne had it and was followed by Judith Anderson. She played bits in Faust and Major Barbara and was not surprised by a call from the stage manager of Strange Interlude one day that he'd like to hear her do the part of Nina, which was the main role. They only got through the first scene before she had to go back to Major Barbara but the stage manager didn't seem worried. He called at five o'clock the next night to say get ready.

She alternated in the part with Miss Anderson and Pauline Lord for six months and would prefer playing it steadily for the rest of her life.



"When you pass the microphone, don't forget to yell"

NED HILTON

She appeared later in Red Rust, which was directed by Herbert Biberman, now her husband. They have been married for years but Biberman is still slightly insane about her.

"Of all the actresses I have ever known, she is most truly the actress. She is not just a personality, accidentally photographable, accidentally salable—*she is an actress on the stage and a lousy* actress off the stage. She is timid and unsocial off stage but on stage she isn't afraid of hell, high water, anathema or nemesis. If she didn't act, I wouldn't remember what she is. She saves herself for acting."

When Biberman went to Hollywood as a director, Miss Sondergaard amazed all her friends by following him. She had no movie job; she was giving up the stage and they didn't understand it. She didn't understand it herself but they rented a house on a mountain peak overlooking the goofy place and she sat there for six months watching the flowers grow.

The rest is the usual stuff. Mervyn Le Roy was casting for Anthony Adverse, had tested a dozen people for the part of Faith Palelogus, finally tested Miss Sondergaard and signed her on the spot. There was never any trouble about the acting because she was paired with good people and they needed little instruction.

"I had scenes with such actors as Claude Rains, Edmund Gwynn and Fredric March," she says, "and there's never any trouble when you're working with experienced people like that. Most of the scenes were done with only one take."

Doubling as a Rooster

After that she went into Maid of Salem and almost died the death when she saw the preview. Most of her good scenes had been left on the cutting-room floor. Next was Seventh Heaven, where she got nine weeks' pay for very little work.

"Nine weeks but a month between shots," she says, not too pleased.

Her latest part was that of Madame Dreyfuss in Zola.

She is a tall lady with the glistening, extremely black hair of the Spanish, a wide mouth, a fine disposition, thin ankles and good-looking legs. There are great discussions in the Biberman household but she takes no part, smiling amiably and never getting perturbed. She plays a good ping-pong game on her home table and not so good elsewhere. She can never keep a maid because she encourages them to better themselves and finally loses them. The first was a Polish opera singer and Miss Sondergaard made her study instead of doing the housework. She eventually went back to music. The second was a farm girl from Kansas, who was encouraged to become a secretary and did so. She now has a girl from northern California and Gale is making her finish her high-school career at night school. She will soon be gone.

When she was playing with the Bonstelle Stock Company, they most urgently needed a rooster crow and couldn't get the proper one mechanically. It was then that Miss Sondergaard lifted her voice and gave forth the imitation she had learned in high school.

"I will do it once every night," she offered, "with matinees Wednesday and Saturday."

Which is how it is with first-rate actresses. They have no shame.

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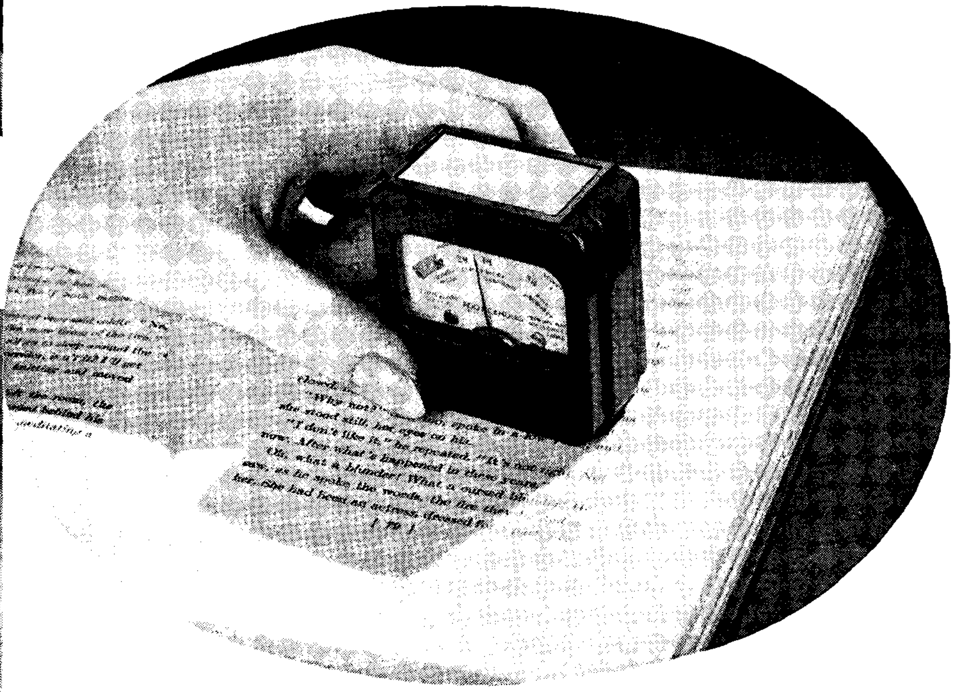

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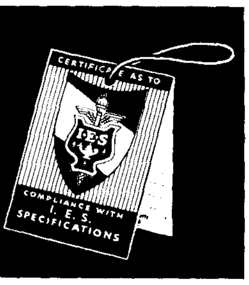
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REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

A Love Note

Continued from page 19

precious jewel, and there Pauline was raving about how beautiful it was, and how Gary Cooper was her secret passion, and the little new girl, Lucy, was saying, "Is he? Me too." And in a minute it was, "You know what, kid, you keep it," her face alight with sacrifice and joy.

At that point Miss Naylor entered and said, "You'd better let me put that away with your other things, Lucy; the girls are not allowed to wear ornaments."

"Oh, but Miss Naylor," Pauline cried, "I can just keep it in my drawer, and not even show it to anybody."

"Now, now, Pauline—"

Lucy approached Miss Naylor, her warm, milky smile intimate and confident. "Please, I want to give it to her," she said, her whole being seeming to call back that moment after coming into the room when she had thrown herself into the arms of the woman.

Better stop her now from getting the idea she had a mother here. That mother stuff could make more trouble than anything. She'd be running downstairs six times an hour with her little problems and excuses to be near the matron.

Best to nip that mother stuff in the bud. Miss Naylor suddenly wrenched the trinket from Lucy's hand, and hurled it into the wastepail.

Lucy's eyes, first startled, grew terrified, and then slowly the terror faded out of them; Miss Naylor could feel the cold screen forming between herself and the girl. That was best.

The girl was well behaved, obedient; she accomplished every task assigned to her without a grumble; but Miss Naylor was still uneasy. For one thing, Lucy was too thick with Pauline. It was an innocent thing; and almost every girl chummed up with some others, but usually they formed a little clique; twosomes, Miss Naylor didn't like so well.

However, a girl had to have something; and Miss Naylor was sure she would know when it had gone far enough. Pauline and Lucy sat together at table, and she allowed them to take their freedom together.

The two girls almost always came down to the sitting room in the evenings. Miss Naylor encouraged her charges to provide their own entertainment, as you couldn't always tell what would come over the radio: so many love songs, and there was no sense in filling their heads with such nonsense.

PAULINE could play the piano, and Lucy's voice was pleasant, if small, and often Miss Naylor had the girls sing little songs like Pennies from Heaven, harmless, if romantic. Also, when she could dial in one of the sweeter dance orchestras, like Victor Young, she was not averse to their dancing.

Naturally, the chums danced together; and she had to admit that they had worked out some very cute steps. They held each other at a little distance, so as to give plenty of room to their feet. They were easily the best couple on the floor, perfect partners, and really pretty to watch.

One evening Miss Naylor stepped out for a chat with Mrs. Jastrow in Two Cottage; as she was returning, her own cottage seemed rather quiet to her.

Then, coming closer, she heard the piano, and Lucy singing. Her voice was better than usual, really touching, throbbing. She was singing:

"In my solitude . . ."

Miss Naylor came quietly into the house and into the sitting room. The girls were all very still, listening. As though a spell was upon them.

When she spoke, saying, "You sang that very nicely, Lucy," she could feel the whole room start, and many of the girls looked toward her slightly ashamed. One or two had tears in their eyes.

That was it, the presentiment she had always had about Lucy, the uneasy feeling of potential trouble. A song like that, now, it could take hold of the girls and you would hear nothing for weeks but that dreary thing hummed and mumbled in corners, all over the place, like that year they were singing "I wish I had someone to love me." The girls would all be fractious, report sick, shirk duties, turn out stuff that had to be made over. A song like that was a plague.

That night, Miss Naylor had a hunch things were not right. Though she made it a rule not to spy upon the girls, certain responsibilities made it necessary for her to know what was going on. She walked through the corridors and, as she had thought, Pauline was not in her room.

LUCY was one of the girls who always left her door open while she slept; and as the door was not shut, Miss Naylor had to look no farther. She hesitated in the corridor, and could not help but hear their whispering.

It was heart to heart. She caught parts of it. Lucy said wouldn't it be wonderful to be loved by someone like Don Ameche; it would be wonderful to kiss someone like him. That was their new crush—Don Ameche; they had both given up Gary Cooper.

They went to great detail over the picture Ramona, where Don Ameche had been an Indian; they remembered the picture so completely that Miss Naylor was somewhat disturbed.

She could send Pauline back to her room, and hereafter lock the girls in for the night. But her long experience told her that this would be a bad way to handle a girl like Lucy. She decided to wait.

The next day she talked the problem over with Mrs. Jastrow, and Mrs. Jastrow agreed with her that this was the right moment to break it up. They transferred Pauline to Mrs. Jastrow's cottage.

Lucy moped around for a few days. She ate little, and in the evenings sat listless. It took her a week to get up courage, and then—Miss Naylor knew it was coming—Lucy appeared and said:

"Please, Miss Naylor, can I ask you something?" In a rush the prepared speech came out: "I like this cottage and I have no complaints or anything; you have been very nice to me but, Miss Naylor, you know Pauline was my chum and she has been transferred and could I be transferred to the same cottage; she is my chum."

"Well, now, Lucy," Miss Naylor said judiciously, "there are fifty girls here, and I'm sure you can find another friend among them."

"I know, Miss Naylor, but—"

Miss Naylor explained that Two Cottage was for the girls who had been there longer, that Pauline had been transferred simply to make room for a new girl, and that Lucy couldn't be transferred for several months, as Two Cottage was full now.

"Oh," Lucy said.

On the whole, she didn't take it badly.

Soon after that, however, in the routine of reading outgoing mail, Miss Naylor was surprised to find a letter from Lucy. The girl didn't correspond with anyone, as her father couldn't read or write, and only a very occasional letter

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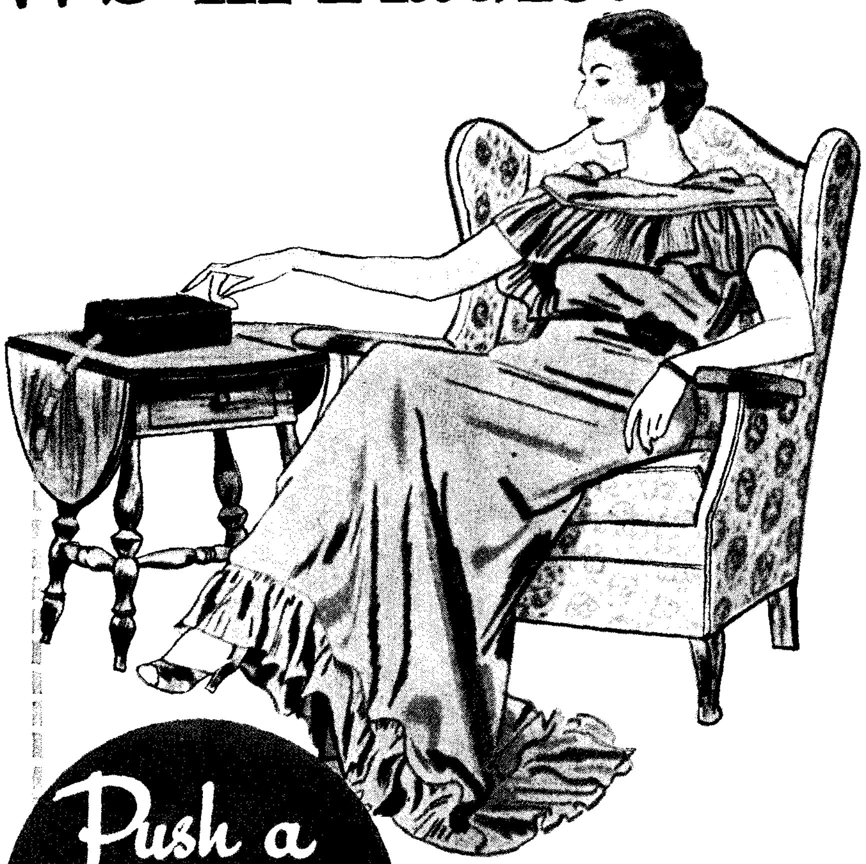

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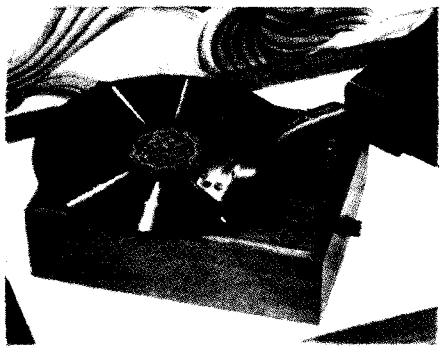

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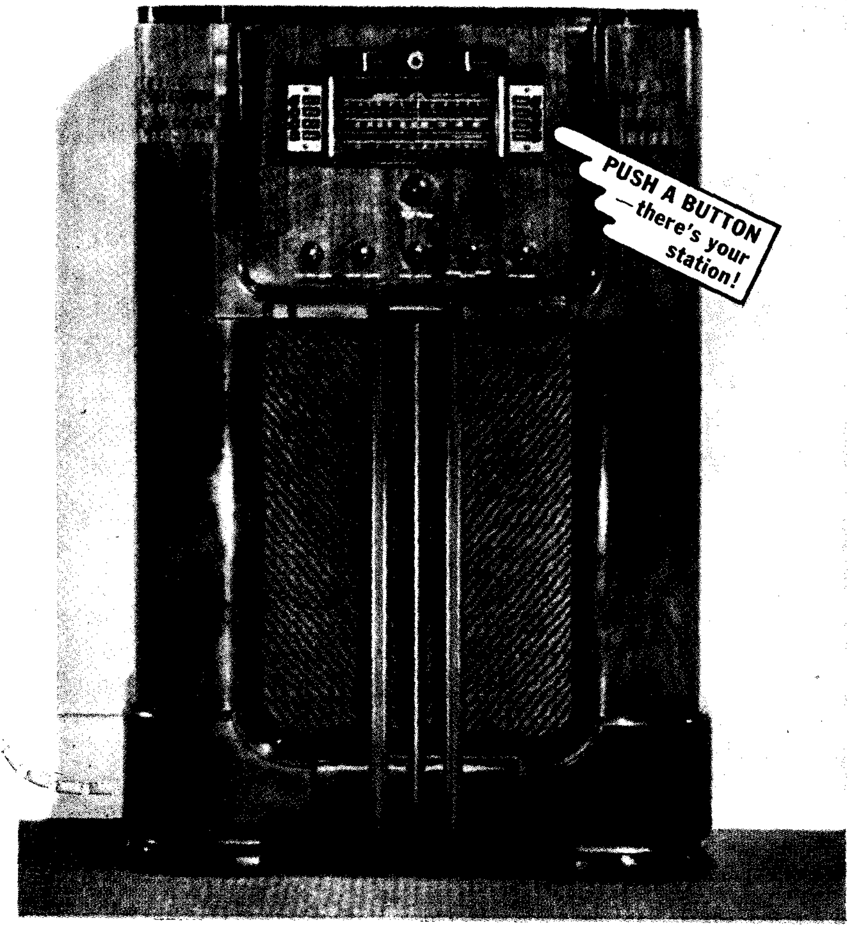

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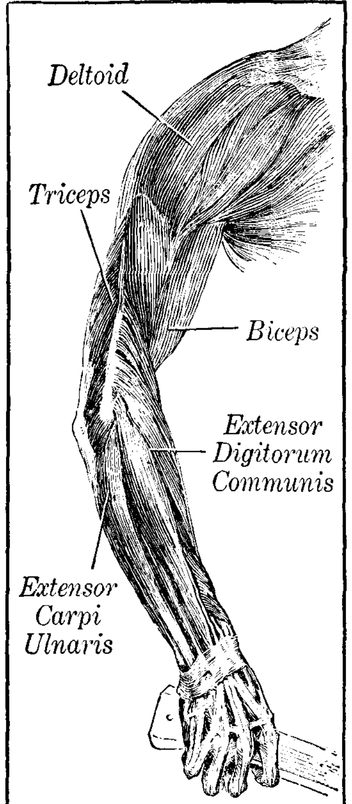

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Physiologists explain it this way:—All muscular exercise produces toxic waste matter *in the muscles* themselves. Notably, *lactic acid*. This lactic acid accumulates in the muscles, stays there—until it is carried off by the blood.

Meantime, fluids filter in. The muscle swells and stiffens. You feel pain, soreness—and, sure enough, your game next day is "terrible"!

Relief this way

It's easy enough to get rid of that soreness—with Absorbine Jr. Professionals, trainers, coaches know it. Absorbine Jr., used right after exercise, quickly brings blood to tired muscles. This increased blood supply carries away the lactic acid, and brings fresh energy to the muscle. Stiffness is avoided. Next day your muscles are limber, quick to respond in every play.

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would come, written for him by some neighbor.

This letter of Lucy's was not addressed to her father, but to Mr. Don Ameche, Hollywood.

Well, Miss Naylor smiled to herself, of course every one of the girls did something like that at one time or other. It was the usual thing, a fan letter, but the strange part of it was that unlike most of the girls Lucy had made no attempt to hide her circumstances. In fact it was rather touching the way she said, "I am just a bad girl in a reform school; but, Mr. Don Ameche, I wish you knew how much happiness you bring to us girls here, and my one dream is sometime in life to meet a man like you, and if he would love me I would die happy. Do you know my favorite song? It is In My Solitude, You Haunt Me. What is your favorite song?"

Miss Naylor could not allow the letter to pass. After all, the actor's secretary would probably respond with a photograph, and she'd have to destroy it, as the girls were not permitted to have such photographs in their rooms. So Miss Naylor consigned Lucy's letter to the wastebasket.

But Lucy began to hang around at mail distribution time, expecting an answer. She really was becoming a case. The worst of it was, Miss Naylor noticed too late one week that the town movie was showing a Don Ameche picture.

On the afternoon when the town movie ran its weekly show for the girls, Miss Naylor put Lucy on kitchen duty, entitling her to an extra afternoon of freedom the following week. But she would miss the Don Ameche picture.

Naturally, Lucy learned it had been a Don Ameche movie, but since she had no chum so intimate as Pauline, there was no one to tell her in detail about the picture. Lucy said absolutely nothing about the matter to Miss Naylor, so perhaps she hadn't even caught on, and thought it was just an accident that she had kitchen duty.

Gradually, however, Miss Naylor became convinced that Lucy now considered her an enemy. The girl seemed to be changing, growing ever more secretive, staying in her room evenings instead of coming down to the parlor, straying off for long walks during her freedom. Was she planning to escape? Lucy was not the escape type. But in her walks, Miss Naylor noticed that Lucy always went in the same direction, toward the northern end of the farm, where there was a small woods that bordered on a private estate. Could she be meeting someone there? Perhaps a man from the neighboring farm?

Miss Naylor was convinced the girl was up to something.

One day she followed Lucy.

The girl went into the woods there, and directly to one of the trees, as one making a habitual visit. From her distance, Miss Naylor could just make out the motion of Lucy's arm as she reached into a hole in the tree.

SO HER idea had been correct. The girl was carrying on with someone. Messages in the tree. How romantic! Certainly some kid from that farm.

Lucy extracted a paper, unfolded it, glanced at it, and, so far as Miss Naylor could make out, put it back into the hole in the tree.

Then the girl sat there for a while. Would the man come? The note must have said he would come, or she would not be waiting. But why had she put it back? Perhaps at this distance she hadn't seen very well, it must have been another note, an answer, that Lucy put back into the tree.

Miss Naylor looked at her watch. Lucy had only a few more minutes if she was going to return to the cottage within her period of freedom.

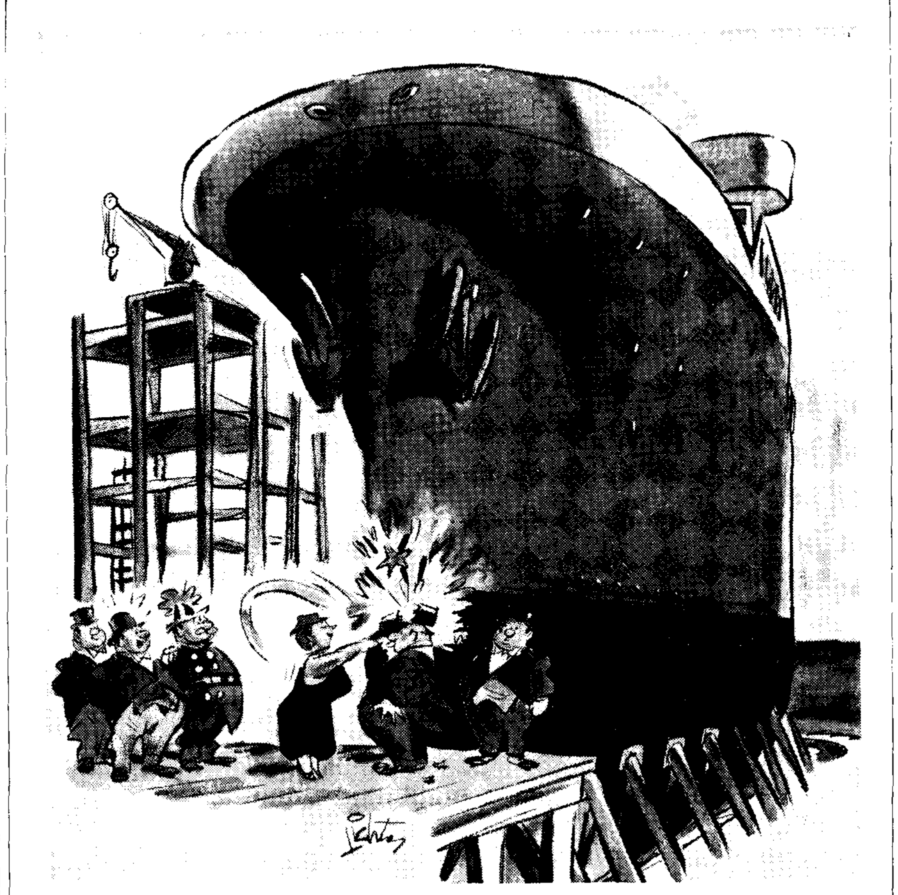
The girl, too, seemed to realize this, for soon she arose and started back.

Miss Naylor waited until she had gone, then approached that trysting tree. She drew out the note.

It was slightly damp, and the creases were worn, as though the sheet of paper had been there a long time and had been opened and refolded over and over again.

The note was unsigned, but was unmistakably in Lucy's round handwriting.

"To whoever finds this note," it said, "I love you."



"She can't see a thing without her glasses" GEORGE LICHTY

Language of Flowers

Continued from page 17

reticence. He was given a gardener's pass, told that orders had come allowing him a single cell, and that he was to eat with the trusties. So he began his term.

It was amazing how swiftly new routine became mechanical: morning bell, food, puttering in the flower beds, food, transplanting or fussing with seed boxes, food, lockup, bed. Sleep always came slowly. A trusty, he was outside the swirl of general prison life; he heard the gossip without being part of it. There were factions within factions; curs and their parasites; even mites on lesser fleas. Embracing almost the entire prison was enmity between races. You were white, or you were not. The word "spig" was sufficient to start a fight in dinner line. Because of this line of cleavage, MacQueen realized that any pseudo-friendship with Angel Morales' boys was an impossibility. There was nothing to be discovered here. If the boys on the sheet couldn't dig up anything, he, William MacQueen, was going to serve out his sentence.

HE SHAVED with extra care at the end of his first month; he was busily engaged in cutting roses for the outer offices when the runner came for him. He walked into the visitors' room just as Celia entered it from the outside, and it took a guard's hand on his shoulder to keep him from holding out both hands to her. He could, he knew now, kiss her twice: once when she arrived, once when she departed. Their talk would take place with a tight-meshed wire screen between them, with other convicts on either side, other visitors to the girl's left and right. And guards watching.

MacQueen said, "Celia," and she, instead of replying, leaned toward the wire and kissed him. Her lips were very cold; despite this, her mouth opened. A capsule was popped into MacQueen's. Surprise almost made him swallow it. Charley Anderson, of course, had thought of that one; some ex-convict must have tipped him to it.

She began to talk nervously; MacQueen, thoughtfully rubbing his chin, managed to remove the pellet and to slide it into his pocket; he worked it into his sack of tobacco. It must contain something Anderson wouldn't trust in a letter, which must not be overheard. Bill said, in reply: "You're wrong. I'm putting on weight. Tell that to my slave-driving ex-boss."

MacQueen was unable to fathom Celia's uneasiness; he supposed it was a combination of several things: his prison clothes, the convicts about them and the bits of their conversations, unhappiness. The answer to it, of course, might be in the capsule's message. This must not be mentioned, not even cryptically. They talked with the electric undercurrent of affection flashing between them, each avoiding any hurt to the other. Not once had Celia, ever, demanded why MacQueen had foolishly tried to get Marini to talk about the Morales ventures, nor why he'd been so careless as to drink with the squealer, alone. It had been part of his job; a fellow took such chances. She said now, "What books can I send you, darling?" Something, MacQueen said, on wild flowers and shrubs; that should be interesting. Something not too expensive. "Your paper," Celia informed him, "banks your check every week. Charley said that's so you can buy in and fire him when you're out."

Before MacQueen could stop it, he had said, "Am I going to be in here that long?" He had intended it to be a bright closing note; it wasn't funny to Celia. A guard was telling her that the hour was up; Bill said, "That was rotten of me. I ought to stay in for life, after that sort of joke." They kissed quickly; in love, both knew, there was more than passion.

Expert hands, in the passageway, ran up and down MacQueen's person, searching for weapon, contraband, as he watched until Celia was out of sight. He went back to his work, digging an already-cultivated bed furiously. It took all he had not to open the capsule; he waited until after lockup, and, even then he placed the paper between pages of a book.

Nothing, he read, had been accomplished. Morales hadn't done any boasting. There wasn't a clue of any kind. Next came the reason why Anderson had been so careful: "It's a lousy thing to be forced to admit, Mac, but you can help. Give us something on Morales. Get somebody to talk. We have reason to believe that the Morales gang, like others, is prison-recruited. Ang takes care of the boys when they get out. Why can't you find some con who'll open up, in return for money when he gets out? Get him to talk about Morales and send us everything he says via the kiss telegraph." Underlined, "Give us one real fact to pin on Morales, which can be proved, and we'll be having a drink together again."

The newspaper, Anderson wrote, was fighting for a short sentence; but, with the governor certain of re-election, and the sheet editorially against the administration, not much could be expected.

MacQueen lit a cigarette, and, with the match, burned the letter. The smoke was dry, bitter. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that he were again a reporter, working on this story; what would he do? There were three possibilities. The first he discarded immediately. The second would be to do as Anderson suggested. It wouldn't work. The men such as Morales went after wouldn't have anything to do with him, because of the race alignment. They would, instantly, be suspicious; he, Bill MacQueen, would get a sharpened file in the ribs. The third possibility was to join the malcontents among the whites, and hope to hear something which might be put to use: what he heard, he knew, would be so colored with hatred as to be worthless.

THEN, sharply, he said, "I think like a con!" almost audibly; the notion was angering, and not amusing. A convict would never go to the yard captain; not under any circumstances unless the prisoner were a stool, a fink. He, Bill MacQueen, had every right to do it, provided he were still Bill MacQueen. What would come of it he didn't, couldn't know—but it was with this thought that he finally slept, after getting the grim noises of sleeping men out of his ears.

The captain of the yard received complaints, requests, from the men; it was he who meted out punishment and warnings, he who settled disputes. The next morning MacQueen was in the line waiting for his interview; there were guards in the office when his turn came to go in; the captain had been attacked too many times, after refusals, to be left alone. Warren's first words were encouraging: "I've been told you're doing a good job, MacQueen. What do you want?"

A mirror, across the office, made Bill feel the suppliant convict M74473 was what he had become; and the sight of the number on his shirt, the reflection of the loose suit, was annoying and confus-

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ing. The round little paper disk, hanging from his pocket, was the mark of a brotherhood and not a tobacco trademark; MacQueen's hand went to it nervously.

The captain was watching him; he said: "If it will help you any, the grapevine had it that you were beautifully framed, MacQueen."

It did help. William MacQueen said, "I've been here just a month, and I already think like everyone else inside. I should've come to you before." He began to speak quickly, ending with, "You see how it is, Captain. I'll only get into a mess if I go digging around. But if you were able to give me some hint, I might do some good." He went on. "If I've no right to ask such a thing, won't you forget it? I know it's no concern of yours why men are here."

"None," Warren agreed. "I don't think I've ever been asked such a thing. I have as little cause to love Morales as you have, MacQueen. He's been behind the race troubles we have, although we can't prove it. He's been engineering plans for some sort of break, and we can't prove that, either. As a matter of fact, it is guesswork; we just think it." He leaned forward; "If you could pick up proof of it, which you can't, it would be what you want, eh? Only—don't try! We've had enough knifings this year." He lowered his voice. "I'm not telling you what the entire prison doesn't know. I am saying that if I hear something involving yourself, I see no reason I shouldn't tell you. I'm glad you came to me. It shows you haven't turned into a number; you're not a convict. We're two men talking." He raised his voice sufficiently to be overheard: "You can give that a try. Pay for the seed yourself. That's all."

When MacQueen walked past the line of waiting convicts he felt better than he had in weeks.

Seeds had to be ordered, to carry out the suggestion of the captain. MacQueen even worked out details as he made up his list. He'd sow wild-flower seed on all the ugly banks: natives, like buttercups, baby-blue-eyes, shooting stars. He ordered everything listed. To complete the performance, he added bulbs with tremendous botanical names. . . .

SO HIS month became two, bringing a Celia so cheerful and bright that MacQueen knew she was without hope. He kept his calendar marked, prison-fashion, day by day; he began marking larger intervals of time by what he did. When the pansies were out of their beds, to be replaced with zinnias, it was June; salvia went in during July. August and September, dull in the gardens, gave him time to fuss around in a slat house, preparing seed boxes, starting perennials in them.

MacQueen had no contact again with the yard captain. He got along well with his fellow gardeners; he began to hear, after the prison decided he was a safe man, bits of gossip: who was in the dungeon and why, how condemned men acted when they were topped, how much the warden lost in a poker game, which guards would bring in stuff from outside. He was allowed to taste a potent beverage made from dried prunes. It was at this time, cup in hand, that he heard the Brownies were wanting to make a break and didn't have enough guts; Angel Morales' name was mentioned. If a break was coming, someone said, it would be a good idea to rip somebody open and make him talk. Otherwise, they'd all suffer without profiting.

His letters from Celia were heartening. For his part he wrote inconsequentially; what he did, saw, read.

Before the rains began, MacQueen, as he wrote in detail to the girl, had dug in the banks, making pockets for bulbs. In the dense shade, northward, were to be star tulips, cat's ears, Diogenes' lanterns, although it would probably be two springs before these would bloom. MacQueen, in writing, was facetious about the name of the last little golden-yellow lily. It belonged, he said, in prisons.

The wild-flower seed he broadcast after the first rain. Between Celia's visits he thought a lot about his new hobby. It wasn't that for one moment he had forgotten Angel Morales. It was only that there was so absolutely nothing which he could do about him. If he thought about the man, his anger would burn blood-bright; he mustn't think about him.

Christmas came, and, with it, heavy rains. January was wet, dreary; February wet but mild; March soft, without the trades. It ought to be a magnificent year for flowers. Bill's were well up, poppy and spring beauty and Indian pink; up almost as well, MacQueen hoped, as the flowers on the sunny hill slopes. The bulbs had made a vigorous leaf growth, too heavy for any flowering.

It was mid-March, sunny after morning fog—good flower weather, provided the roses were sprayed against mildew—when a guard came to MacQueen. The warden wanted some flowers. The new sort. MacQueen was to take a bunch of them, after lockup, to the captain's office. The guard gave him his pass. MacQueen, taking it, felt it was typically O'Toole to give out a story on flowers, after having so carefully concealed another stabbing in the mill.

MacQueen picked the flowers, waiting until the sun was low. The buttercups were clear yellow; the closing poppy-chalices gay; late spring beauties were mingled snow and silver. A few bulbous brodiaeas dangled dejected heads. One lone yellow Diogenes' lantern drooped in its sloppy leaf mold. MacQueen wondered, as he passed it by, how a field of them, up under the north-slope trees, must look.

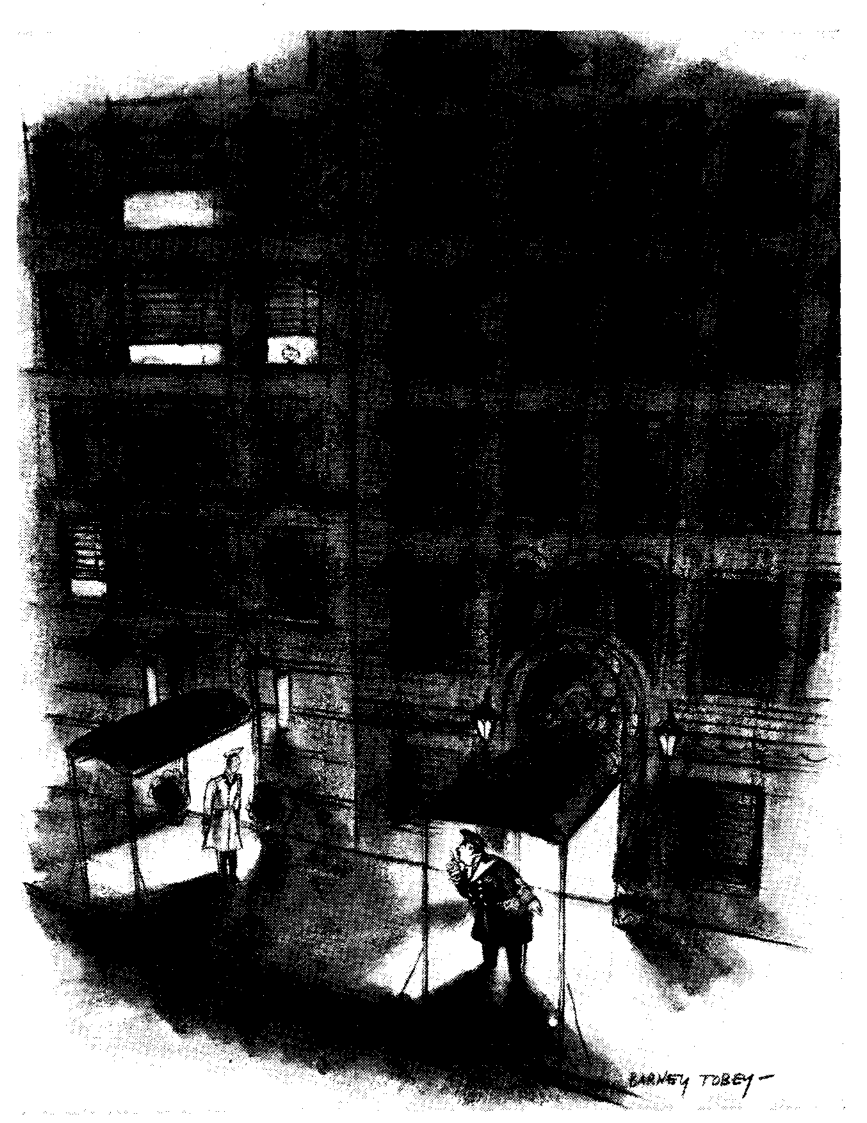
The captain was alone in the office. He said, "Anything wrong, MacQueen? I wanted to talk to you. The flowers are the excuse. Sit down." MacQueen remained standing. "I didn't say that as an order," Warren added, and MacQueen sat, holding the flowers in both hands. "I told you I'd pass along anything tangible I picked up. You know a break is in the air. There are always breaks being planned; this one is different. It's planned from the outside, and it may work. Morales, of course. Or I wouldn't be telling you."

"You've really pinned it on him?"

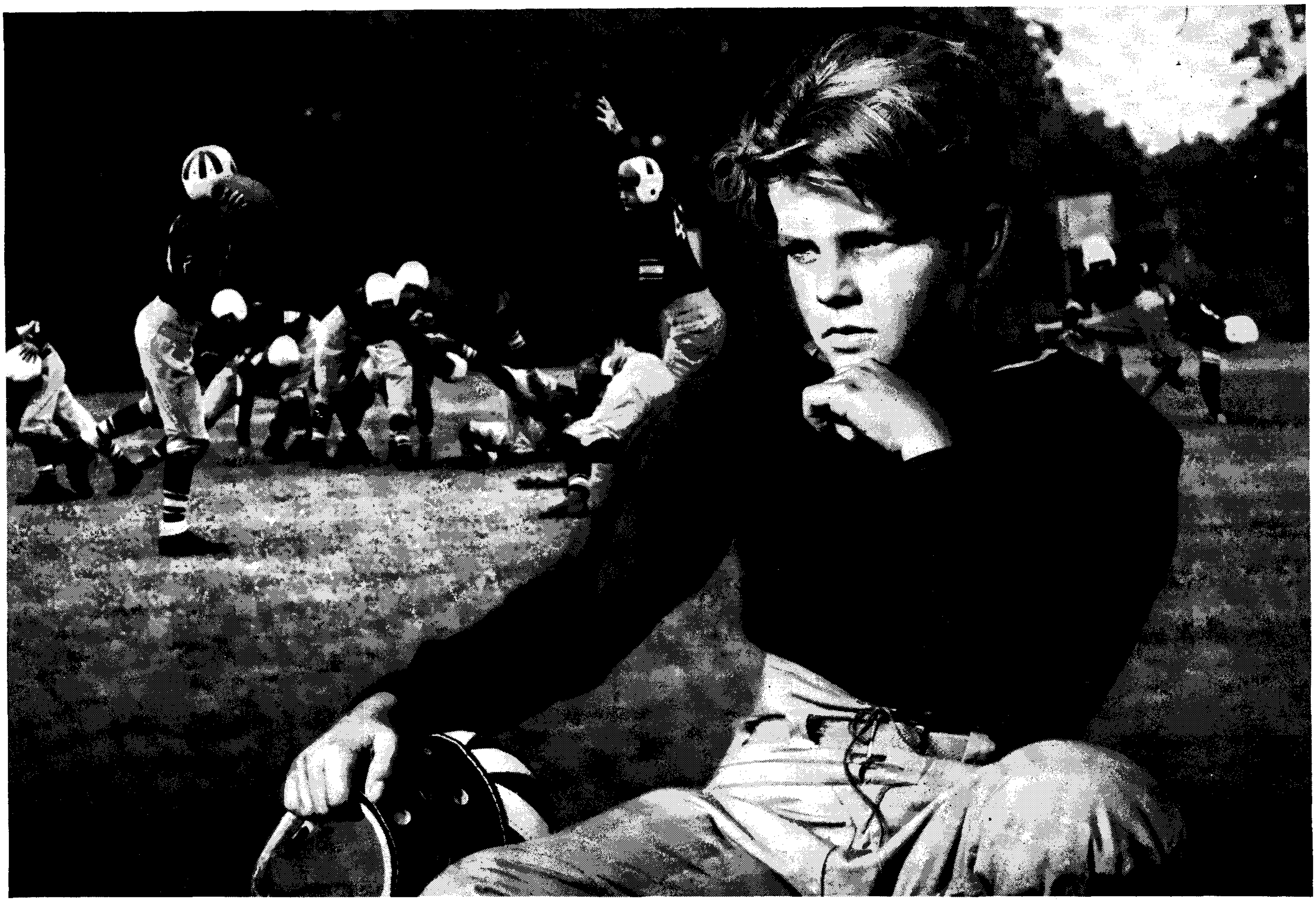
"I'm drawing conclusions." The yard captain shrugged, as if saying that conclusions, guesses, were the only thing possible. "In a way," he went on, "it makes sense. I've spoken to the warden about it; he feels I pamper you." MacQueen put the flowers on the floor. Petals from a buttercup, full-blown, fell to one side. This, he knew now, was important. "We had a fight today," Warren said, "as you know. The Mexican may die. I told him he had a chance to die outside. Father Hearne suggested that he die clean. He was deep in the planned break."

THE official paused, stared about him. Guns on a rack were in the captain of the guards' room, outside; here there wasn't so much as a club. A few pictures, a framed photograph of the governor, files. Guns weren't kept where convicts could seize them; guns were what they needed for a break. Breaks, MacQueen knew, always meant weapons, somewhere.

"Last spring," Warren said, "a considerable supply of guns was hidden up on the north hill. Candelario—he's the



"Sh-h-h, Charlie; mine are all asleep" BARNEY TOBEY



Why Billy C. was benched

THERE he sat on the sidelines . . . all through football days. With the finest new football outfit in the neighborhood . . . with everything but a place on the eleven.

Baffled and hurt as only a twelve-year-old can be, he tried desperately. But always fumbled the ball. Couldn't keep up with plays. *Just couldn't make the grade.*

Then Billy's family physician took a hand. Suspicious, he sent Billy to the dentist. The X-ray of Billy's teeth *told the story* . . . showed two teeth too far gone to save and another one going . . . showed what was making the boy a fumbler!

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Dental
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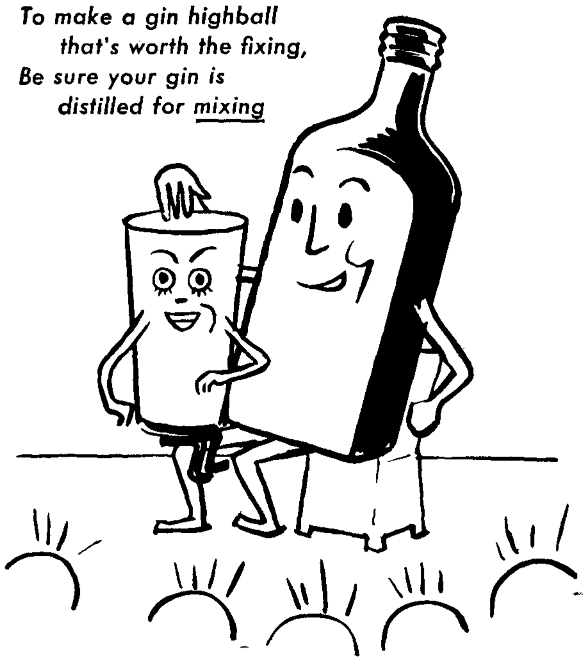

Does it mix?

It is a **mixing** gin, we think, when you neither **smell** nor **taste** it in the finished drink.

THE REAL
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MIXER
90 PROOF
4/5 Quart

A MIXING GIN *is like a ventriloquist. When his dummy speaks, the ventriloquist looks silent, but you know his voice is there. And in a gin highball made with a real mixer, you don't smell or taste the gin, but you know it's there.*

Mixed drinks are an American idea. To meet the American taste for smooth mixed drinks, Fleischmann's Gin is distilled especially for *mixing*—from American grain.

Fleischmann's is the original American gin, established 1870. Our secret formula makes it the real American Mixer. Buy a bottle. And when you order a gin highball, say: "Make it with Fleischmann's." (Copr., 1937, by The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N. Y.)

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DISTILLED
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DRY GIN

man knifed—doesn't know exactly where they are. Somebody, one of the Mexicans, does. Candelario won't say who it is, of course. The guns are buried. Morales' guns, I should say, and I've a reason for saying it. Now, within the week, a few guns have been smuggled in. Enough to make a start. Begin a riot. Get over the walls and to the cache. Really simple, and apt to be effective."

Machines somewhere, MacQueen said; far enough away to be out of sight, near enough to pick up the escaping men.

"You," said Warren, "are the pivotal figure in this thing, MacQueen, and, in the circumstances, you've got to be told. Ordinarily, you'd be a pawn, that's all; as it is, I feel responsible for you. The signal for the break, according to the Mexican, is to be an attack on you. This will divert attention. The man who does it is someone who's a dope addict and will be filled with hop at the time." He shrugged again. "You can see how it points to Morales. Squarely."

"Some of these days," William MacQueen said shortly, "there's going to be a good story, only I won't write it."

"I could put you in condemned row. You'd be safe there. Or have you violate a rule and keep you in solitary."

William MacQueen took out his sack of tobacco, papers; he replaced both. "You want me for bait," he said. "I don't blame you. Breaks aren't funny. Just the same, even in jail, I'd like to stay alive. I'll be honest with you: I want to even matters with Morales, but I don't want to die doing it." Warren was nodding. MacQueen stared at his hands, at his feet, at the flowers on the floor. There was, he marked, a considerable difference in shooting star and poppy; those which bloomed in full sunlight were violet, vermilion; those in part shade, lavender-pink, yellow-orange. Then he drew in his breath, very sharply. "How near could you come to where the guns are hidden?" he demanded.

"On the north hill. Fairly near some tree." There would be, Warren said, some invisible mark of one kind or another, or the distance from or between trees. "I don't want to go digging up a mile of land," he said. "First, it would tip our hand, for we'll keep a close eye on that hill when trouble breaks; second, we'd never find the place. We—"

MacQUEEN picked up a drooping spring beauty. Too fragile to keep long. He said, "I think I might find the place." He went on speaking, keeping the words from rushing out; he said finally, "What I'd want is the number, caliber, of every gun. Not a word said about finding them for a few days. Give my friends a chance to check on them before Morales can cover up. Is that too much to ask?"

He waited; he could almost see the official, decent as he was, struggling with the man. MacQueen himself was excited. Give Charley Anderson a trail like this and he'd produce. If a few guns were picked up after the break, it would be a vastly different story, leading to scattered members of the gang, or, if well covered up, nowhere. But all of them, before the break took place, ought to tell a story. Anderson would find a way to work on Morales. Assisting convicts to escape would pile term on term. A man wouldn't have years enough to serve them out.

"If we do this," the captain said, "let's not put it off." He smiled without humor. "The warden really wants your flowers, but for the morning. He won't be back until late. So—can we do this at night? If we cannot, it is out." He took a packet of cigarettes from his pocket. "Tonight. As soon as it's dark. I'll give orders that I want you to look at my wife's garden, and I'll be at home, waiting for you. Sergeant King will bring you through the gate; he's okay. If it doesn't pan out, no harm will be done—except to your hopes. Have a cigarette?"

MacQueen said, "It's a hell of a thing to depend upon, isn't it?" He could stay long enough to smoke a manufactured cigarette if he wished. The captain had lit his own, placing the package on the edge of the desk. MacQueen looked at it. The phonograph was playing. Sob stuff, he'd call it, if a story came across the desk like this one. Some convict, in his cell, screamed once; the sound fainted away to a shuddering. Another year of this: two? five? ten? Picking up the flowers, placing them on the desk near the packet, MacQueen said, "I'll have one of your cigarettes when we've found the guns. Or—let's say when I get out, if my paper can scare the truth out of Morales or one of his boys."

"You'll get out," Warren said, "if we find guns." The two men, automatically, lit cigarettes. MacQueen didn't notice the difference in pungency, taste, as he stood up.

NIGHT made a difference in the prison. The place, MacQueen felt, as he accompanied the two prison men, was even uglier in sleep than in waking.

He had been given a guard's clothing, a long black slicker and hat; the captain's car was passed out of the gate without question. The short drive, around the hills to the north side, was made in silence, until Warren said, "It's an easy ascent here, and the shortest way to the top." He stopped the car. "We're almost in a straight line from the vegetable garden where most of the Brownies work. I'd say this is where we get out."

Under the trees were those flowers which MacQueen had expected: mottled brown mission bell, cups hanging, tolling; cream iris; shooting star; rankly growing and scant-flowered buttercup; fairy lantern—Diogenes' lantern; rosy purple heads of collinsia; Chinese houses—yellow, white, silver, soft rose, dull maroon, blue. Not like MacQueen's poor drooping things growing in artificial prison shade. It was almost impossible to put down a foot save on flowers.

Warren said shortly, "Why couldn't the guns be planted close to a tree, where nothing grows?" and answered his own question: "Roots. Chopping'd make noise." He handed MacQueen the flash. "Get going."

MacQueen began searching for some place where there might be no bulbous plants, or where they didn't bloom, since, having been disturbed when the guns were buried, it would take another spring before there would be flowers. Step by step he went, this way and that, until the flowers and grass seemed to become indistinct. He passed one place where buttercup grew very tall, lush; passed it, turned, and, breath coming quickly, stared down. Below the growth he found plenty of fat mission-bell leaves, without flower stalks; glossy purple-tinged Diogenes' lantern leaves flat to the earth; slender shooting-star leaves, flowerless. One of these tried to bloom; the buds had dropped away, leaving an empty stalk.

MacQueen said, evenly, "This is it. The ground was dug; that's why the buttercups, annuals, have grown like the devil. As if they'd been cultivated. No lilies in bloom." His heart began to pound against the walls of his chest. "This is it," he said.

A shovel turned earth. "It's halfway between two trees," Warren said, turning his shovelful. "The trees can be seen from the prison. Easy to find." He dug again; so did the sergeant. Steel against rock turned MacQueen's mouth metallic. Warren bent, lifted the rock, thrust down again. He said, "Either the ground is clay, or I'm trying to dig through wood. Turn your flash here, MacQueen."

It might be root. MacQueen knew that. He kept the flash steady, but backed away, until he could lean against a tree trunk. Watching the two men, he could easily vision what might have happened here. Men, convicts, panting from the race uphill, throwing themselves on the ground and clawing for weapons; men, guards, in the yard, dead. Men on the slope, dead also; more men about to die. The prison siren wailing, the teletype clicking. . . .

A number of long boxes were taking shape under the flashlight; Warren had one open, was lifting guns from it. MacQueen heard him say something under his breath. The numbers hadn't been filed off. What men might have used the guns, escaped, would have been perfect men for Angel Morales; reckless, daring men who couldn't risk capture, who lived only for excitement, dope, food, whisky, women.

NOW, before morning, Charley Anderson would be at work. More than William MacQueen was concerned; here was a story. Anderson would be given permission to go the limit. And Charley Anderson was ruthless. Charley would undoubtedly say, "Morales, we've got it pinned on you," and prove it; only, Charley wouldn't go alone. He'd say, "Come clean about Marini's murder, and you've got twenty-four hours before the story breaks. For a getaway. We'll keep it covered that long, provided you talk." And Morales would talk, MacQueen knew, once it could be proved that he'd a hand in buying the guns, no matter how remote this was. Only it wouldn't be remote.

The story would be all over page one. There would be Morales' picture, cuffed, standing between deputies or a couple of out-size cops; Anderson would never let either Morales or the story get away.

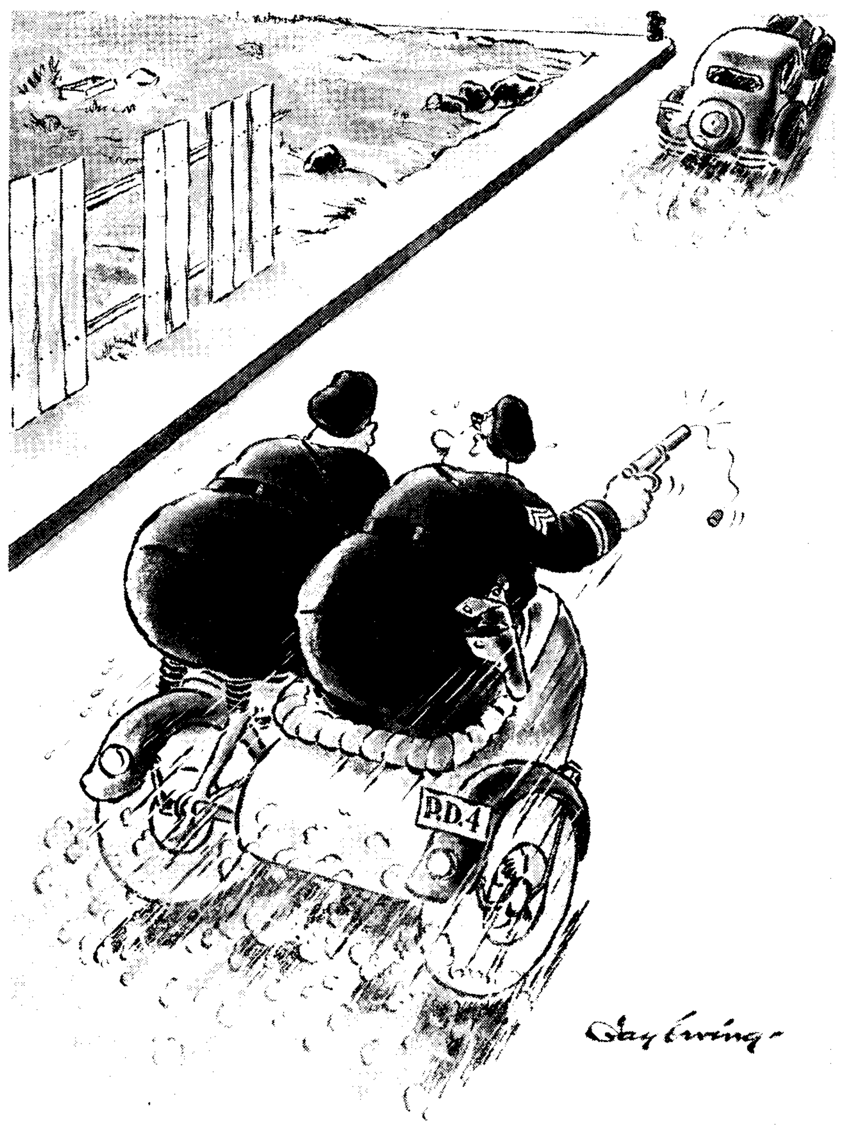
Warren was saying something; it took time before MacQueen heard him. Then he found himself hearing, and answering. "Yes, I can fix it so no one will know there's been digging." No one, Warren believed, would come around to look; yet that very thing was possible. The ground ought to look the same as everything about it. "I'll get right at it," MacQueen nodded.

He worked with infinite patience; prison patience, almost. It was shaded here, dense, very wet. He avoided replacing any buttercup, since the stalks were so tender and sappy; he went far off, and dug up clumps of grass, sturdy iris which would stay stiff and green and continue flowering—none, save a person who knew, could have told what had happened. If the two prison men tired of waiting, they said nothing; they tried to help until MacQueen motioned them away.

The ground, earth, was cool. MacQueen tightened a little ball of earth around the bulb of a shooting star. He thought, "Celia, Celia, Celia," and then said aloud, "I hope you bloom next spring," to the flower. He looked up: "I expect you fellows think I'm a damned fool."

Warren said, "No." He picked up an armful of guns. "You'll want to telephone, get things started." He added, "I don't think you're a fool at all."

It must be pretty late: would Celia be awake? What would she think when she heard his voice; what should he say? His throat began to ache. He knew, suddenly, what she would say: "Oh, Bill; oh, darling." He formed her name with his lips; it, over the telephone, would tell her all that was most important.



"That kid o' mine . . . switchin' guns on me!" JAY IRVING

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BUXTON

KEY-TAINERS
BILLFOLDS
POCKET CASES

Sundown Jim

Continued from page 26

came. But when he got to the far corner of the kitchen he squared himself around and looked at her again.

"Tony, maybe I'm a little late in sayin' this. I—"

She said quickly, with a flash of pride, "You don't owe me anything. I'm old enough to know what I should do and what I shouldn't do. If I do the wrong thing, I won't blame anybody else for it."

He shrugged his shoulders and let it go like that, coming back to the quarter of venison on the table. He reached for a butcher knife and a meat saw, and cut off two slices. "You always liked this. One's for you. One's for that new fellow—Majors. He get back to town with his mailbag?"

"It's out in the lobby."

MATT OLDROYD'S interest sharpened his features. "Yeah? He wants everybody to see he brought it back?" He stood there, thinking about that, shaking his head a little. "No doubt he's tough. It's to be seen in the man. But he's got no friends here."

Tony stood up. "No. They'll use him and they'll trick him—and they'll kill him."

Matt Oldroyd watched her expressive features take on a rare energy. He had seldom seen her like this. It made him say dryly, "Like him, huh?"

"If I were a man, Matt, I'd be on his side. I hate this country and almost everybody in it. Men walk these streets like animals. Not one soul trusts anybody. There isn't any pity; there isn't any peace. Nothing! Nothing but treachery. He knows that by now. He knows he's alone. I can see that in his eyes and in the way he talks. But he'll stay. And he'll be killed." She came before him, the flame of her anger making her prettier, giving her eyes a luminous shining. She was suddenly a woman that Matt Oldroyd didn't know, with depths he had never suspected. And yet her anger was soon gone, giving way to that sense of futility beaten into her by the ways of life. She looked down, and spoke indifferently, "Oh, well. I guess I've always asked too much."

Oldroyd gathered up the quarter of venison, far more stirred than his easy-going face showed. "Maybe," he said. "Maybe." She brought up her eyes and for a moment they faced each other with a common memory pulling them silently together by its recollections. It made her say, very gently, "I have never held anything against you, Matt. And you owe me nothing."

Matt went out, lashed the venison behind the saddle and rode around to the square. He had Tony in his mind, but he was also thinking of Jim Majors, whom he had liked at first glance. There were secrets in this basin dangerous to disturb, and hidden arrangements so uneasily balanced that a man blundering into them would set off the fuse to the whole powder magazine underlying the country. Majors might be tough, but toughness wasn't enough.

Matt had pulled in the pony to consider the emptiness of Reservation's two streets. He was smart enough to understand that the mailbag was Majors' declaration of intention and he also knew Ben Maffitt wouldn't let the challenge lie. It was a matter of survival. Probably Majors knew that—and maybe Majors deliberately wanted to bring on a showdown. Matt couldn't see any hope for the deputy marshal's survival in such a showdown but there was in him a strong admiration for the big, heavy-boned stranger; an admiration that pulled strangely at his sympathies and upset the easy run of his thoughts. It was as though some compulsion got into him. He went out of Reservation by the east-fork road at a quick clip.

WHEN Majors opened his fight against the house in the Pocket, Ben Maffitt was breaking a cold camp some ten miles to the south of the Barr range. At nine in the morning he reached the Barrs and went in to have breakfast with the familiarity of a visitor well known. Old Pedee came into the dining room and sat with him; the boys were working over a bunch of fresh horses in the corral and Katherine was upstairs. Maffitt, not showing any interest, nevertheless listened to her light steps tapping along the second-story hall.

"Any news?" old Pedee asked.

Maffitt shook his head. Mrs. Purdy, who was cook and housekeeper for the Barrs, brought him another cup of coffee. Maffitt's lips crawled into a grin, showing the heaviness of his teeth. He pulled a cigarette from his mouth and, in laying it on a near-by plate, let its ashes fall on the tablecloth. He hauled his vast shoulders around and stared at her, the grin broadening. Mrs. Purdy showed him the sharp hostility of her eyes. Dropping the ashes had been deliberate on his part; he liked to bait this woman who hated him.

HE HAD an ironic sense of humor, this Ben Maffitt; and sly, sharp perceptions. There were no illusions in him. The Barrs needed him for the power he could swing against the opposing factions in the valley. Those factions grew stronger as the years went along and the old-time Barr supremacy became less certain, needing whatever support it could get. This was why old Pedee Barr had made his peace with the outlaws in the Pocket.

Maffitt knew the Barrs disliked the familiarity he used toward them. They trafficked with the devil and still wanted the devil to keep his place. It was a situation that amused his taciturn fancy and made him frequent the ranch, to eat and to sit on the front porch and to assume a deliberate manner of equality. It struck at their pride and it made them uneasy. Looking at Pedee, he could catch that feeling behind the arrogant cheeks of the old Southerner.

Pedee said: "You're on risky ground when you have your boys lift mail sacks from stages. I did not like it."

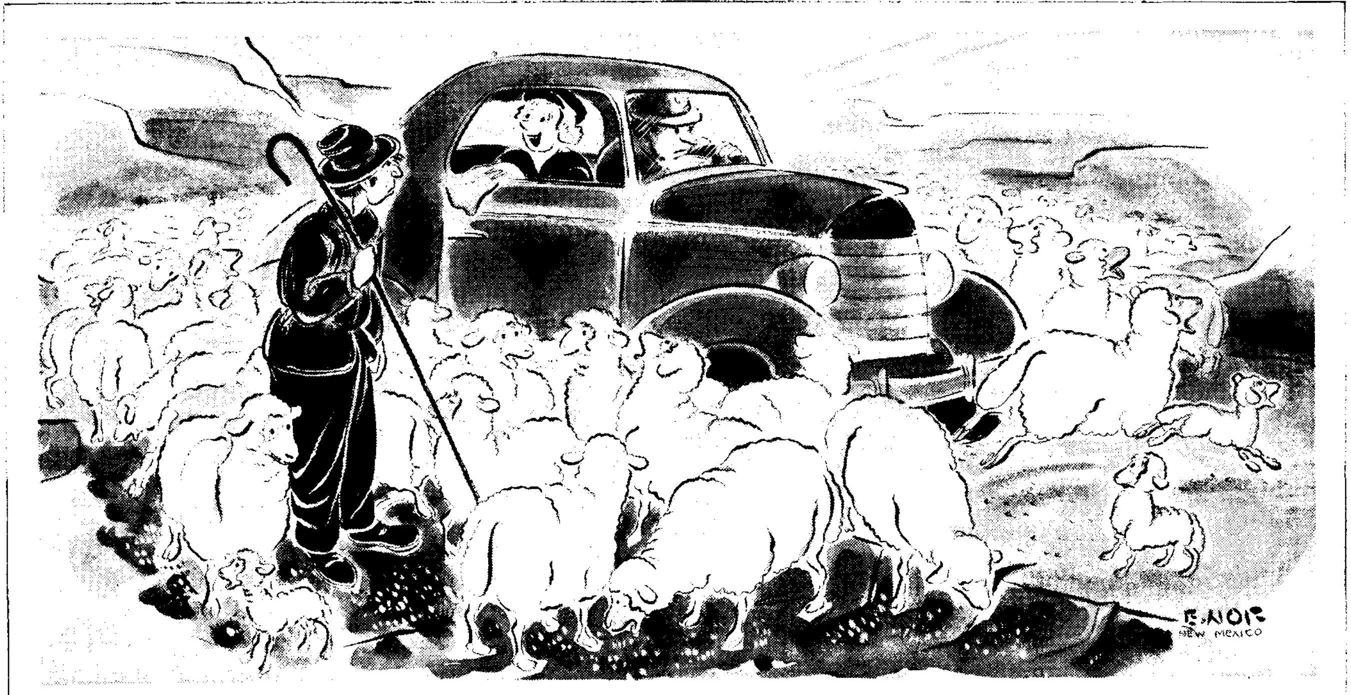
"You want that Majors to stick around here?"

"Let him alone. He can do nothing. His hands are tied."

"I disagree. He's not a man to fool with. I sized him up in Reservation. I know men and I know him. Take a look at his eyes sometime." Maffitt pulled himself around in the chair, not smiling now. "A lone wolf with the smell of smoke on him. The first deputy Jeff White sent over here figured the star he wore would be plenty of protection. This Majors knows better. The star means nothin' to him. He sleeps light and his mind runs faster than yours or mine—and if he was an outlaw he'd be fifty miles in front of a posse all the time, laughin' at them. We're up against a fellow that likes to hunt and knows how."

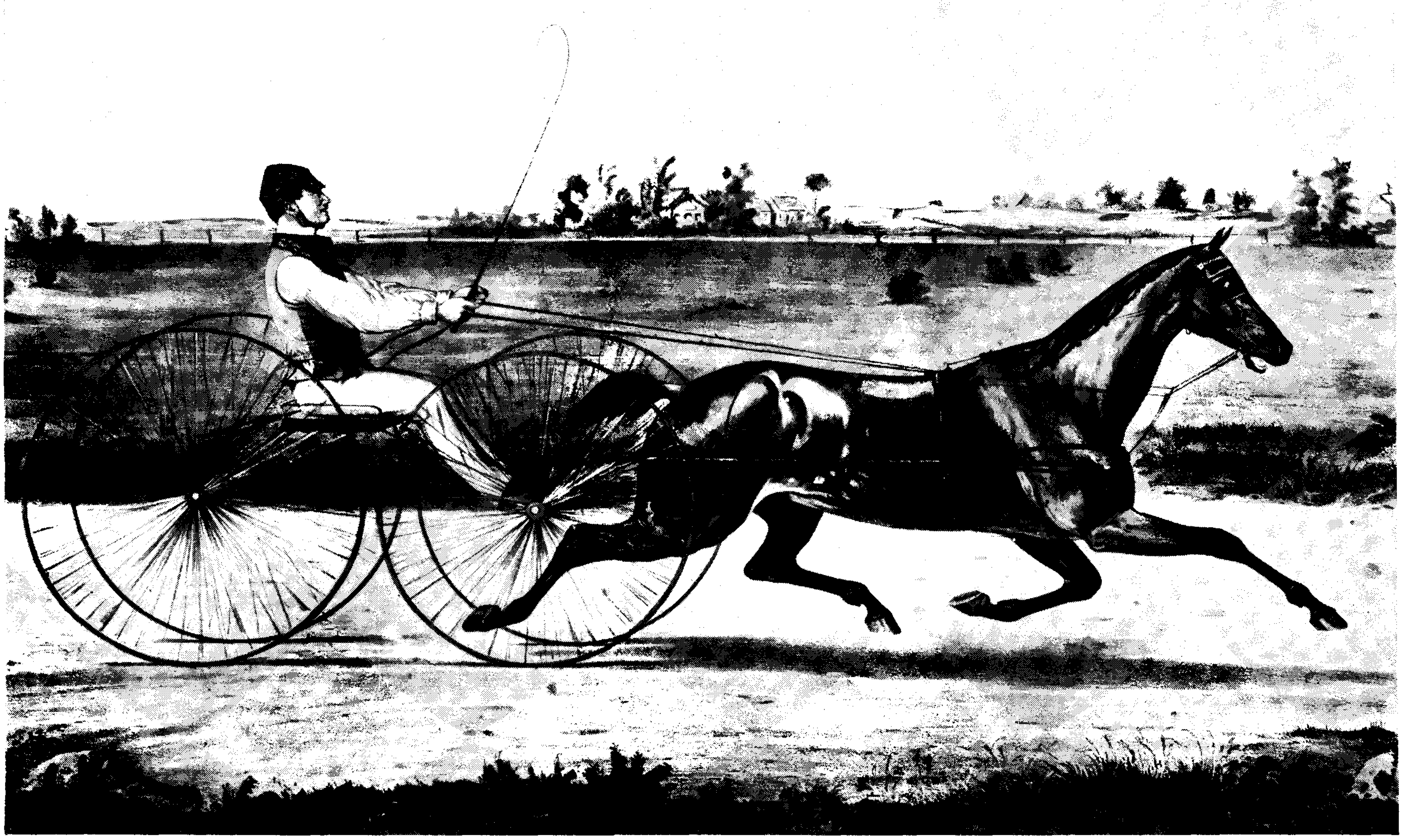
Pedee Barr said: "I do not understand why you took the mail sack."

Ben Maffitt's square, sun-blackened

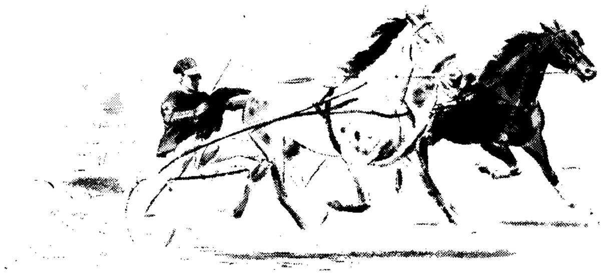


"Hello, cowboy!"

E. NOFZIGER



"Flora Temple," from an old print by Currier and Ives



Flora Temple's

WORLD RECORD WAS 2:19¾

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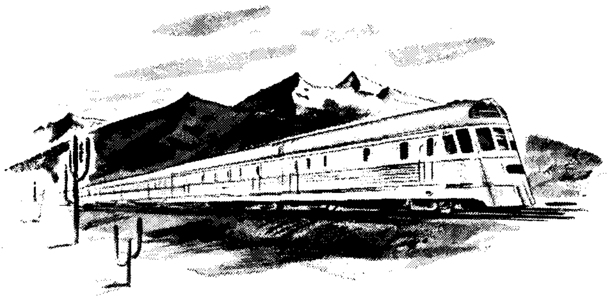

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CROWN WHISKEY SOUR For each drink, use equal parts of lemon juice and Crown Whiskey (5 or 7 Crown, whichever you prefer). Add 1 teaspoonful of sugar... put in the cocktail shaker with ice. Shake well and strain into glass... decorate with orange.

Seagram's
V.O.
Rare Old
Canadian
Whisky
6 Years Old

A "V.O." OLD-FASHIONED Put ½ lump of sugar and a teaspoonful of water into an old-fashioned glass. Crush sugar. Add a dash of Angostura Bitters... 2 oz. of Seagram's "V.O.", a couple of cubes of ice and a twisted lemon peel.

Seagram's
Pedigree

PEDIGREE MANHATTAN For each drink, use 2 parts of Italian Vermouth, 3 parts of Seagram's Pedigree Whiskey. Add ice cubes—stir well until cold (do not shake) and strain into a cocktail glass. Add a Maraschino cherry.

Seagram's
King
Arthur
Distilled
London Dry
Gin

SEAGRAM'S DRY MARTINI For each drink, use ¼ part of French Vermouth, ¾ parts of Seagram's King Arthur Gin. Add ice, stir well, serve in a cocktail glass with olive and a twist of lemon rind over top.

Seagram's "V.O." Rare Old Canadian Whisky—Distilled, Aged and Bottled under the supervision of the Canadian Government. 6 years old. 90 Proof. Seagram's Pedigree Straight Bourbon Whiskey—Distilled in Canada. 8 years old. Bottled in Bond under the supervision of the Canadian Government. 100 Proof (Rye or Bourbon). Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey—The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 37½% straight whiskies and 62½% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 Proof. Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey—The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 25% straight whiskey, 75% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 Proof. Seagram's King Arthur Distilled London Dry Gin. 90 Proof. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. *Copr. 1937, Seagram-Distillers Corp., Offices: N. Y.*

THINK BEFORE YOU DRINK!

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BEFORE
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7 Crown
Seagram's
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SPOONFUL OF
Saráka

...HELPS KEEP
INTESTINAL
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AND ACTIVE!

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Does that describe your own state of mind? Then we suggest that you consult your doctor about trying Saráka.* This is a new-type laxative which has been signally successful with cases of chronic constipation.

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E-X-P-A-N-D

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You know the importance of bulk. Just as a golfer needs the right clubs to do his best, so your intestinal muscles need the *right quantity* of bulk. It aids them to do their best—*gives them something to exercise on*—gradually helps to strengthen the intestinal muscles.

In addition to providing extra bulk, Saráka contains another ingredient of plant origin—a specially treated cortex frangula, which has a valuable tonic action on the intestines. Gently but firmly it urges the intestinal muscles to keep waste products in motion. So you have BULK PLUS MOTILITY.* A combination that gives such pleasant yet thorough results that most people have no sensation of having taken a laxative! They are reminded of healthy childhood when constipation was unknown.

Ask your doctor about Saráka. We are confident he will tell you that it is safe and non-habit forming. Then try Saráka. See for yourself how pleasant it is to take—*and how pleasant after taking.* Save money by buying the new "Hospital Size" from your druggist. Or mail the coupon for the free trial-size tin.

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face showed slyness again. "He's got a weakness—and I'm playin' on it. He'll come after that mailbag."

Pedee Barr shook his head. "I do not like it."

"Be smart, Pedee. If we don't stop him what happens to us? Buff Sultan and Dobe Hyde are watchin' this thing close."

Pedee Barr rose, straight as a ramrod. There was something iron-hard in this man, a pride that would not bend and a fixity of opinion that could never be disturbed. "I ask nothing of this country except to be let alone."

Ben Maffitt grinned. His tone had no sympathy. "Sure. After you get what you want, you're willing to quit fighting. But how did you get your land in the first place, Pedee?"

PEDEE'S black eyes flared. "I don't relish your question, Maffitt. This land was free."

"So it was," countered Ben Maffitt. "But other men were on it first, includin' Tony Black's father."

Pedee Barr called: "Never mind—never mind!"

Maffitt got up. "Wait a minute, Pedee," he said brusquely. "Don't use that horsewhip manner on me. I'm old enough not to fool myself, and so are you. This world is dog eat dog. You ate your dog, askin' no favors and givin' no sympathy. Now there's other dogs waitin' to eat you."

Pedee Barr said, sharply: "I do not ask your advice."

Maffitt's face showed the wisdom of a wild, brutal life. "Be careful, Pedee. If I pull out my support you're finished."

The bridge at the crossing of the Ute began to boom up sound and Katherine Barr's steps made rapid echoes down the stairway. There was a group of riders in the yard, with a man calling: "Ben's here, ain't he? This is his horse."

Maffitt went out of the kitchen and along the hall, ahead of Pedee and ahead of Katherine Barr, who had come down the stairway. Four of his crowd sat in their saddles beyond the porch, waiting for him. Brick Brand spoke instantly:

"Where you been, Maffitt? Seen Majors come this way?"

Old Pedee and Katherine were beside Maffitt; and Barr's three sons came around the side of the house with the two older Barr relatives. Maffitt said: "He got to the Pocket—and you didn't stop him?"

"No," said Brand. "No, we didn't stop him."

Ben Maffitt stood with his big-thewed legs apart, bracing his two hundred pounds on the porch. Blood flushed the sides of his neck, below his flat ears. "You saw him?"

"Plain enough," answered Brand, dryness rustling his talk. "Plain enough and close enough. He put twenty shots through the windows of the house—and took the mail sack."

MAFFITT'S eyes were bright and roundsprung. The silence ran on. Afterward that long considering slyness began to creep into the angled edges of his features. "So we're the suckers," he said, and looked at Pedee Barr. "I told you he had the smell of smoke on him. It won't do to wait. And we won't wait." He turned his attention on the riders again. "Go on back to the Pocket. Tonight's the time we'll ride into Reservation."

For a moment nobody moved. They were all watching his heavy lips stretch away from his teeth, as though he were squinting against a hard sun. But there was no sun against his eyes; and he wasn't smiling.

He said, "Better ride," and watched his crowd break away. The Barr family didn't stir; and when he turned to Pedee and saw Katherine near by he removed his hat and his expression softened. He said to Pedee Barr: "He'll hang that mailbag up in Reservation like a scalp. Well, it's my scalp. I saw this comin'. One of us is top dog. Him or me. If I let it go another day I'm licked and so are you, Pedee. You understand?"

"No," said Pedee Barr. "No, I don't."

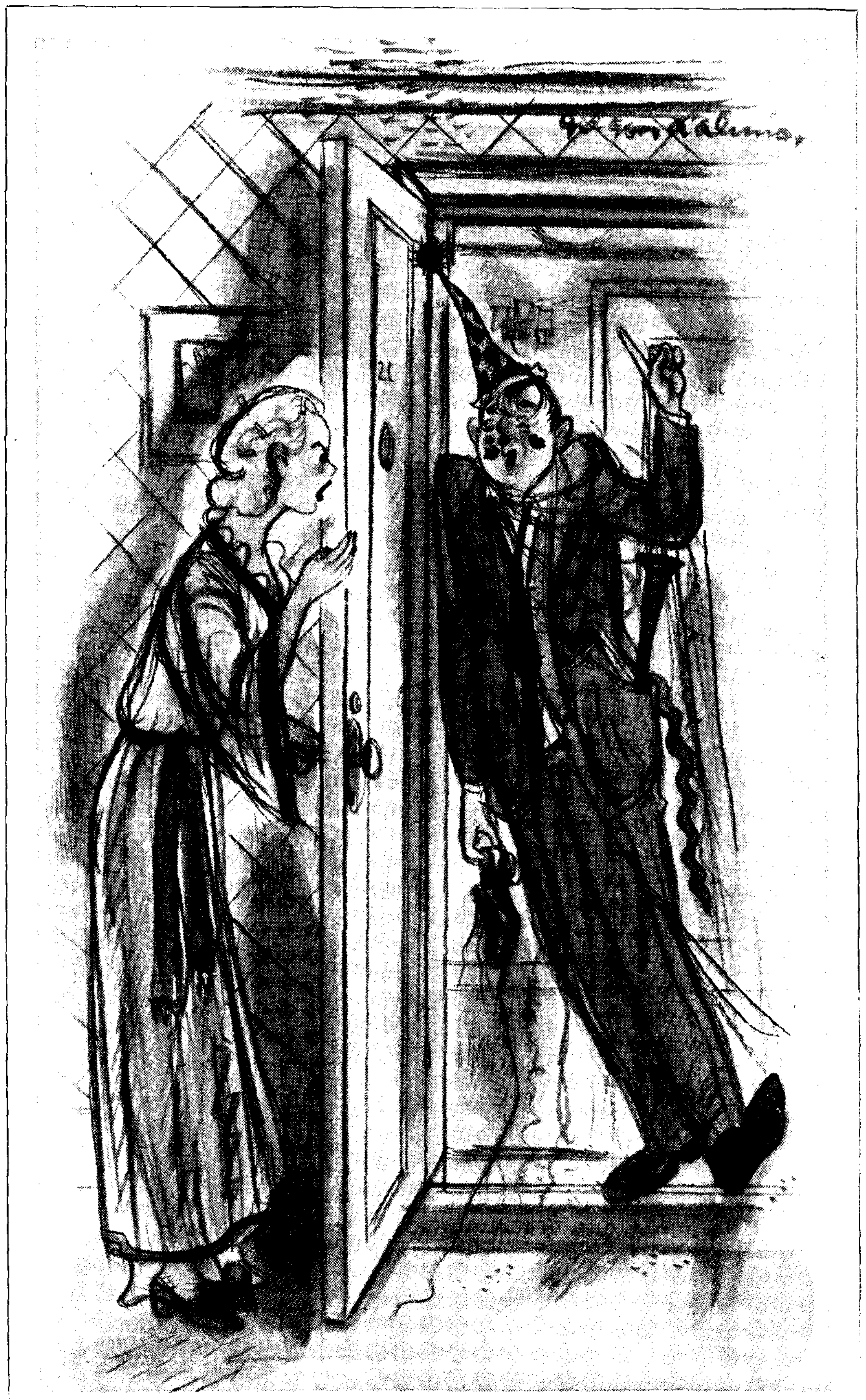
Maffitt's grin was long and gray. "When a man takes up the gun, Pedee, he never lays it down. You took it up and there's the smell of powder on you and that smell drifts with the wind for all the wolves to catch. Long as you live they'll be prowlin' up this valley, waitin' for a kill."

Old Pedee Barr said: "I want nothing started, Ben. Let him alone."

Maffitt answered, "Man that lights fires has got to burn his fingers," and looked at Katherine Barr as though he wanted her to speak, as though he waited for a smile. But she had said nothing and there was nothing in her eyes that helped him. So, without saying more, he went to his horse and trotted across the Ute bridge, soon vanishing.

Katherine Barr watched him go; and turned to see how dark was her father's face. His pride would never let him unbend and never let him admit error; nor was there in him any capacity to express gentleness or sympathy or laughter. A good deal of the Barr steel was in her own make-up, and much of the capacity for sudden fury. That part of her character she had long ago recognized and often had regretted, much as a woman might look in her mirror and feel a deep sadness for some irregularity of features. Yet, strong as was that turbulent run of family blood, she could look at her father now with a detachment and a sense of difference.

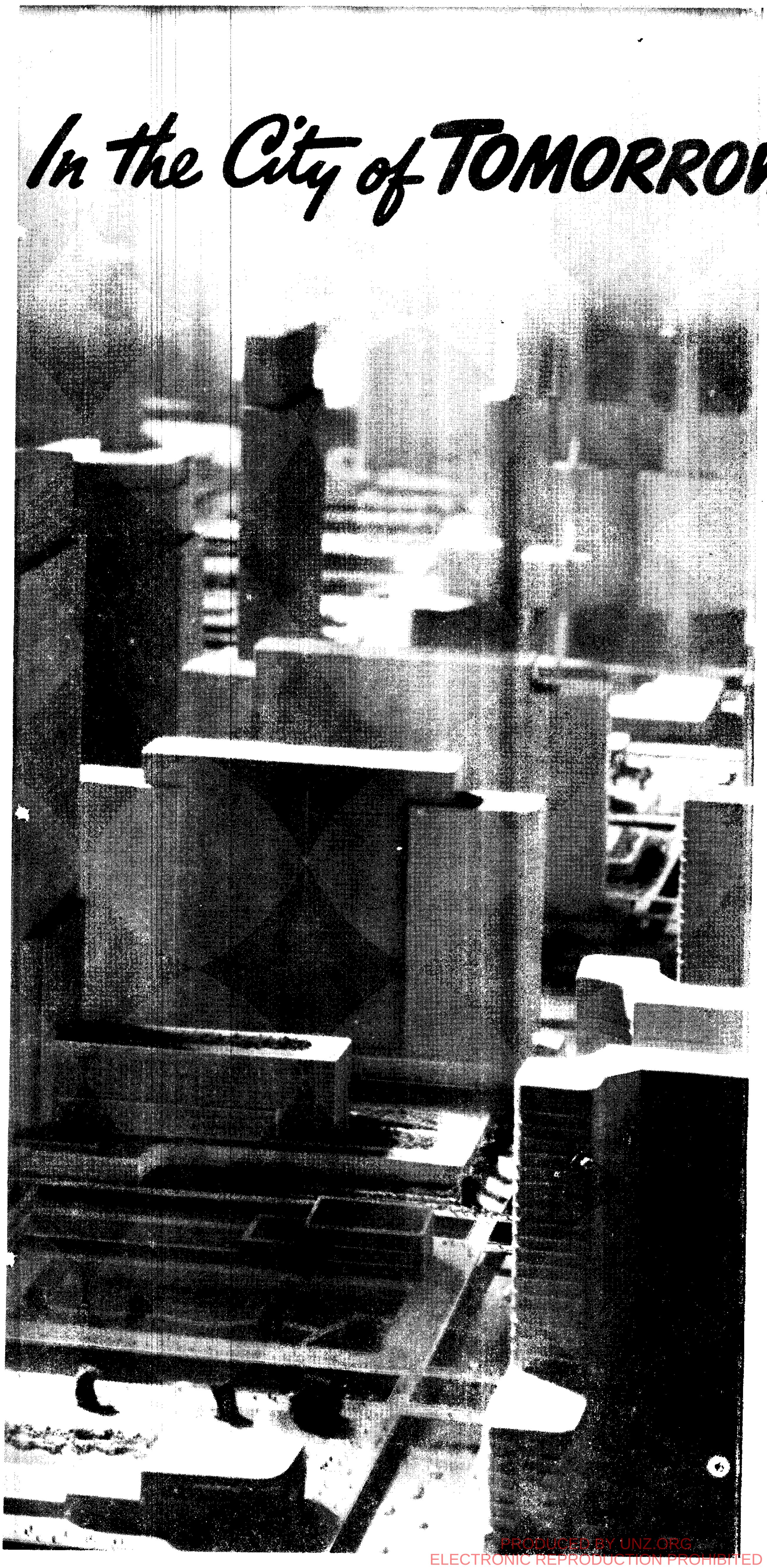
THERE was a strain of imagination in her and a wild depth of feeling that she had let none of them see. Not that any of them had been much interested in knowing what her mind or heart was like. She could not recall anything other than a uniform sternness from her father—neither gentle nor ungentle. It was a quality of self-absorption in him and in all her brothers, excepting only Dan. In Dan, the youngest and the most lighthearted, she could catch the flash of that same imaginativeness. It put her apart from them—and it made her lonely. Her mother had died long before and so now she was isolated in a house full of men who had little interest in any-



"Well, dear, I went upstairs to complain about the noise, but they wouldn't listen to me"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

In the City of TOMORROW—Pedestrians won't tie up traffic at Street Crossings



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authority on Future Trends

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thing except their own private thoughts.

She said: "Will he go to town tonight?"

Her father made a pushing gesture with his hand, setting the question aside. He said to the boys in the yard: "Get the rest of the crew here. I want to say something."

She said, "Dad, don't let—"

He gave her the briefest of glances. "Never mind, Katherine."

She went inside and up the stairs, hearing the men talking below. From the window of her room the valley lay sunlit and tawny and the quick water of the Ute made a bright glitter. The long slopes of the Silver Lode were deep, dull green and a white cloud sailed alone in the far sky and the air coming through the window held the scent of autumn and the taint of this country's loneliness and its remote wildness.

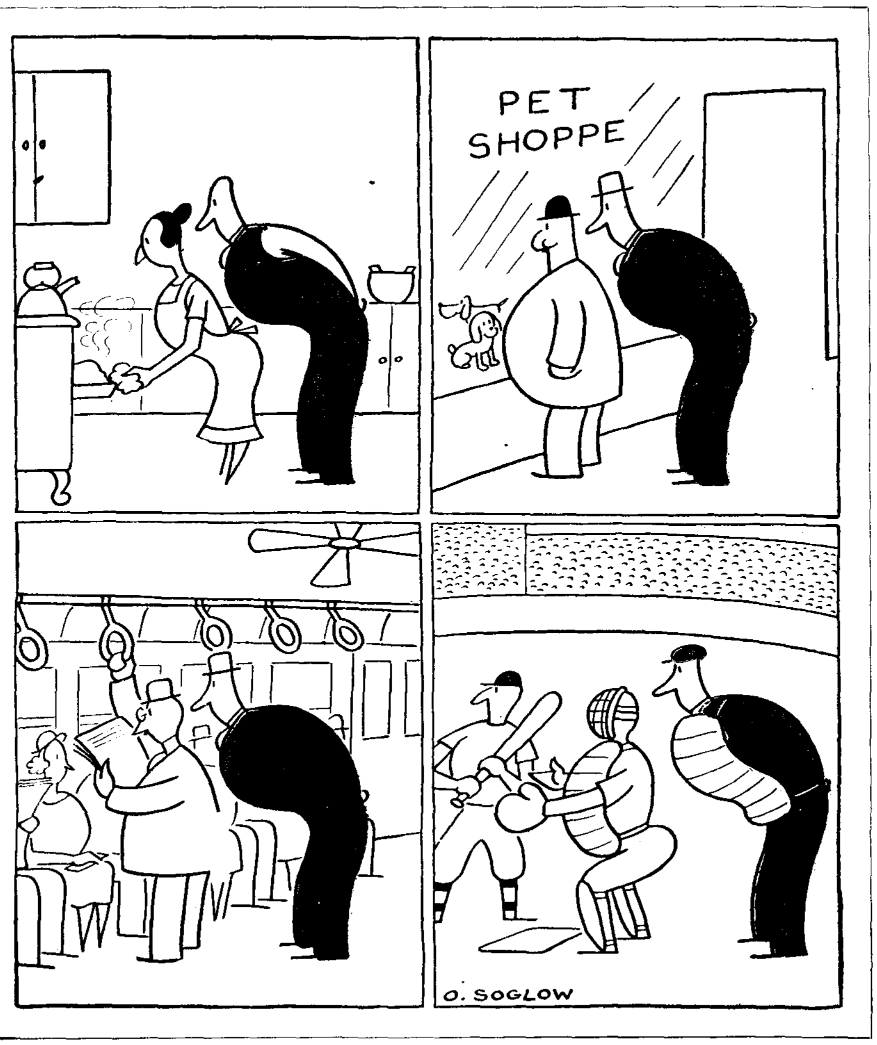
Her father's manner was always severe but its added severity now was clearly an indication of a strain he felt. She could guess that Ben Maffitt had laid that strain on him. Standing by the window, buoyed up by the freshness of the day, she remembered how Maffitt had removed his hat and had turned to watch her. His eyes were not pleasant eyes, even when he tried to be humble. There was always the stain of basic brutality in them and the gray shine of an animal wisdom gained through his outlaw career. The truth was, she was afraid of Ben Maffitt, her instincts clearly telling her that this man wanted her and would, if he set his mind to it, deliberately involve the Barrs in greater trouble to gain his end. Nobody knew what thoughts lay in his head or what schemes he nourished.

She had never liked the idea of her family seeking support from him and had said so, though her protest meant nothing to her father, who was no man to take advice from a woman. Now she thought she detected in him a faint uneasiness and that, in turn, destroyed her own sense of security. The situation had gotten out of his hands.

And so she found herself considering Jim Majors, not only as a possible source of help, but in the way a woman would think of a man when her curiosity and her interest had been aroused. He made a vivid image before her—so solid and so alert, the irregularity of his features so thoroughly masculine. The small smile, she thought, was a kind of signal of his character. It showed the world a serene indifference, yet in it too was a sadness that seemed to imply he had lost contact with the world and could depend on nobody but himself. At his age—which she thought was well under thirty—he had learned too much of the cruelties of men. He had fought too much; he had too often played his chances out to the thin end. That gambler's fatalism was in him definitely. Maffitt, she guessed, was an open book to Majors; and he could match Maffitt's animal wisdom and Maffitt's pure violence. This was why Maffitt meant to go in to Reservation tonight. Maffitt was worried.

AT NOON she went down to the dining room with all this in her mind. In addition to her father and three brothers there were two other men at the table, Cousin Creed and Uncle Will. Once, more Barrs had lived here. Some of them had died; some of them had returned south. The family resemblance ran true, in its darkness and narrow-jawed face construction, in its distant flame of partisanship. To the world Katherine Barr was a thoroughgoing Barr. Yet in her own mind was a doubt and a growing uneasiness; and a kind of irritation at the moody silence at this table. Only Dan showed any break from that traditional mold. He looked at her now, a secret smile in his glance. Fairer and franker than the rest of her family, he was the one brother with whom she felt any definite tie.

After dinner she waited until the men had scattered out, Creed and Will riding southward toward the end of the Barr range, the others working up the horses in the corral. Around two o'clock Dan Barr went over to the tool shed to repair a mower. She crossed to the shed, feeling the weight of her father's glance



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reaching her from the corral. Dan saw all this and smiled, lowering his head over the mower.

She said: "What was Dad telling you?"

"To keep out of Reservation."

"That all?"

"I guess he's worried. We're puttin' a guard on the south end, by the last line cabin. He wants us to keep away from the Pocket crowd, too."

She said, "It's too late for that. Maffitt walks in and out of the house as though he owned it."

"When a man plays with a skunk he's certain to smell like one." Dan looked at the sun and quit working on the mower. "Guess I'll take a ride."

"Saddle up for me, too."

DAN strolled to the stable. Katherine remained in the shed, watching her father turn and keep Dan under observation. That unusual alertness suddenly troubled her, quickening the run of her blood, but when Dan brought out the two horses she walked out and swung into the saddle. They had both turned to circle the house when Pedee Barr said, "Just a minute," and came before them.

"Where you going?"

"A ride," said Dan, smoothly. He was smiling down at Pedee, seemingly amused.

"Stay away from Reservation," said Pedee. "Stay strictly on your own range."

Neither answered and at once Pedee's face showed its narrowing length, its quick, intolerant temper. "I will not stand the sulks from either of you two. Speak out or unsaddle your horses. There's plenty of work here to be done."

Dan said, gently: "Maybe you forgot something. Katie is twenty-one years old. I'm twenty-two. That's answer enough."

She had seen her father like this before, inner violence freezing him to a thin, stiff shape. He said, "Get down!" But Katherine noticed the ease and the laughter leave her brother's eyes. He who always took life so smoothly had changed in the space of one quick minute. "No," he said, "I guess not."

Pedee Barr called to Ring and Fay who, propped up on the top corral bars, were watching. "Come over here."

The two older brothers obeyed, their spurs dragging the dust. They came slowly and showed astonishment; and stopped near by.

Pedee Barr's lips barely opened when he spoke to them. "Take Katherine and Dan off those horses."

Fay said, puzzled, "They ain't paralyzed, are they?"

"Do as I say!" ground out Pedee Barr. "It does not matter to me how old you may be. I intend to make you mind."

DAN laughed outright at the somber, uncertain expression of his brothers. But his answer was short and quite flat in tone. "I guess this better be settled now. Either of you fellows lay hand on me or Katie and I'll kick the ever-livin' lights out of you."

"Wait a minute, kid," warned Ring. "You're a small touch-proud." He started forward, ruffled by Dan's challenge. Katherine broke in. "Ring—be careful!"

Ring stopped, puzzled. "Well, what in hell is everybody so sore about?"

Fay had been meanwhile watching Katherine's face. He came to a quick decision and turned, touching Ring's arm. "Leave 'em alone."

Pedee reached up and caught the cheek straps of both bridles. Something on his face at the moment rather terrified Katherine—an expression that denied them recognition. They were strangers who had crossed his will and that affront seemed to make him forget they were his children. He said in suppressed fury: "Get off. Get off and go to the house."

Dan lifted his reins. He looked down at his father, paler than he had been. "Sir," he said, "if you don't step aside I'll run you down."

Nobody moved and nobody spoke. Ring and Fay were shocked still, and Katherine was locked with her brother in a monstrous duel with her father's will. All this had struck out of a clear day, rising from nothing in the space of a few minutes. It was a blackness of temper that, lying latent in all of them, rushed up now and unsteadied their reason. Katherine's heart struck her chest in hard, quick beats and each drawn breath grew more and more painful. She wanted to step down from the saddle and surrender, but something in her prevented it—something that was pride or that was a memory of affection her father had never offered. And in this interval she realized with a fatal clarity that this was the Barr family, unlovely and intolerant, as the rest of the valley saw it.

At once her father dropped his hands and turned, going at a rush toward the corrals. He yelled, "Where's a whip! Fay—where's your rawhide?"

Fay jumped at Pedee Barr and held him. He looked over at Katherine and Dan and called, "Get out of here—go on."

Dan said, "Let him go. I want to see what kind of a man I've got for a father."

But Katherine murmured, "Come on," and spurred from the yard, Dan reluctantly coming behind. They dropped into the valley and followed the road, saying nothing at all for a half mile. Dan let his reins fall and curled up a cigarette. Katherine noticed his hands were quite unsteady and this was what made her speak.

"Why? Why did we do that?"

He said, "I guess I got to thinkin' of Mother. I got to thinkin' that she had thirty years of that."

Katherine said: "We are hated by everybody in this country, aren't we?"

He shot back. "Why not?"

"No. We're not that wrong, Dan."

He said, quietly emphasizing his words: "No more wrong than Dobe Hyde or Buff Sultan—or the rest of the valley. We got our land the way they did. When the fight comes I'll stick with Dad and so will you. But that doesn't change the mistake the Barrs made when they first came here."

Below the second bend he cut out of the valley, up to the bench. Katherine followed, but she was quick to notice the quick side glance he gave her. He said casually: "Where you going?"

"Oh, just for a ride."

HE SAID nothing more until they were well into the timbered ridge that ran its course straight toward Dobe Hyde's valley; then he stopped, flushing up. "I'll go the rest of this way alone, Katie."

She knew her brother pretty well. "A girl?"

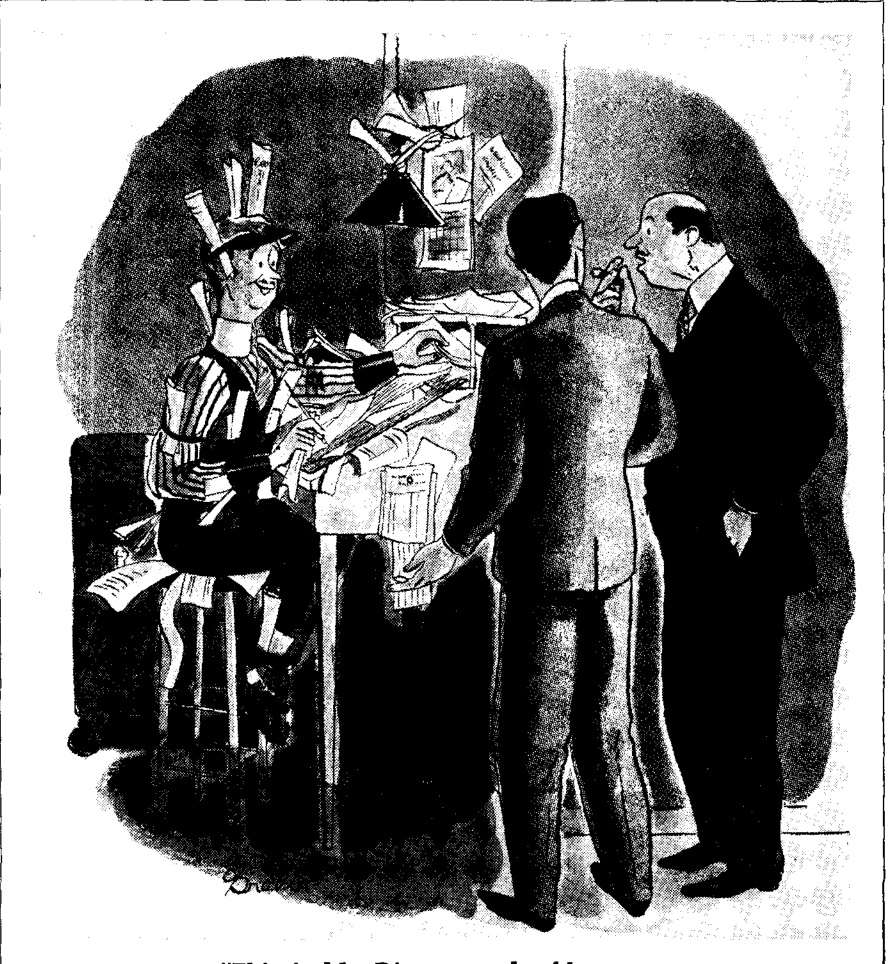
"A girl."

"I've never seen you with her."

He shrugged his shoulders. "From the looks of things I guess you never will." That was all he seemed willing to say. Wheeling about, he ran down the wooded trail until a far curve cut him from sight. She held in her horse quite a while, watching that trail and tremendously disturbed by the note of pessimism in her favored brother's voice. He had always been so cheerful and so gay that his present temper definitely discouraged her. Things, she realized, were worse than she had ever permitted herself to believe.

She cut directly through the timber to an overgrown military road which, long before the establishment of the Silver Lode stage route, had been Reservation's only connection with the world.

Ahead of her the road reached its summit, falling off into the valley where Reservation lay. She reached this summit, seeing the town's housetops below her; and turned from the road to put



"This is Mr. Diggs, our bookkeeper—he uses a system of his own invention"

WILLIAM GREEN

An Exaggeration

THAT POINTS THE WAY TO GREATER MOTORING COMFORT

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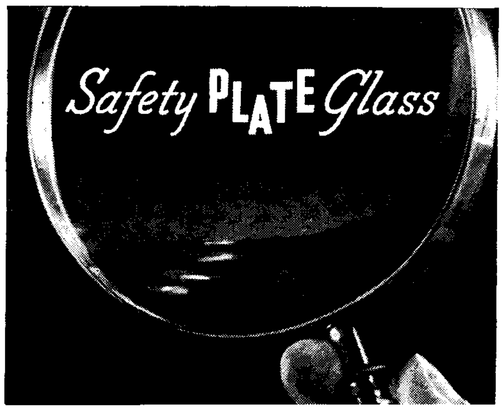

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herself beyond sight of anyone who might be traveling by. Threading the trees this way, she came into a small clearing and found Jim Majors there.

He stood beside his horse, turned toward her; and she could tell by the lift of his shoulders that he had heard her approach. His expression lightened and lost the rather tough and lonely look that she had noticed in it before. He removed his hat, showing a smile. It was apparent that he had come here to watch the town; there was a space between the trees through which he could observe Reservation's main street and the roads which came out of the two valleys.

SHE remembered their last meeting. But she said, "I really wanted to see you," and got down. It struck her then that his smile held a definite sadness, though of this he probably wasn't aware. His actions and his surface mannerisms were blunt and deliberately hard, as though he neither cared for people nor trusted them. But in his smile she read a different story. This physically rugged, jet-haired man had depths of feeling hard to penetrate.

She said: "I suppose you've found out most of the story by now."

"Most of it."

"You didn't learn it from the Barrs. So it had to come from people who hate us. Do you think it's fair to judge us from that?"

He said, "When a man draws water out of a muddy well he has to let it stand in the bucket. I learned that a long time ago. I'm not judging the Barrs."

"Sooner or later you'll have to do it."

"Maybe," he said. He looked toward the town. A pair of riders came down the valley of the Ute's east fork, roiling up dust behind them. It was in the middle of the afternoon, with the sun already dropping below the Silver Lode peaks. She could see how carefully he weighed those two riders; how their approach toward town did something to his thinking. He said, casually: "Your people coming in tonight?"

"That's why I wanted to see you. Maffitt is coming in. He means to kill you, of course. You know it. He'll bring four or five men down from the Pocket. You have no help in town. How—"

He said: "In a hurry?"

"No."

"Well, there's a grandstand seat. Why not sit and watch the town fill up."

He went to the edge of the ridge and turned, waiting for her. She made no motion for a minute but her mind was evenly divided between agreement and refusal. She had no business being here, yet her interest in him was quick and personal, stirred by that half-smiling indifference he showed her. It told her so little and covered so much; and it was a momentary thought of her father's violent rage that made her decision. She went over and sat down. He stood near her. They had a clear view of the town.

He said: "Maffitt will come. I think your people will also come. So will this Dobe Hyde, and Sultan—and the rest of the people. They'll all be there when the ball opens."

Her feelings were more and more involved. "How do you know?"

"The mail sack is in the lobby. Everybody knew about that within a couple of hours. Everybody knows Maffitt will pay me a visit. The rest of the country will be on hand. They want to see what happens to me—or to Maffitt. A lot depends on that."

He was, she recognized, governed by a fatalism that seemed to place him beyond caring. When his glance went out to the town his lids came nearer together and a net of wrinkles sprang around the eye corners. His wide chest lifted and fell to an undisturbed breathing. Katherine watched him with an attention she could not help, his personality definitely swaying her judgment. "How much," she murmured, "depends on it?"

He looked at her thoughtfully. "Your family hangs by a thread in this country—every other rider scheming against you. Maffitt is the thread. If he should die the rest of this country will be knocking on the Barrs' door tomorrow morning. I guess you know that."

She said, "Yes," in an outpushed, fading voice. "Is that what you want?"

His head turned again and, following his glance, she saw another rider breaking across the valley of the east fork toward Reservation, a small and almost stationary shape in the distance. It was then four o'clock or beyond, with shadows beginning to deepen in the timber.

She repeated: "Is that what you want—to break my family? Do you think we are that bad—or that the people on the east fork are any better?"

He said briefly: "Haven't decided."

Her pride lifted, strong and self-assertive. She straightened and her lips opened to speak for her family, to tell him how the years of hatred had hung over her. Yet none of that came out. For he was looking at her with a wistful wisdom that seemed to absorb everything. She had the feeling that he completely understood.

Majors said: "It will do me no good to tell you this. You are very close to being beautiful."

She showed him an actually startled expression, her eyes widening. Color ran across her cheeks richly and her body bent toward him, so intent was her curiosity. She was smiling, that lightness breaking through the pride that held her expression so steady. She rose and spoke in a disturbed voice:

"What is beauty, Jim?"

He replied, his words quick and rough: "It's what a man sees—and what a man feels. A fire in the night. How can a man say it, Katherine? Spring wind after winter. Something in a woman's eyes and in her lips. Or in the turn of her body. Something to make him go out and kill if he has to. There is no way of saying it. It just is—when a man sees it."

She murmured: "That's enough for me to hear."

He checked himself, forcing the indifference back to his face. A heavy ball of dust lifted halfway down the east-fork valley, which would be more riders making for town. The valley remained clear and sunless, but shadows were piling up layer on layer in the timber. He said dryly: "More people. Nothing ever changes."

SHE came over until she might have touched him with her hand.

"Does it have to be tonight, Jim? Does it have to be either you or Ben Maffitt?"

"We'll soon know about that."

Majors had put his hands behind him. The faint scent of her hair lifted to him. Her shoulders made a straight line and her lips were faintly pursed, with sweetness in them for a man. And the heat of something rash and timeless and thoughtless brushed them both. It moved him on his feet and drew his muscles together. Poised this way, he pushed aside his desire to reach out and pull her forward, and for the rest of his life he regretted that opportunity wasted, forever afterward wondering how it might have been if he had obeyed his wishes. She looked up at him, her lips edged with a smile. She said: "Good night, Jim," and whirled over to her horse. A moment later she had galloped out of the clearing.

He got into his own saddle and trotted down the side of the ridge into town. Dobe Hyde and three other riders were

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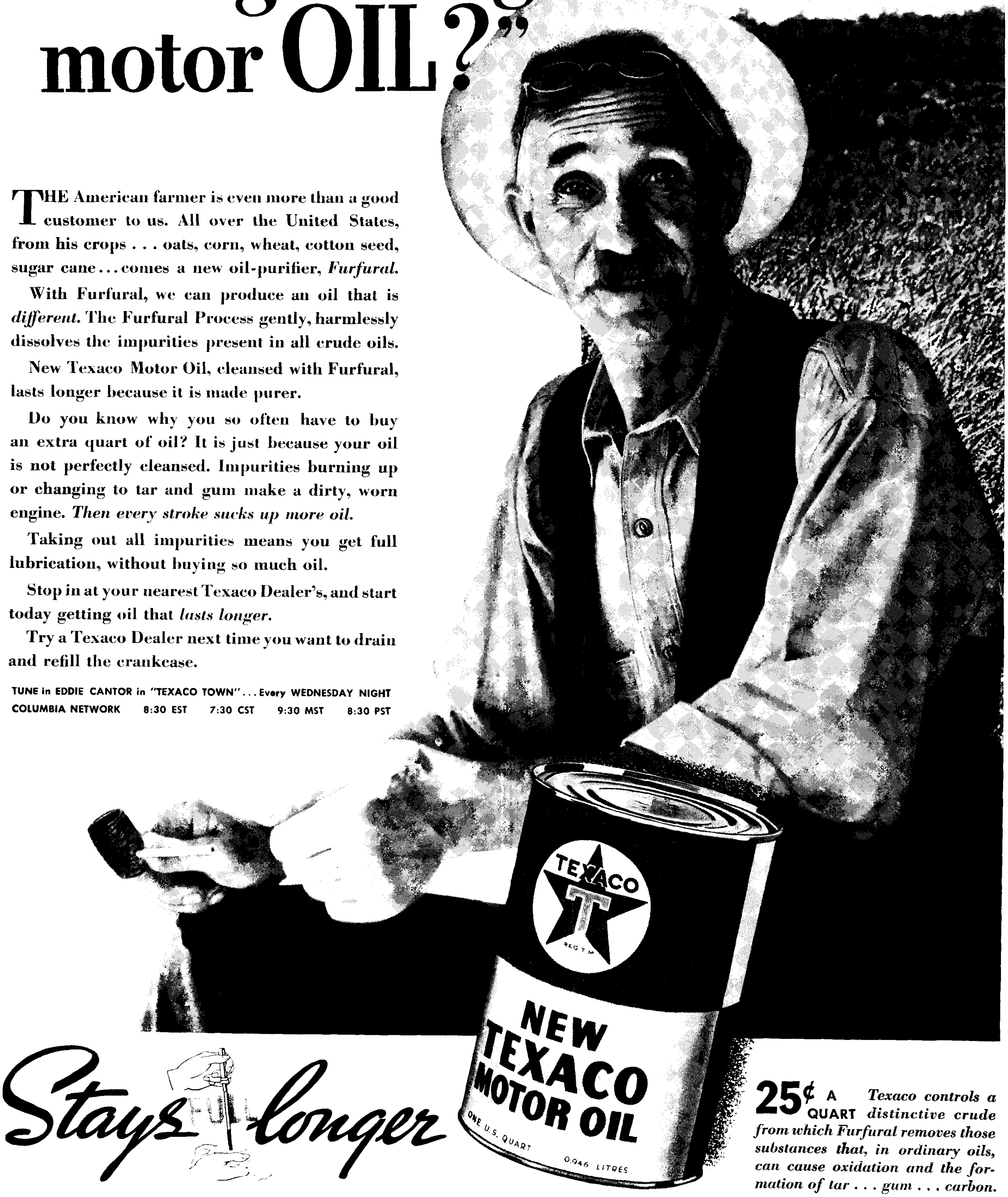

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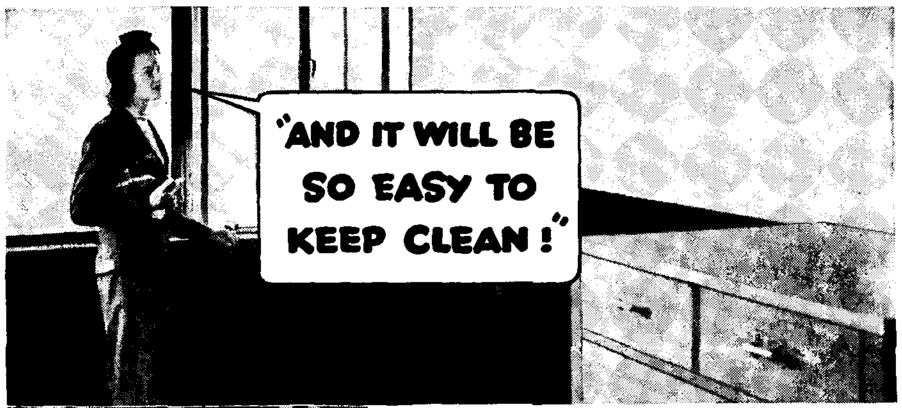
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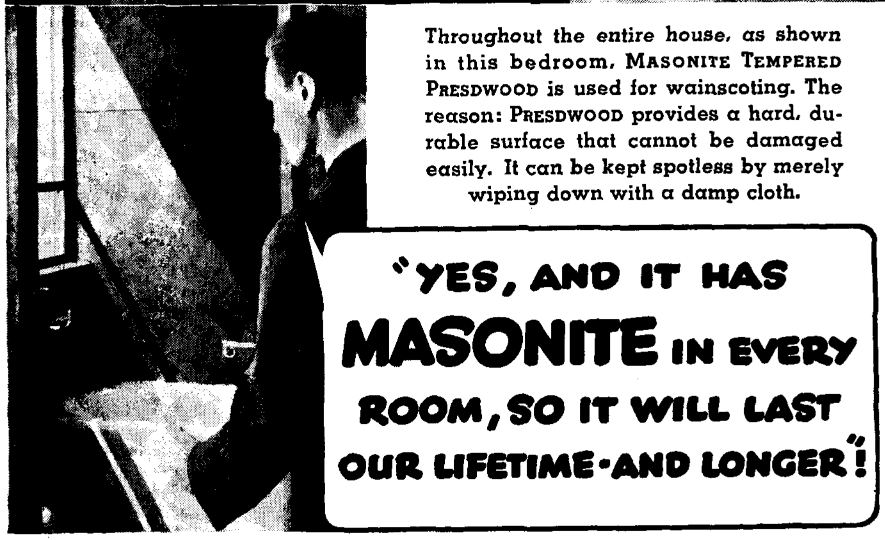
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at this moment wheeling in from the east-fork road. Buff Sultan was at the corner of the Old Dixie with Ketchum. Other men he didn't know were heading for the restaurant and Charley Chavis stood in the doorway of the jail office. Majors stabled the gelding and went directly to the hotel, passing Edith Sultan in the lobby. She looked at him with a certain interest but he saw that she didn't mean to recognize him, so he went on up the stairs, washed and came down for dinner.

Tony, presently, brought him the venison steak and explained it. Majors said: "Matt Oldroyd? Not a bad-looking fellow."

Tony said, "Yes," but she wasn't cheerful. She bent down to say something to him but Cal Soder came through the door and Tony straightened without speaking and went back to the kitchen. Dobe Hyde and his three companions stamped into the dining room. Some other rider entered town at a steady pace. Lights began to break the gray twilight and when Majors had finished his meal and gone upstairs darkness rolled completely across Reservation. This was as it had been on the night of his first appearance, the town slowly filling and shapes scattering along the shadowy niches of the walks. Standing there by the window, evenly drawing pipe smoke through his nostrils, he saw Ben Maffitt enter Reservation with four riders behind him.

FROM the room's window Majors watched the town slowly fill. Ben Maffitt and his men rolled into Soder's place and Charley Chavis came quickly down the street and also entered the saloon, like a hound called to heel. Buff Sultan lounged against the corner of the empty building. Dobe Hyde and Ketchum were still in the dining room below. Pedee Barr hadn't yet appeared though Majors was certain he'd soon come. For there was the smell of a kill in the sharp air and that scent would draw them all. This was the hard knowledge he had learned from the long years past; the signals of coming death were as clear to men as to animals.

In a little while he would go down and take his stand on the street. The game ran that way, its rules compelling them all, no matter what they wished or what they felt. Pride made men strong and pride led men to their ruin; it was their strength and their folly. Now and then along the back trail Majors could remember a few great ones who understood the meaning of life, their senses sharply savoring the wind's keen edge, the far-blue shadowing of the horizons, the great silence of the hills and the deep, deep glitter of the stars by night. They were the laughing ones, the great ones—full of youth and venture. But most men lived in twilight, coming doggedly to their ends without ever knowing what they had missed.

It was near stage time when Pedee Barr, flanked by his two older sons, trotted out of the dark and stopped by the saloon. Majors dallied by the window a little longer, in no sense certain how it was to be for him when he walked the street. Old Jeff White had said: "I have lost one fine boy over there and it is time the country was cleaned out, however it has to be done." Well, there were soft ways and hard ways and this was the hard way. The country lay even-balanced on the edge of trouble, Ben Maffitt supplying the weight that kept the scales level. This was why he had deliberately brought on the present showdown; if he destroyed the big outlaw's power he also destroyed the deadlock.

For if Maffitt went down the people along the east fork would rise against the Barrs to finish a fight fifteen years old. He had told Katherine Barr that he was not judging on the rightness or wrongness of her family; he had omitted to tell her that in all these ancient grudges the original right and the original wrong had ceased to be important, violence piling up on violence until nobody was right. His job was to put an end to it so that a man might ride these roads without need of a gun. Somebody had to lose and somebody had to win. If his methods were hard, like the pain of a knife cutting dead flesh from live, he could not help it. It was this knowledge that painted its shadow in Majors' eyes and laid its silence upon his tongue and stamped that brand of loneliness across his solid face.

Dobe Hyde left the restaurant and stopped by Buff Sultan on the opposite corner and presently came back to the hotel's side. Chavis left the saloon, returning to the jail doorway up by the bridge. Half a dozen men stood in the livery stable's mouth; and a man slipped out of the saloon's back entrance and vanished into an adjoining alley. At the same time Ben Maffitt came from the Old Dixie's front door, a pair of men walking with him, and took station on that corner. The hostler drove four fresh horses from the stable; out on the east-fork road lifted the sound of the fast-running night stage.

Majors swung from the window, that picture complete in his mind. Always at times like this there was a change in him he could never describe. He had stood there watching the street with an interest that was quick and yet half detached; and now the ease began to leave him and the detachment fell away and he was controlled by a stream of thought that ran through his head sharp and swift. His senses were keener and it was the little things that began to register, the crack of a board in the lobby below, the memory of the man who had ducked into the alley, the way Dobe Hyde had briefly stopped to speak to Buff Sultan. Borne upward by the growing heat of an excitement that showed its strong glow in the powdered gray of his eyes, he turned out and went downstairs.

THE dining room was empty, but two men stood in the doorway and faced the street. The mail sack remained on the lobby desk. Broderick sat shoulder-deep in the usual rocker, his steel-hooked arm hanging down. A pair of small, prematurely aged riders stood in a corner of the room and when he looked at them their eyes turned scrupulously aside. When he stepped from the lobby they would be behind him, commanding his back, and for a moment he thought of this; and presently dismissed the thought. Edith Sultan remained by the desk, her expression strangely set. The stage was just then rolling into town.

He moved over and picked up the mail sack. Edith Sultan's lips, so full and soft, stirred and he thought she meant to speak. He had that moment when he could admire the set of her head and the bright shine of her hair and the impression of laughter lying so free and reckless somewhere within. Afterward he walked to the lobby's door to meet old Sam Rhett coming in with Reservation's mail sack.

Majors said: "I'll take that, Sam. And here's the one you lost up in the hills."

He spoke without a lift of tone, yet his talk had a weight that carried the night air. He knew Ben Maffitt, hugely shaped against the light of the saloon's door, heard it distinctly; he knew that Charley Chavis heard it up near the bridge. The silence in this town was like that; and the straining attention of the town was like that. Sam Rhett handed over his mail sack and took the one Majors offered without break of expression.

(To be continued next week)

Rabbits Always Circle

Continued from page 22

hounds more. Win her over. Unsuspecting."

"Well," Carter said slowly.

"Can't fail." Winslow glanced at his watch. "Seven-thirty. Must totter. Taking Letty to dance. Night, old man."

"Good night," Carter said.

He watched Livingston make his delicate high-heeled way to a long cream-colored car. He wondered vaguely if the beagle-weaning process was hastened by dancing. However, Winslow had just been thoroughly jilted. He was probably off girls. Immune, the way one is to influenza germs after a bout with the disease. It didn't occur to Carter that, while love may be a germ of a kind, its reactions are completely unpredictable.

DURING the next fortnight the autumn hunting season swung into full glory. Five days a week Carter followed the sweet wild piping of the horn over a country whose coverts and fences were a huntsman's dream. The other two days he rode out with his own small pack, four and a half couple of beautifully trained hounds, and watched them work competently and swiftly over the five thousand acres his father had left him. Or he schooled the two young hounds, Molly and Scamper, an exacting business that sent him weary to bed shortly after dinner.

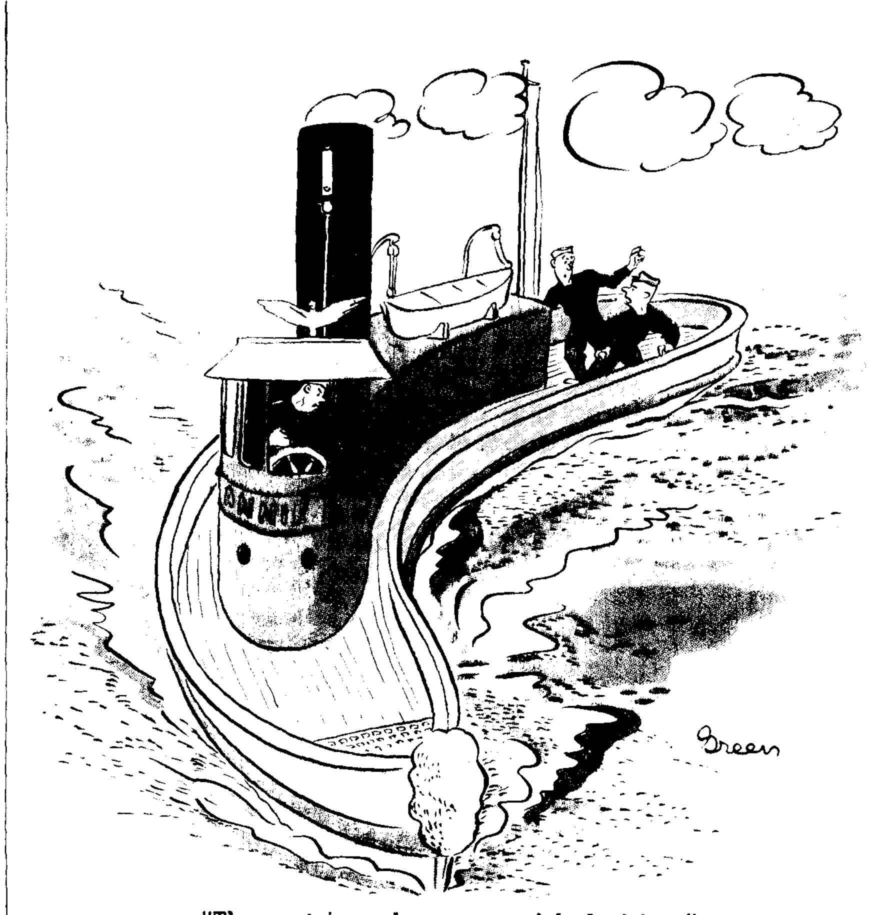
He thought he was enjoying himself, living the life he loved to its last moment. But when he reined in while the M. F. H. cast hounds in a new direction, he was suddenly aware that the keen delight of other seasons was not in this one.

Moreover, a number of strange things were happening and strangeness always upset Carter. He had not heard anyone say carelessly, "Oh, Letty will marry Ingersol," for at least a week. In fact, it seemed to him that curious glances were being turned his way, and occasionally conversations—usually among the ladies—that had been quite animated ceased abruptly at his approach. Livingston Winslow, who had dropped in at fairly regular intervals to report progress, had taken to telephoning—and then to silence. Carter had a feeling that he was suspended in a vast vacuum, with a great deal occurring on the fringes that never reached his ears. He did considerable damning of this and that innocent annoyance, and mixed periods of pointless activity with equally pointless hours of ceiling-gazing.

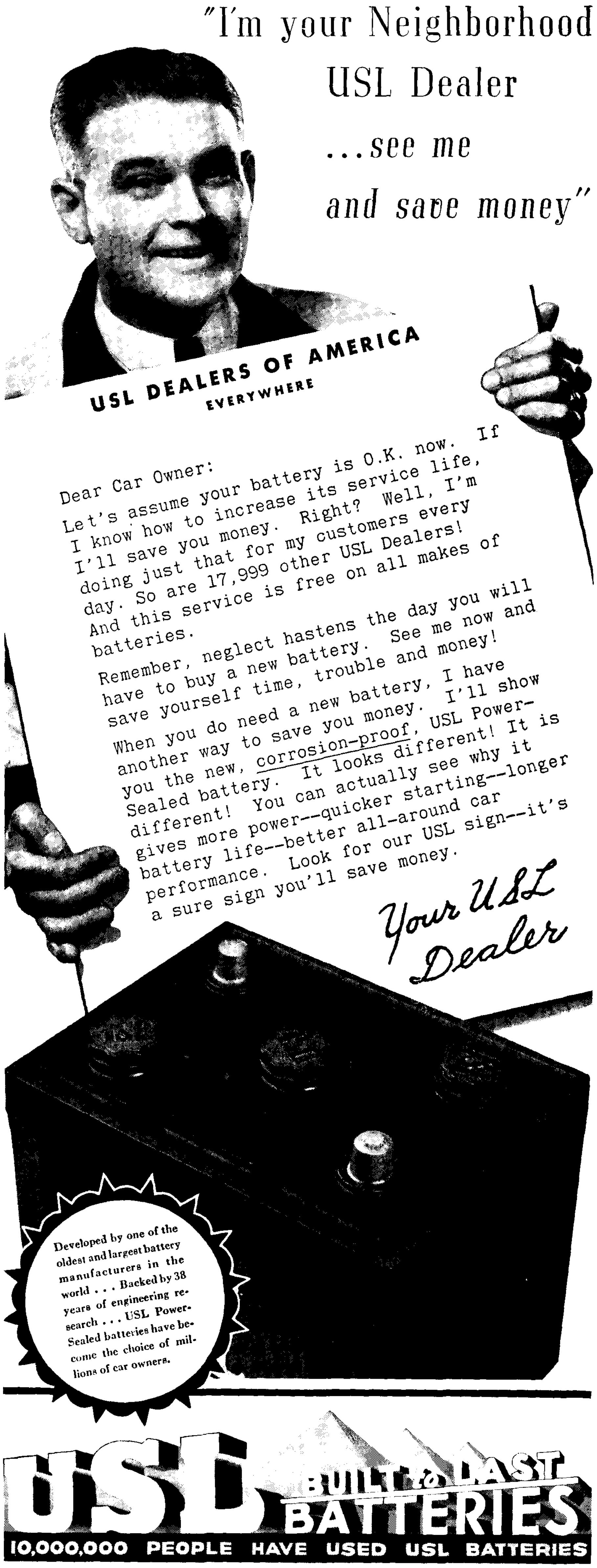
Once or twice he saw, upon the opposite hillside, the beagle pack in full tilt, Letty's trim figure dashing after the stragglers, and Livingston's unmistakable height as near her as the ceremonies of the hunt would allow. He watched morosely, and wondered why anyone followed beagles when every fool knew that a rabbit ran in a circle and would always return to the spot from which it had started. Now a fox had brains and was continually trying something new. It took equal intelligence on the part of hounds to run him down. The comparison of the two sports—admitting merely for the sake of argument that beagling *was* a sport—was so obvious that none but an immature young girl could deny the relative values. He would, Carter decided, make one last attempt to compel Letty to see the truth. If she remained obstinate—well, he'd retire and turn into one of those red-faced old bores who pound along a quarter-mile behind the field, and finally die somewhere head down in a ditch.

Carter saddled the chestnut mare, Lady Leicestershire, out of sheer perversity. She was young and flighty and always meeting mortal enemies in stray cans or bits of paper, or even innocent clumps of ragweed. She could jump like a deer but often in mid-flight over four-bar timber would change what mind she had and try to leap back without first touching the ground. Despite repeated failure, she persisted in believing this possible.

She crossed the valley with only a



"The captain makes very quick decisions" WILLIAM GREEN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minor skirmish with an old hat, blown from heaven knows where into a corner of the lane.

As Carter reached the Davis estate, he saw the beagle pack streaming in a beautiful level flow of sleek long bodies out of the wire runway. Letty, her eyes shining, her red-gold hair crackling with wind and pleasure, was mouthing strange cries and snapping a little whip. Carter took Lady as close as he dared. He saw Winslow, tall and blondly smug, wearing his silly boots and leaning elegantly on a kind of alpine stock. Letty turned her head and called:

"Carter, get that half-witted cow out of there before she has a fit and tramples my hounds."

CARTER felt his face redden. The beagle devotees were glaring at him and a kind of secret delight shone behind Livingston's blue eyes. A stubborn rage took possession of Carter.

"I want to talk to you, Letty."

"I can't. I'm busy."

"It's important."

"So is this. Bingo, get back there. Halloo, loo, loo, Maxie!"

Carter turned away and said to Livingston:

"I somehow got the impression you were a fox-hunting man."

Livingston looked hurt. "Bad foot, you know, old chap. Nice animal, there."

Carter refused to be conciliated.

"Galloping after beagles doesn't bother it, I gather."

"Good for it. Doctor's orders." He winked at Carter. "Making progress, old fellow. Get me?"

"I think I do," Carter said. "And I think—"

"Livingston," Letty called. There was no whipper-in snap to her voice; it was light and gay with an overtone of intimate camaraderie. "Come along."

"At once, Letty."

Across the field a rabbit appeared sleepily from a blackberry patch, flirted its tail at the beagles and went hopping away in leisurely confidence. The pack broke into a frenzied baying. Their voices, lighter than their foxhound relatives, floated back in melodious, melancholy ecstasy. They scuttled along on their short legs, giving the singular impression of a magic carpet being wafted over the brown stubble. Letty bounded after them like a long-legged, redheaded gazelle. The more energetic ladies and gentlemen loped or trotted; the indolent and elderly lit pipes and settled down to await the rabbit's inevitable return.

Carter rode homeward in disgust. Where the road made a reverse turn through the willows, he heard the warning rumble of a motor, spurred Lady in a dizzy leap to safety, as a roadster, all chromium exhaust pipes and scarlet wheels, skidded to a stop. Carter in a voice incoherent with fury asked the driver a number of questions concerning his parents, habits, ability and education. When he stopped for breath and looked down at the car, dark feminine eyes glittered at him over the cowling, ignoring his rage with cold indifference.

"Where's the Meadowfield Hunt Club?"

Carter, deflated, answered feebly:

"Straight ahead, right at the crossroads and up the hill."

"Watch your animal," the girl snapped.

The exhaust pipes spit and snarled; the car shuddered in agony; a hurricane of dust and pebbles raked the atmosphere.

"Phew," said Carter. "Charming little earthquake."

It was a day unfit for any calendar of memory. In the later afternoon, Carter took the two young hounds and rode gloomily over the dying meadows. A mounting north wind added nothing to his pleasure. He took no interest in hounds. They dashed after anything, undoing the careful work of weeks. He'd gone two miles or more, into a section of woodland and wild thickets, when a fox came out of an upwind copse, stared in surprise, and streaked directly across his path. Molly and Scamper went completely mad. They tore almost under Lady's feet. She reared upright, like a spring uncoiling. The whole nightmare happening took perhaps ten seconds.

Lady departed in a whirl of equine vapors. The voices of Molly and Scamper, shrill with adolescent zeal, were rapidly fading into the distance. Carter tried to stand and fell back groaning. Something had gone wrong with his leg. Torn ligaments, he thought despairingly. What a mess! Well, Lady would go home—eventually. They'd turn out to find him. But it would take time, perhaps all night. The wind already bit uncomfortably. He looked at the graying horizon. Darkness in an hour. He'd try to crawl.

Fifty feet of agony put an end to that. He found a stump and braced his back against it. If only those two hounds hadn't gone crazy over the fox. He might contrive to fasten a message to a collar. The pain in his leg was increasing. There would be frost tonight. Damned unpleasant, to say the least. Carter closed his eyes.

When he opened them he thought he was in the first stage of delirium. Ten feet away two beagles sat contemplating him. Their large sad eyes were filled with mournful speculation. It seemed to Carter that they stared at him as though they thought, "He hasn't long, poor fellow."

"Get out," said Carter hoarsely.

Their ears twitched but otherwise they did not move.

"Get out," repeated Carter. A wave of pain and fury made him strangely lightheaded. Come to gloat over me, he thought. They're not real, anyway. Little beagle ghouls. By Judas, I won't lie here and die in front of a pair of beagles.

He looked wildly around for stone or stick but found nothing. Then he saw the handle of his crop protruding from his boot. He snatched it out, cursed and hurled it at the beagles. The motion wrenched his leg excruciatingly. The pain leaped up and blotted out his senses.

"WE WERE all out looking for Bingo and Bongo," Letty said. "They'd put up a rabbit of their own this afternoon, and strayed."

The station wagon rocked gently over the rutted field. Carter lay across two seats, his head delightfully pillowed on Letty's lap.

"We ran into them about a half-mile from here. They were on their way home. Bongo had your crop."

Far off in the quiet frosty night came the faint weary baying of Molly and Scamper, still functioning as foxhounds.

"I cut back, with them leading me. Father got the car down Thatcher's Lane and into the field."

Carter glanced down at Bongo, chewing contentedly on the crop. Bingo was asleep beside her lord and master.

"Where's Livingston?" he asked.

"The whirlwind got him," Letty said.

"What?"

"A female whirlwind. In a car that would knock your eye out."

"Oh," said Carter, light breaking upon him.

"Beautiful," mimicked Letty. "But savage. She said to poor old Liv, 'What are you doing here? Don't you know we're to be married next week?' "

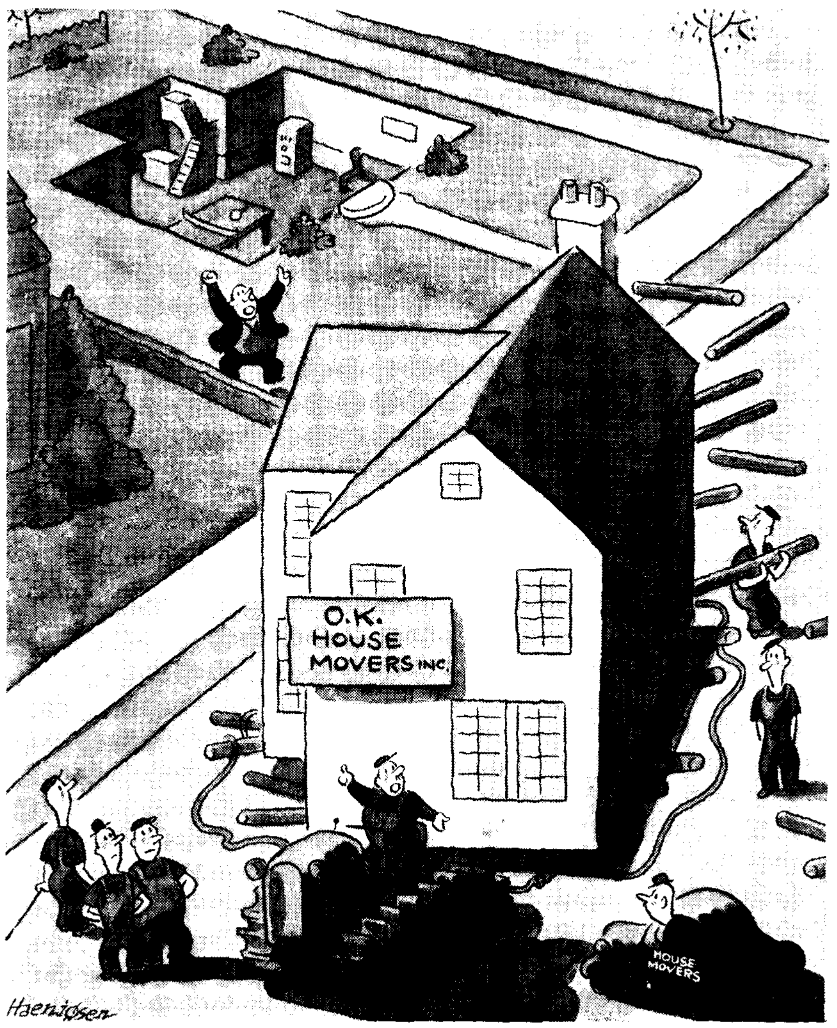
"That's an idea," Carter said.

"What is?"

"Marriage next week."

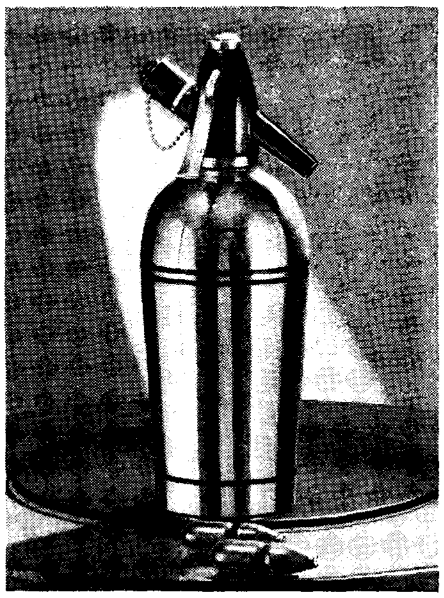
"But Carter, my beagles?"

"We'll ask them to the wedding," Carter said.



"He says we gotta take the cellar, too!"

HARRY HAENIGSEN



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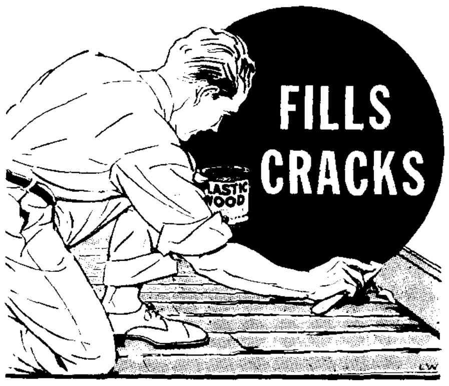

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Salt-Water Daffy

Continued from page 15

Fireman Dunnevan was hypnotized.

"Yerse!" he said, stoutly. "It is a swell bargain and I think we ought to buy it ourselves, Benny!"

"H'm," said Seaman Linn, "that's an idea, Tim!"

Torpedoman Larsen could bear no more; this whipsaw galled him.

"Hangya!" cried Torpedoman Larsen. "Now I know, by golly, it is big gyp! Buy this place? Tim and Benny couldn't buy one little tree on this place! Hangya!"

"Aw, now, Hon—that ain't nice."

"Yerse, Larsen?"

"Gentlemen!"

Seaman Linn took command.

"There's a lady present," he said, sternly, "and all uh you pipe down. Now then, Hangya, just to show how you've talked outa turn, so on and so forth, I'll hafta impose on Tim's private confidence. The fact is, Hangya, that Tim is heir to a big estate in the East jest left him by his uncle Clarence that died of arterionecrosis in Brooklyn!"

"Yerse!"

"Show him your first month's check, Tim!"

The cashier's check was produced and examined by Torpedoman Larsen.

"Five hundred a month!" he exclaimed. "That is real money, hangya! You—you could leave Navy!"

"Yerse!"

Seaman Linn drove the point home.

"Tim could buy three places like this if he was to take a notion to!"

This statement had a magical effect on Mr. Burke and Miss Sciarania. Smiling in big-sister fashion, Miss Sciarania walked over and took possession of Fireman Dunnevan, saying: "We've let you stand here talking and we haven't even showed you around!" Mr. Burke fell in step with Fireman Dunnevan and the lady.

"Possibly Mr. Dunnevan in his recent bereavement has had no opportunity to consider citrus fruits as a medium of proven investment success," he remarked. "Am I correct in that impression, Mr. Dunnevan?"

"Yerse—ner—yerse."

Miss Sciarania hung on Fireman Dunnevan's arm, suddenly girlish and giggly.

"C'mon, everybody!" she cried. "Let's see the sights!"

THE drama was shifting too fast for Torpedoman Larsen. He said "Hangya" several times and refused to join the tour of La Palomar Vista. Fireman Dunnevan, a spanked-baby red under the fire of Miss Sciarania's charm, pulled back and demanded: "Benny, you come with us!"

Seaman Linn shook his head.

"Naw," he said, "you go along, Tim. I'll keep Hangya company."

"This snug little harbor of a house," said Mr. Burke, as the tour party moved off, "would cost fifteen thousand dollars alone on today's market. Miss Sciarania fell in love with it at first sight—"

Left alone with Seaman Linn, the flabbergasted torpedoman glowered stubbornly at the ground. Aware that he confronted an intelligence too nimble and subtle for analysis, Hangya Larsen clung to his original theory. Indeed, his logical mind began to embroider it. First, Linn and Dunnevan had talked the place up. Hangya. Then, they had said they might buy it themselves, hangya.

"By golly, Linn," said Torpedoman Larsen, out of a great silence, "I know your game, hangya. You make offer to Burke to get me to raise the price! You are still in cahoots with Burke!"

Seaman Linn managed to look a little guilty.

"I'm surprised at you, Hangya," he said, deeply hurt. "Well, sir, I thought you knowed I and Tim better'n that. You actually think we'd build up a shipmate thataway?"

"By golly, I do!"

"You better sign, Hangya."

"No—I am not born yesterday!"

"Better sign. No telling whether Tim'll take a fancy to this place. It's sure one sweet little ranch!"

"No, by golly, hangya!"

When Fireman Dunnevan, Miss Sciarania and Mr. Burke at long last returned, they found Torpedoman Larsen sunk in a fit of brooding. His head was hung on his chest and he whittled viciously on a piece of building lath.

"Well, Hon," said Miss Sciarania, gaily, "it's now or never! If we don't buy this place right away I'm afraid Mr. Dunnevan will beat us to it!"

She squeezed Fireman Dunnevan's arm almost affectionately. And Fireman Dunnevan, dazed by the blandishments of an outdoor girl who wanted a little citrus ranch, and by the descriptions of La Palomar Vista, which had flowed unceasingly from Mr. Burke, said automatically: "Yerse! It is an orful big bargain!"

Torpedoman Larsen wavered.

"The price is still fifteen thousand, hangya? I can buy for the price you said?"

Mr. Burke played his trump card.

"Our firm has other properties *almost* as good bargains as La Palomar Vista, Mr. Larsen," he said, "and I am sure we can satisfy Fireman Dunnevan with one of them. You were first here and if you sign immediately I will have to risk Mr. Dunnevan's anger. Nor would Mr. Dunnevan want me to do any other—"

"But, hangya, I am being hurried—"

Whereupon, and with great solemnity, Mr. Burke drew out a letter.

"I am betraying the confidence of another client, Mr. Larsen," he said, "but I must impress upon you that a moment's delay will be tragic. I have here a letter from Captain William Roscoe, United States Navy. I read: 'Dear Mr. Burke: I was much impressed with La Palomar Vista ranch and I am trying to persuade Mrs. Roscoe that she will enjoy ranch life as much as I. Perhaps you will hear from me soon—etc.—etc.' Think of that, Mr. Larsen. A commissioned officer in the United States Navy wants this ranch—"

"Rhino Roscoe?"

"It's him, Benny!"

"Lemme see that letter!"

MR. BURKE permitted Mr. Linn a peek at the letter as he held it before Torpedoman Larsen.

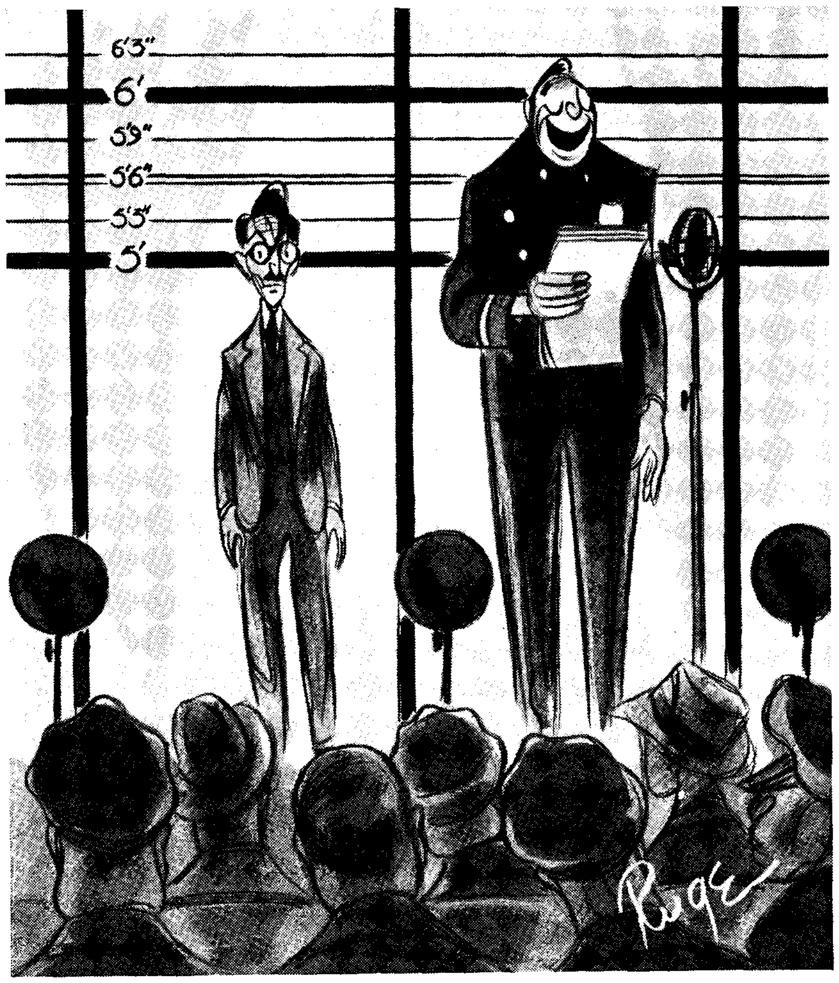
"Hully gee, it *must* be a bargain!" cried Seaman Linn. "Hand Larsen that fountain pen!" And then Seaman Linn winked ostentatiously at Mr. Burke.

The wink was enough for Torpedoman Larsen.

"I saw that, Linn!" he said. "It is the build-up. I do not sign now. Perhaps I never sign!"

Mr. Burke pompously disclaimed responsibility for the wink; Fireman Dunnevan was lost in a fog of sentiment and Seaman Linn continued to urge Torpedoman Larsen to sign. It was Miss Sciarania who broke the deadlock:

"I tell you what—we'll all go back to



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Oceanside and have a party. We'll jest forget this silly old real-estate business—for a while. *Yes, let's!*"

"Good idea," said Seaman Linn.

The party finished Torpedoman Larsen.

He watched in glum silence while Miss Scirania made love to Fireman Dunnevan. He listened without a word while Mr. Burke openly offered to suffer indictment, conviction and imprisonment if he had in any way violated the San Diego County realtors' code of ethics. And Torpedoman Larsen merely stared when Seaman Linn tried to break up Miss Scirania's *brazen cozening* of Fireman Dunnevan. But when the girl *who was to share that* Spanish bungalow in the hills with a sailor home from the sea was heard to declare, "I no longer simply do not care whether Mr. Larsen signs or not," the dam burst.

"Hangya!" yelled Torpedoman Larsen, jumping to his feet, "I do not care either! I go back to the ship. I sign on with the Skipper! Hangya!"

Torpedoman Larsen lurched out the door of Miss Scirania's apartment.

After him went Seaman Linn.

"Hangya, listen—don't go back to the ship. Listen—"

"I go! Gat away from me—"

"Don't sign up though—"

"I sign! I sign!"

Seaman Linn followed him all the way to the bus, imploring him not to desert La Palomar Vista and sign on with the Navy. And lest Torpedoman Larsen's Norsky contrariness weaken, Seaman Linn finally broke down and confessed that he and Tim *were* acting as shillabers for Mr. Burke all the time.

"It's gonna cost us fifty bucks, if you don't buy 'at place, Hangya!"

"Har!" cried Torpedoman Larsen, swinging onto the bus. "I am sorry it ain't five hundred bucks. I see you on ship. Hangya!"

WELL satisfied that his mission had been accomplished, Seaman Linn hurried back to Miss Scirania's apartment.

He found Fireman Dunnevan seated in the yard under a pepper tree. And Fireman Dunnevan had one arm around Miss Scirania.

"*Tim!* C'mon—it worked!"

Fireman Dunnevan lurched to his feet, drunk with dreams of La Palomar Vista ranch and Miss Scirania.

"I bought it, Benny!"

"You did *what?*"

Miss Scirania giggled.

"Tim beat Mr. Larsen to it," she said. "He's paid down earnest money on the ranch!"

"H-how much earnest money?"

The stricken sound of Seaman Linn's voice brought Fireman Dunnevan to an awareness that something was wrong.

"I give Burke my cashier's check," he said. "What's the matter, Benny? It's a big *bargain. You said yourself it was* worth forty grand! You know you did."

"*Oh, Ju-das Priest, Tim!*"

Seaman Linn's groan caused Miss Scirania to stiffen.

"It ain't a bit of use you trying to keep Tim in the Navy, Mr. Linn," she said. "Tim has worked hard and he deserves an easy life with good home cooking on shore—"

Fireman Dunnevan nodded.

"Yerse!" he said. "And poetry—it's got poetry, Benny. 'Home is the sailor, home from the sea—an'—an' the hunter is—' "

" 'Home from the hill,' " finished Miss Scirania, sidling close to her new love. "Tim's got a place in the sun to call his own—"

A snort from the lips of Seaman Linn stopped her.

"Listen, sister," he said, "this ain't poetry! Tim give Burke every dime he had in the world!"

"Every dime?"

"Sure. That was just a gag about his *rich* uncle to keep Larsen from buyin' the ranch. Ain't that right, Tim?"

"Yerse, but, *Benny—*"

"Take another look at your lady friend, Tim. She's off'n you, already. She's jest a decoy for her boy friend—"

"That's a dirty lie!"

"And his name is Mr. Burke!"

Looking, Fireman Dunnevan realized the truth. He said, "Agh!" and shoved Miss Scirania away. The lady began to cry.

"We'll take care of Burke," said Seaman Linn, "but you better be movin' on up to L. A. You're a menace to U. S. sailors. If I and Tim catch you around here in the morning we'll beat the tar outa you!"

"Yerse!"

FIREMAN DUNNEVAN sat on the edge of the bed in a hotel room, big tears rolling out of his St. Bernard eyes. Seaman Linn cruelly added the finishing touches to his "I told you so." Tim, he said, should have had enough sense to wait until the brains of the combination returned before signing over his five-hundred-dollar check.

"But, Benny, they said Burke would sell the place to Rhino Roscoe. And I hate his guts and—"

"No brains, no brains."

"Yerse, Benny."

"You ever gonna do anything without my okay again?"

"Ner, Benny."

Relenting, Seaman Linn slapped Fireman Dunnevan on the shoulder and said: "Wipe yer nose. God loves U. S. sailors, if their hearts is pure. Remember that."

"You—you got an idea, Benny?"

"Yeah. Shut up and go to sleep!"

"Yerse, Benny."

Bright and early the next morning, Seaman Linn cornered Mr. Burke in the offices of A Place in the Sun, Inc. Mr. Burke apparently had been apprised of Fireman Dunnevan's true financial status, for he was inclined to be hard-hearted.

"Your friend has bought an option which holds good for ten days," said Mr. Burke. "If he fails to complete the purchase contract at that time I am afraid *he will be out five hundred dollars.*" Then, earnestly, "I feel this as keenly as you, Mr. Linn. The loss of La Palomar Vista is the loss of a golden opportunity which—"

Seaman Linn spread out his hands and uttered a four-letter word.

"Don't be dumb, Burke," he said. "Five C's earnest money ain't gonna be like *selling* that ranch. And I'm here to tell you how you can *sell* it!"

Mr. Burke was very sad, indeed.

"To Larsen? No, no—I phoned him this morning. He's *already re-enlisted* in the Navy—"

"*Pipe down and listen!*"

CAPTAIN William "Rhino" Roscoe, commander of the 19th Destroyer Division, stern disciplinarian and nemesis of Linn and Dunnevan, was preparing to depart for the flagship when Mr. Burke was announced.

"It's no go, Burke," he said, at once. "Mrs. Roscoe won't let me buy that ranch. She wants to live in Honolulu when I retire."

Mr. Burke nodded, his manner funereal.

"That makes it less difficult for me to break the news, Captain," he said. "La Palomar Vista has been sold!"

"Sold? Who bought it?"

"A sailor named Timothy Dunnevan."

Rhino Roscoe went suddenly rigid.

"Dunnevan? Has he got a friend named Linn?"

"That's the man. Do you—"

"You've been the victim of a practi-

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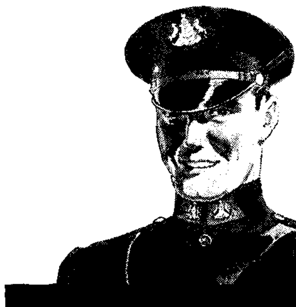

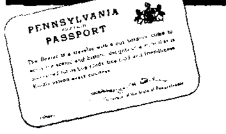

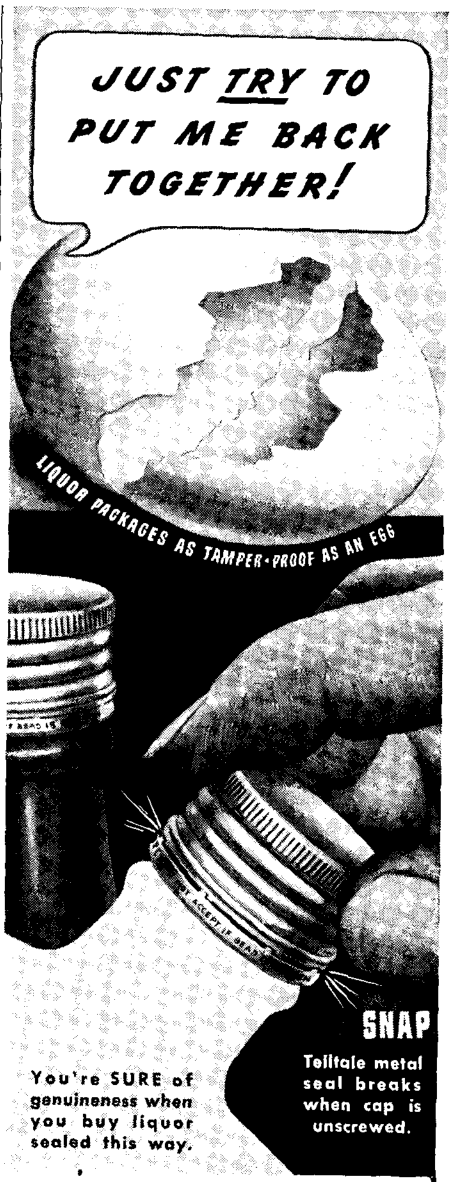
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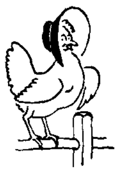


cal joke, Burke. Dunnevan has no money to buy a ranch."

Gently, lugubriously Mr. Burke acquainted Rhino Roscoe with the "facts." He produced the certified check which bore Fireman Timothy Dunnevan's endorsement.

"Linn advised Dunnevan to buy La Palomar Vista as a speculative investment, realizing that this property has not shared in the marked increment of values—"

Rhino Roscoe exploded.

"Bah! They bought it to get even with me! To hold me up for a profit! They're the slickest pair of confidence artists I ever saw—"

Mr. Burke looked pained.

"Oh, no, Captain," he said, "I did mention to Mr. Linn that you had looked at the place, but he assured me Mrs. Roscoe wore the pants—"

"*What?*"

"I—I mean—er—your wife was opposed—"

"I'm still my own man, Burke. Still my own man. If I really want to buy a ranch, I buy it!" Then, with the quickly raging anger of a choleric man, "The impudence of them! The effrontery! They knew I wanted that ranch. They knew I intended to make you an offer. This is sharp practice, Burke, sharp practice. I'm going to the mat with them this time—"

IT QUICKLY developed that Mr. Burke shared Captain Roscoe's indignation.

"Had I dreamed that Mr. Linn and Mr. Dunnevan would stoop to such tactics against a commissioned officer, Captain," he said, "I would not have allowed Dunnevan to buy the option." And, very impressively, he added: "In fact, I am tempted to invoke a legal flaw in the sales contract—"

"What's that, what's that? A flaw?"

Mr. Burke explained that owing to carelessness he had used an old contract blank which the State Supreme Court had held to be oppressive and illegal.

"—so if you really want La Palomar Vista I would feel justified in handing Dunnevan back his check. Even though he and Linn are now asking twenty-one-five for the property—"

"The crooks! So they thought they'd hold me up for six thousand dollars profit, did they? Ha! Tear up that contract and give Dunnevan back his check. I'll show them who they're monkeying with!"

Almost before he realized it, Captain Roscoe had signed to buy La Palomar Vista for sixteen-five.

"BENNY?"

"Yeah?"

"Why did the Skipper throw our pants back in the brig? An' why did he send us this box of see-gars an' extry bedding rolls an' all these magazines?"

Seaman Linn, in comfortable relaxation on his bunk and with heels cocked against the bulkhead, smiled.

"The Old Man hadta send us back to the brig because Mrs. Rhino Roscoe got sore on account of we hooked Rhino into buyin' that ranch, see? But the Skipper was laughin' up his sleeve all the time he was bawling hell outa us. He didn't like Rhino Roscoe no better'n we do. Get it?"

Fireman Dunnevan brightened.

"Mrs. Rhino Roscoe sure was orful sore. I got afraid the Skipper would hang us. These is good see-gars, Benny."

"Yeah—an' that's a good cashier's check we got from Burke for our share of the commission. Put it up where I can look at it."

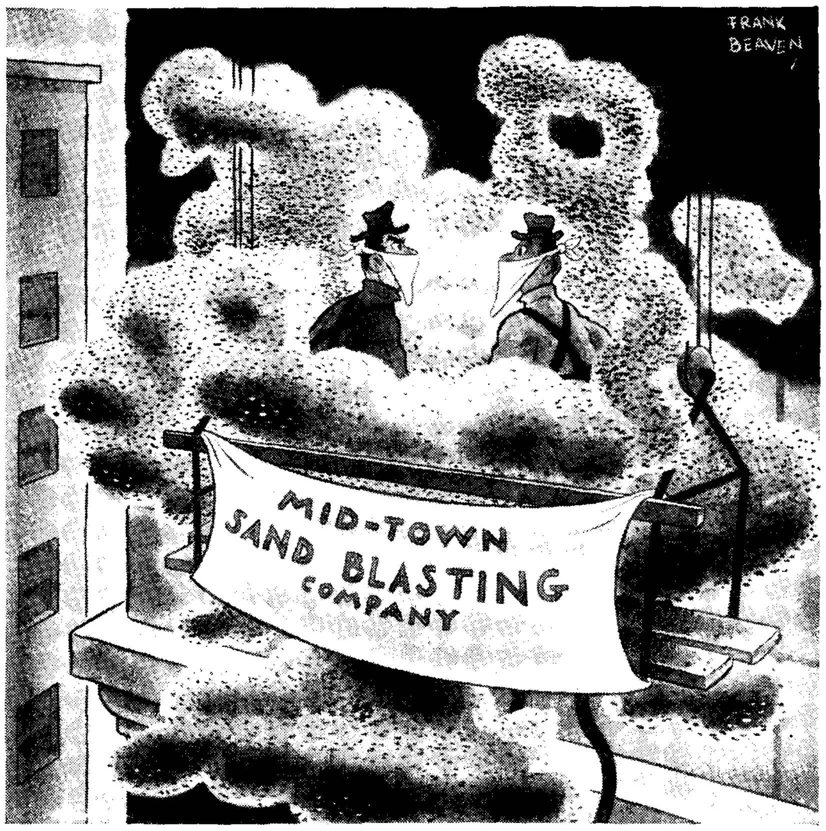
With chewing gum, Fireman Dunnevan stuck a check for a thousand dollars on the bulkhead. Nevertheless, he still had qualms:

"Rhino Roscoe is a mean guy, Benny. I bet he makes the Skipper keep us here from now on!"

Seaman Linn laughed, happily.

"Okay, okay," he said. "I'll jest set here and think. It'll come up a big freeze one of these nights and ruin Rhino's lemons an' oranges—because he ain't got no smudge pots that'll work! The water system will bust down pretty soon an' Rhino'll have to pay a dollar a gallon—because that water-rights guarantee ain't worth the paper it's written on." Another laugh. "An', Tim, jest wait till Rhino tries to take the missus up in them hills! God loves U. S. sailors, Tim, an' here's one U. S. sailor that loves God."

"Yerse. Amen, Benny!"



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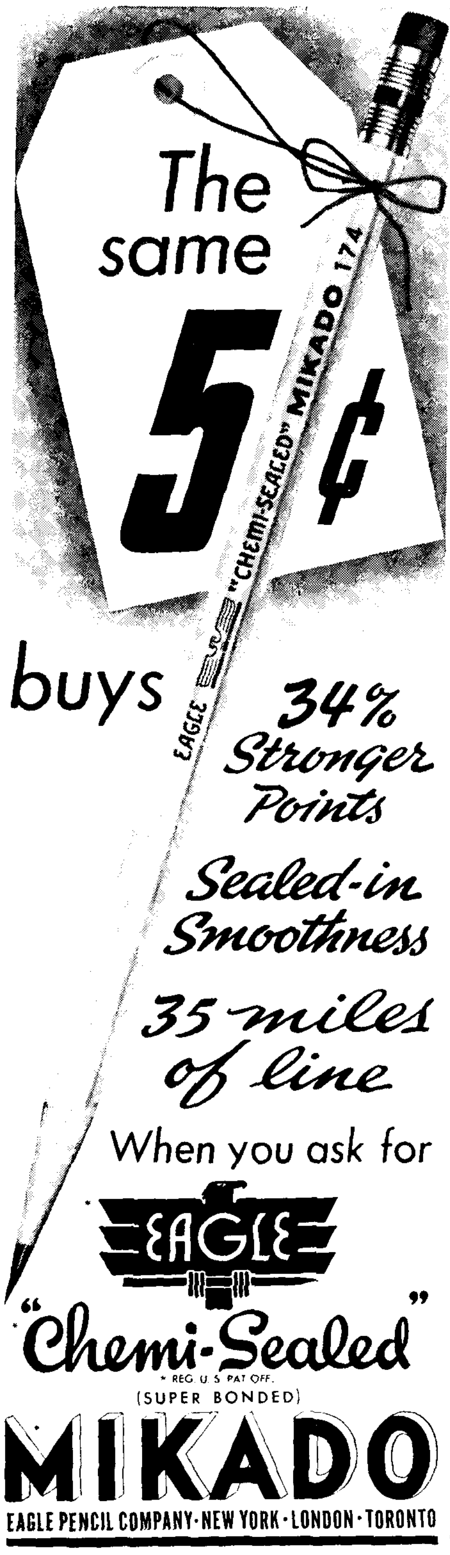
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Between Trains

Continued from page 13

the taxi's idling motor carried through the air and the furious sun engulfed him, but the thought of Cass persisted. Walking back to the cab across the gravel, he thought, "I'll never know another person as fine as she was."

He got back in the cab and they went on down Mission Street, past the president's house, and past the Campus Shop on the corner. They went past Center College, and the laboratory, and the library. There was a new men's dorm in place of old Webster Hall, but the administration building was unchanged, and so was the wooden platform on the lawn where they held the graduation exercises.

They held the graduation exercises out of doors because it was so hot. A million people had come down to see their children get out of college and Charlie had sat for hours, stifled in the voluminous scholarly folds of the black gown while oratory went on up at the front of the platform. When the eloquence was all over, the seniors walked by in a slow file and got their diplomas and the presidential handshake. The audience applauded and it was all very fine, supposedly, but all the time Charlie thought about how much nicer it would be to be out on the river, lying in the hot sand and talking to Cass.

At the time the thought that he was getting out of college didn't have much effect on him. He hadn't thought about it very much and it didn't seem a serious business at all. It just seemed to be a formula that you were expected to go through with.

It was Cass who was responsible for making him see what it really meant. That night after all the ceremony and handshaking was over he went down to see her and she came out on the porch and kissed him and said, "Darling, you were wonderful." She was smiling then, but later on she began to cry.

"There's nothing to cry about," Charlie said.

"I'm so happy," Cass said; but right after that she buried her head in his shoulder and said, "Darling, I'm so scared."

"There's nothing to be scared about."

"It's been so wonderful," Cass said. "It's been so gay and lighthearted and nothing at all mattered, and now it's different. You won't be coming back to school, and when you start working it gets serious and all the gaiety's gone."

"Yes," Charlie said. When he thought of it in that way it was serious. When he thought that he wasn't a kid any longer, and that from now on he had to make his own way, and had to take responsibility for everything on his own shoulders, it made a lot of difference. He sat quietly thinking about it for a while; but even then he could see that if Cass would wait for him it would make it easier. He would have something to work for then.

"YOU'LL forget all about me," Cass said.

"No," Charlie said. "Hell, it won't be very long. Maybe a year or two. If you'll just wait—"

"You know I'll wait," Cass said. "But it's so long."

"Not very long," Charlie said.

He put his arms around her and held her tight against his shoulder. He kissed her and told her he'd always love her and after a while she stopped crying.

Sitting back in the cab, he wondered just where it had gone wrong. After he left school that year he fooled around for a summer and finally wound up in Colorado in a mining school. He took his degree in mining engineering and finally got a job as a consulting engineer for a good corporation. He was making good money, and when he and Cass were married it seemed that he had everything he had ever wanted, and then something had gone wrong over that period of six years, and here he was running away from Cass because they couldn't live together any longer.

It was all wrong, he knew. It was wrong to destroy anything as fine as the thing he and Cass had once had. But it was gone, and if you didn't know why it was gone there was nothing you could do about it.

THEY were driving down Mission Street again, and the trees and house fronts were familiar as they went along. When they were still a block away from it Charlie could see the grim gray stone of the old house that Cass had lived in. He leaned forward toward the driver and they stopped near the old hitching post at the curb.

"The same person ain't got it," the driver said. "I been hackin' here for years so I get to know 'em. Used to belong to a professor out at the college, name of Thompson. He died two, three years back. Had a daughter—"

"Keep it just a minute, will you, Mac?" Charlie said.

He got out of the cab and walked halfway up the brick walk to the house. In the time it took him to go that far he remembered the nights he had spent sitting on the porch, and that made him remember the first night he had ever seen Cass.

It was a blind date. On the way down from the fraternity house he walked along speculating on what a professor's daughter would be like, and for no reason at all he had decided that she'd be short and dumpy, and have thick ankles, and wear glasses. By that time he wished he didn't have the date but there was no way he could get out of it. He rang the bell and then stood in the dark hall waiting for her, and when she came downstairs he was totally unprepared for what he saw.

She said, "Hello," and she had about the nicest voice he had ever heard, slow and deep and soft. She was about five feet six, and she had a nice build, and hair so black that it glistened where the light struck it, and deep blue eyes, and a sudden keen way of smiling that surprised you and made you want to smile with her. Her name was Cassandra.

It was raining outside and they sat in front of an open fire and talked, and later on they had sandwiches and coffee. At first he thought he should be more or less formal with a prof's daughter but by nine o'clock he thought she was swell, and by ten o'clock he was calling her Cass and she was calling him Charlie.

When he got back to the house that night Bill Parker said, "How's the professor's daughter?"

"Terrible!" Charlie said. "Stay away from that. She's terrible."

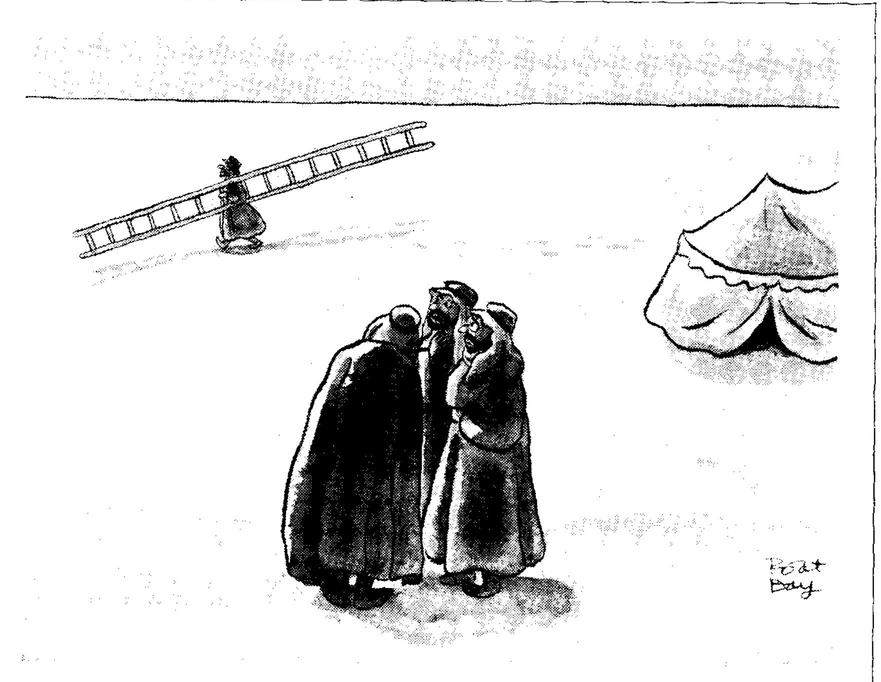
By saying that he managed to keep anyone from trying to beat his time for a month or more, and after that it didn't matter because he was seeing her every night and she had said she wouldn't have dates with anybody but him.

He turned away from the house with the picture of Cass like a clean, clear-cut pain in his mind. Going down the walk to the street he thought, "I didn't know it would be like this. I didn't know."

He got back in the cab and they drove back to the hotel. When he got out he handed the driver five dollars and went inside, and on through the lobby toward the bar. When he walked inside the bar he caught sight of himself in a full-length mirror, and for a moment he stood completely still, looking at it as though in that reflected image of himself he might find the answer to the question that was bothering him.

HE HAD the picture of Cass and himself clear in his mind and in that moment he tried to compare the person he remembered himself as being with the person he saw before him. It was a little difficult. There were some changes, of course, but they were the purely physical changes that might come in eight years of easy living, and they wouldn't prove anything. He looked like just exactly what he was, Charlie guessed, a successful young man, an athlete gone slightly to seed, a little thick in the middle and a little red in the face, but outside of that he was substantially the same person that he had been. Except that he wasn't. He had changed somehow, or else Cass had. He couldn't be sure which. Or maybe they had both changed.

The reason for those changes eluded



"I'm commencing to doubt Ibn Abba's sanity"

ROBERT DAY

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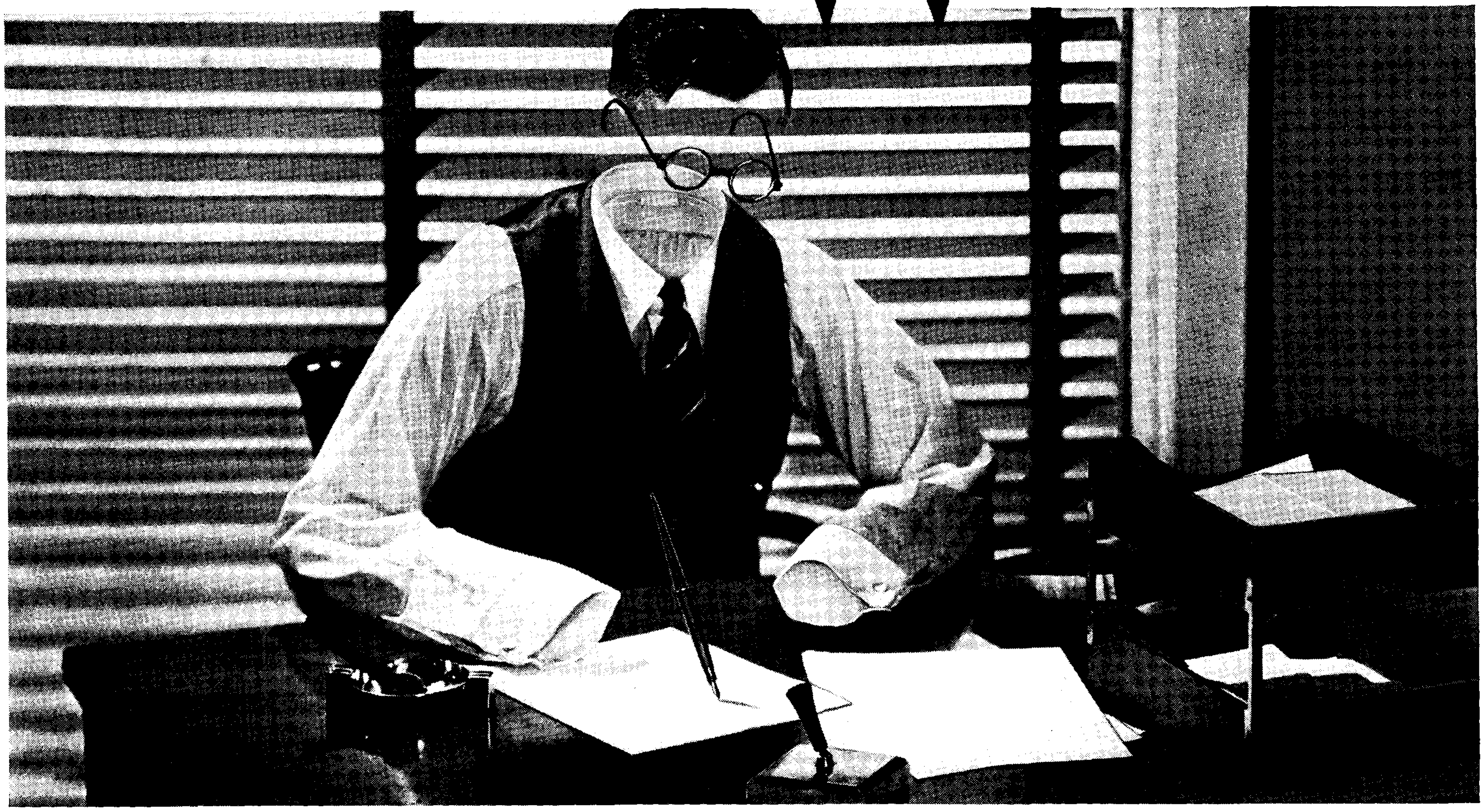
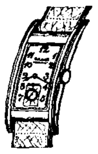


You can fill an "ad" with adjectives, but you've got to fill a bottle with G*ood* W*hiskey* to have it gain the G*rand* W*elcome* that G & W always gets. And you needn't G*row* W*eary* G*uessing* W*hy*. G & W is good to begin with because it begins with good ingredients... good all the way through because it's *controlled* at every step. You'll never G*o* W*rong* when you go for G & W. Remember the "spirit" and the letters... G & W is G*enuinely* W*orthwhile!*

Still time to enter the G*ruen* W*atch* Contest!



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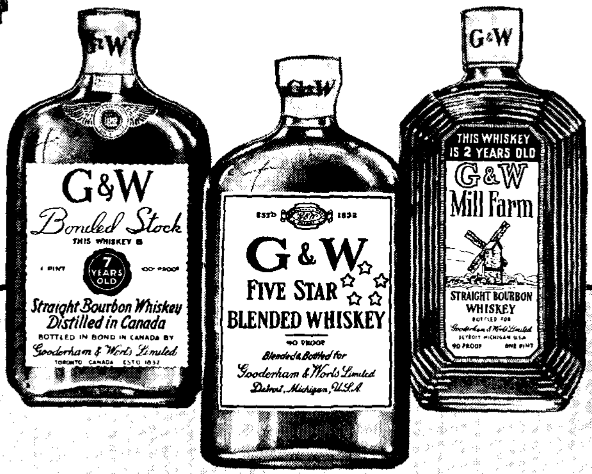
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him. He ordered a Scotch and soda and sat there sipping it, feeling the acute sadness that remembering things caused him, and he saw then that he had made a mistake some place. When he had left yesterday he had thought it would be final, but he knew that was wrong. He realized suddenly that Cass would be with him more than ever now. He would always remember that he had been the one to leave, and he would always regret it, because he had made a definite break without trying to understand the situation.

He had probably been wrong in other ways, he guessed. He went back eight years in his mind to the point where he was just getting out of school and tried to trace the things he had done, and the way he felt through the intervening years; and some place in there he found what he was looking for.

It came to him suddenly; and it was pretty bad. He saw himself the way he used to be, eager and keen, with a fine zest for living and a fine capacity for enjoying it, and then he saw himself losing that.

When he started out he was Charlie Harris and then after a while he made some money and became Mr. Charles L. Harris, with the emphasis on the Mr. and you could just about sum the matter up as simply as that. When he started out he was just a boy trying to get along, and that was fine; but it came too easily. He began having a pretty good opinion of himself and thinking that he was important. And a state of mind like that could throw you. It was pretty funny in a way to think that you could make such an awful damned fool of yourself and never know it. You could be pompous, and smug, and opinionated, and self-centered and not realize it. And you could let that state of affairs continue until they broke up a marriage, and put all the blame on another person because you wouldn't recognize those things in yourself.

It wasn't a very flattering picture, but it was true. And it was tough on Cass, sitting by and watching all that happen, and seeing the marriage go on the rocks and not being able to do anything about it.

Charlie Harris said, "Oh, God!"

The bartender stopped polishing a glass. "Did you say something?"

"Yes," Charlie said. "Yes, brother. I said plenty."

It helped some to realize where he had been wrong, but he knew then that the only important thing in his life was gone. He had lost the only thing he had ever cared about, or ever would care about. He could admit his error all the rest of his life without bringing the important thing back; but the situation had a certain obligation connected with it.

Charlie spun a silver dollar out on the bar and said, "Buy yourself a drink, friend."

HE WALKED out of the barroom and through the lobby and on past the elevators because it felt better to walk. He felt all tight and tied up inside and it felt good to be moving. He went up the three flights of stairs and down the hall to his room. He packed the few things he had taken out of his bags and then he sat down on the bed and picked up the telephone. For a long time he just held it in his hand without taking the receiver down because he was afraid of what might happen; but it had to be done.

He took the receiver off the hook. "Get me long distance, please."

"What party were you calling?"

He sat perfectly still on the bed and listened to the clerk's bored professional voice reciting the name and address, " . . . person-to-person call to Mrs. Charles L. Harris, 1822 Avon Street. . . ."

"Yes," Charlie said.

"Hold the wire, please."

It seemed to him that he waited for hours while long distance repeated the call to some distant operator and after that it was silent for a long time, and then central said, "Mrs. Charles Harris. . . . Here's your party"; and then Cass' voice came unmistakably over three hundred miles of wire.

"Hello."

"Cass?" Charlie said.

"Yes."

"Cass, this is Charlie."

The way she said, "Oh," was not encouraging. She said it in that cold, tired voice that he had come to know so well lately.

"*I had to talk to you.*"

"It seems to me," Cass said, "that we've both talked too much already."

Charlie had a moment of panic then. He felt a cold chill break through his body because she might hang up on him, and these few seconds seemed so important. They seemed more important than all of the last two or three years of his life. They were important because she might be gone from the telephone before he could tell her what he had found out.

His words came in an excited rush. "Give me five minutes, Cass. Five minutes before you hang up."

THEN he started talking. It was hard for him to express the things he wanted to tell her and he didn't have time to think of the proper words, but he managed it somehow. He started right at the beginning and he got it all in. It was tough going in spots. The thoughts and ideas and emotions got confused, but when he got through it was all there. He had that last year in school and the things they felt and talked about and hoped for. He had all the parties and the football games and the dances, and the automobile rides, and the long walks in the spring. While he was talking he could look out the window and see the tower of South College gleaming in the last flat rays of the sun, and hear the chapel clock chiming in a mellow, slow pleasantness, and that helped him some. It helped him feel for the moment that time hadn't gone on at all, and that the last five or six years hadn't existed; and all the time he was wondering if he could make her realize the way he felt, and if she could feel the same way.

When he got all through he said, "I just wanted you to know how it was. I wanted you to know that no matter what happens I know what a damned fool I was. It's up to you now, Cass, where I go. I'm checking out of here. Maybe I found it all out too late and it doesn't make any difference to you, but I just wanted you to know."

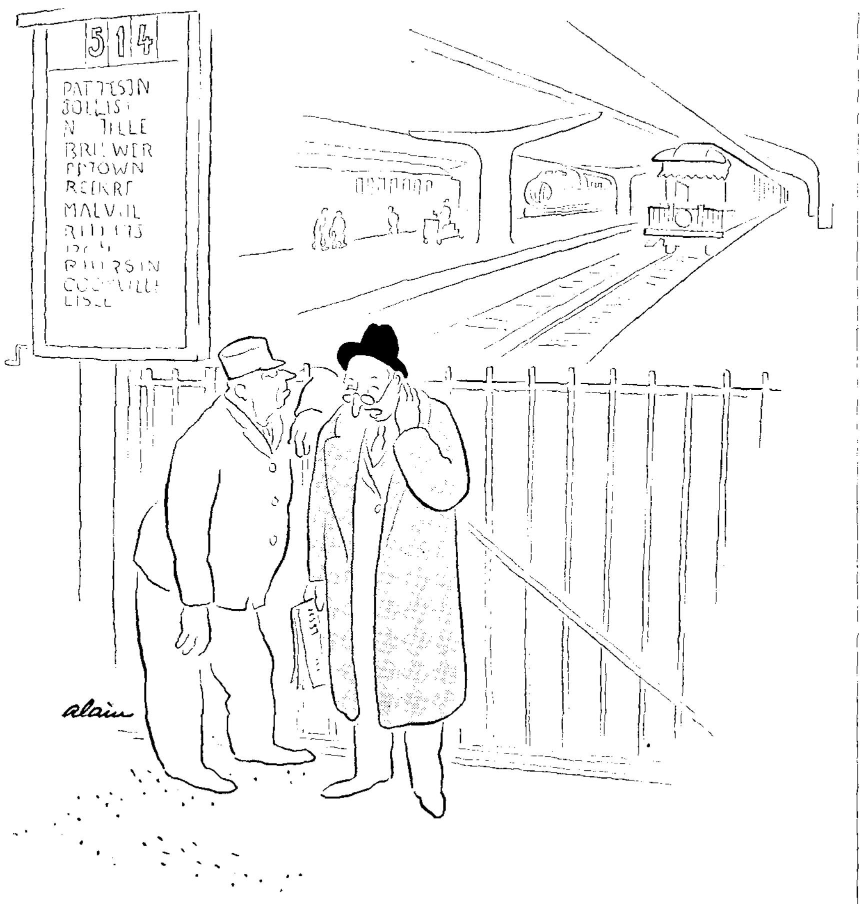
HE STOPPED talking and sat there waiting for her answer. He could hear voices from the street and a car going by in the stillness, and there was no response from the other end of the line. He had the receiver pressed tightly against his ear and he was hardly breathing, but he couldn't hear anything over the wire; and he knew then that he had failed. It was too late, he guessed, and he couldn't blame her for that. He couldn't make her believe that they could pick the threads up where they had left off so long ago, and go along the way they used to.

For a long time he sat there with the dead receiver in his hand and then he heard her voice coming over the wire. It came clear and low with the old lilt, the old quality in it.

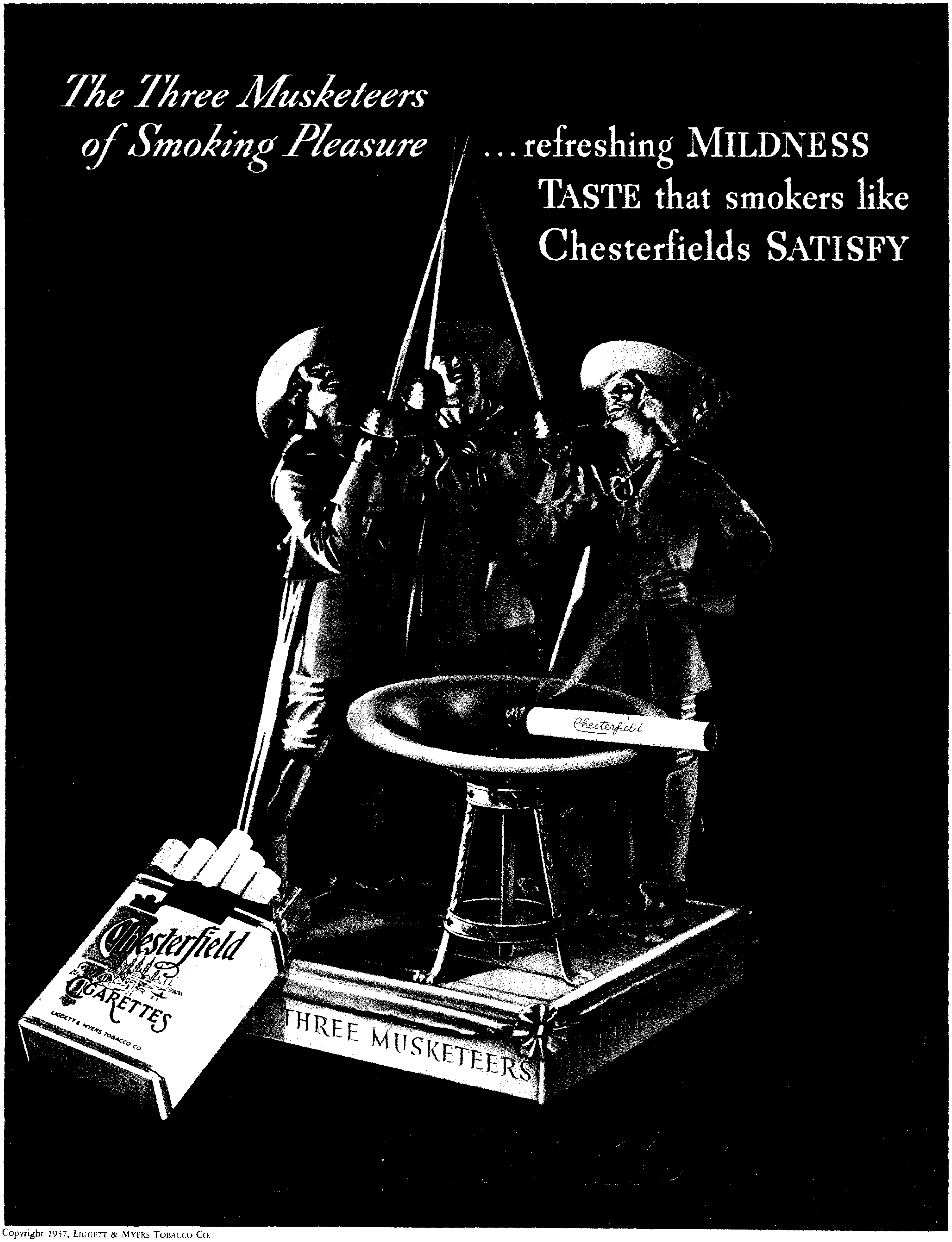
"Darling," Cass said, and he could almost see her sitting by the phone, smiling in that bright, sudden way she had. "Darling," Cass said, "I'll sound like an ad in the personal column of the paper. Come on home; all is forgiven."

Charlie Harris couldn't say a word. He sat there and heard the connection broken on the other end and he couldn't speak. He couldn't even move. But he knew it would be all right. The old eagerness and the keenness were back.

He sat there feeling those things in himself, feeling fine. Then he put the receiver back on the hook, picked his bags off the floor, and walked out of the room.



"I hate to miss a train. Now I'll drink until the next one leaves and then I'll dread getting home"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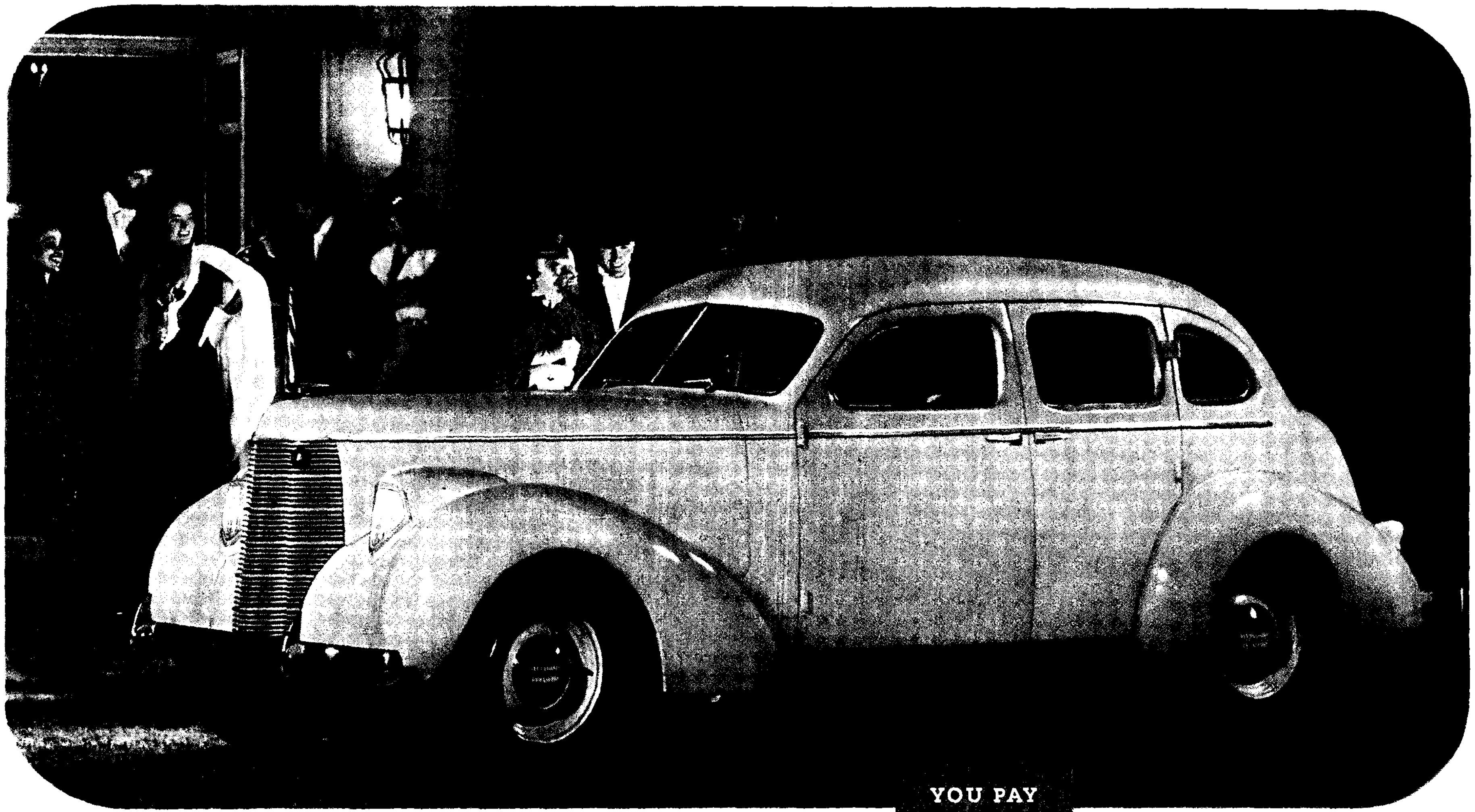

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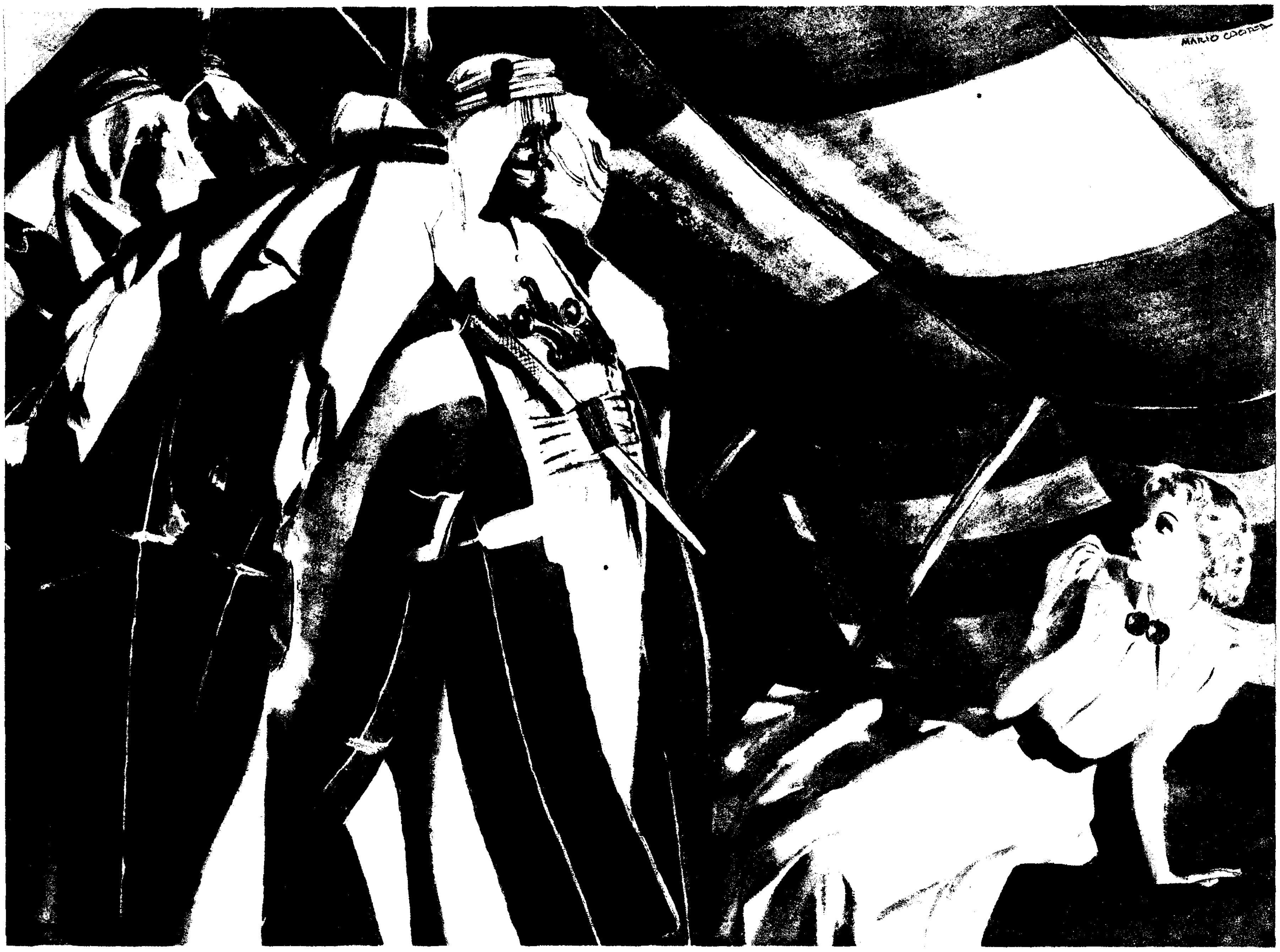


MARIO COOPER

"She has been saying the strangest things—about enemies and some sheik that wanted to kidnap her"

Appointment with Death

By Agatha Christie

The Story Thus Far:

MRS. BOYNTON, an American widow, is touring the Near East with her family: Ginevra ("Jinny"), her daughter; her stepchildren, Raymond, Carol and Lennox; and Lennox's wife, Nadine. The old woman (once a wardress of a prison) is so brutally tyrannical that Raymond, frantic, finally tells Carol *that she must die!* Unfortunately, Hercule Poirot, a detective, overhears the remark—and takes pains to learn who had made it.

A few days later, Mrs. Boynton dies under suspicious circumstances in the ancient rock city of Petra. Not, however, until four other tourists have arrived: Dr. Theodore Gerard, a brilliant French alienist; his friend, Sarah King, a young English medical student; Miss Amabel Pierce, a timorous English spinster; and Lady Westholme, a personage of exceptional will power.

Sarah King is in love with Raymond Boynton. In Jerusalem, Mrs. Boynton had snubbed her, and Sarah had retaliated. She is still trying to fathom the meaning of the old woman's cryptic parthian shot: "I never forget. Remember that. I've never forgotten anything—not an action, not a name, not a face! . . ."

Suspecting murder, Colonel Carbury takes charge of the case. His assistant is—*Hercule Poirot!* It appears (on the testimony of Dr. Gerard and Sarah King) that someone, using the doctor's hypodermic syringe and some of his digitoxin (a heart poison), had killed Mrs. Boynton.

Poirot interviews a number of witnesses. Suspicion seems to center on Raymond. The young man stoutly asserts that he, the last person to see his stepmother alive, had talked to her *at least two hours* after the time when, according to Sarah King, she had died! This, coupled with what Poirot had overheard the young man *actually say*, puts Raymond in a perilous position. Nevertheless, Poirot does not believe that the boy is guilty.

But Sarah King gives him a shock. Encountering her, he observes that she is nervous, overwrought. "Miss Sarah," he says, "will you not tell me what you fear?"

Presently she answers: "That afternoon, Raymond and I were together. He left me, saying he wanted to do something *now*—while he had the courage. Supposing he meant—"

VIII

NADINE BOYNTON came out of the hotel. As she hesitated uncertainly, a waiting figure sprang forward.

Mr. Jefferson Cope was immediately at his lady's side.

"Shall we walk up this way? I think it's the pleasantest."

She acquiesced.

They walked along and Mr. Cope talked. His words came freely if a trifle monotonously. It is not certain whether he perceived that Nadine was not listening.

As they turned aside onto the stony, flower-covered hillside she interrupted him.

"Jefferson, I'm sorry. I've got to talk to you." Her face had grown pale.

"Why, certainly, my dear. Anything you like, but don't distress yourself."

She said, "You're cleverer than I thought. You know, don't you, what I'm going to say?"

"It is undoubtedly true," said Mr. Cope, "that circumstances alter cases. I do feel, very profoundly, that in the present circumstances decisions may have to be reconsidered." He sighed. "You've got to go right ahead, Nadine, and do just what you feel."

She said, with real emotion:

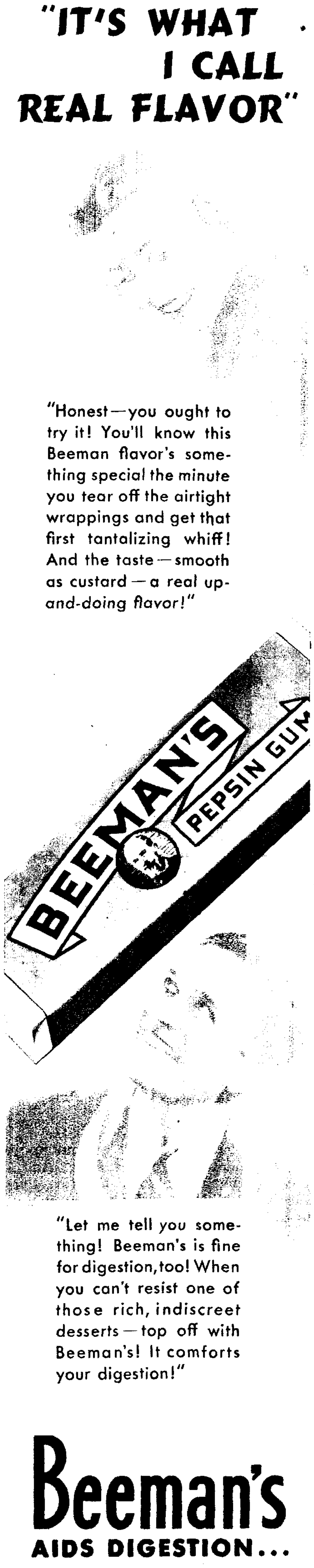
"You're so *good*, Jefferson. So patient! I feel I've treated you very badly. I really have been downright mean to you."

"Now, look here, Nadine, let's get this right. I've always known what my limitations were where you were concerned. I've had the deepest affection and respect for you ever since I've known you. All I want is your happiness. That's all I've ever wanted. Seeing you unhappy has very nearly driven me crazy. And I may say that I've blamed Lennox. I've felt that he didn't deserve to keep you if he didn't value your happiness a little more than he seemed to do!"

MR. COPE took a breath and went on: "Now I'll admit that after traveling with you to Petra, I felt that perhaps Lennox wasn't quite so much to blame as I thought. He wasn't so much selfish where you were concerned, as too unselfish where his mother was concerned. I don't want to say anything against the dead, but I do think that your mother-in-law was perhaps an unusually difficult woman."

"Yes, I think you may say that."

"Anyway," went on Mr. Cope, "you came to me yesterday and told me that you'd definitely decided to leave Lennox. I applauded your decision. It wasn't right, the life you were leading. You were quite honest with me. You didn't pretend to be more than just mildly fond of me. Well, that was all right with me. All I asked was the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AIDS DIGESTION...

chance to look after you and treat you as you should be treated. I may say that afternoon was one of the happiest afternoons in my life."

"I'm sorry—I'm sorry!" Nadine cried.

"No, my dear, because all along I had a kind of feeling that it wasn't real. I felt it was quite in the cards that you would have changed your mind by the next morning. Well, things are different now. You and Lennox can lead a life of your own."

Nadine said quietly, "Yes. I can't leave Lennox. Please forgive me."

"Nothing to forgive," declared Mr. Cope. "You and I will go back to being old friends. We'll just forget about that afternoon."

Nadine placed a gentle hand on his arm.

"Dear Jefferson, thank you. I'm going to find Lennox now."

She turned and left him.

NADINE found Lennox sitting on the top of the Graeco-Roman Theater.

"Lennox."

"Nadine." He half turned.

"We haven't been able to talk until now," she said. "But you know, don't you, that I am not leaving you?"

He said, gravely, "Did you ever really mean to, Nadine?"

She nodded.

"Yes. You see, it seemed to be the only possible thing left to do. I hoped that you would come after me. Poor Jefferson, how mean I have been to him!"

Lennox gave a sudden curt laugh.

"No, you haven't. Anyone who is as unselfish as Cope ought to be given full scope for his nobility! And you were right, you know, Nadine. When you told me that you were going away with him you gave me the shock of my life! You know, honestly, I think I must have been going queer or something lately. Why the hell didn't I snap my fingers in Mother's face and go off with you when you wanted me to?"

She said gently:

"You couldn't, my dear, you couldn't."

Lennox said, musingly, "Mother was a damned queer character. . . . I believe she had us all half hypnotized."

"She had."

Lennox mused a minute or two longer. Then he said, "When you told me that afternoon, it was just like being hit a crack on the head! I walked back half dazed, and then suddenly I saw what a damned fool I'd been! I realized that there was only one thing to be done if I didn't want to lose you."

He felt her stiffen. His tone became grimmer.

"I went and—"

"Don't . . ."

He gave her a quick glance.

"I went and argued with her." He spoke with a complete change of tone, careful and rather toneless. "I told her that I'd got to choose between her and you—and that I chose you."

There was a pause.

He repeated, in a tone of curious self-approval, "Yes, that's what I said to her."

POIROT met two people on his way home. The first was Mr. Jefferson Cope.

"M. Hercule Poirot? My name's Jefferson Cope."

The two men shook hands.

Then falling into step beside Poirot, Mr. Cope explained:

"It's just got round to me that you're making a kind of routine inquiry into the death of my old friend, Mrs. Boynton. That certainly was a shocking business. Of course, mind you, the old lady ought never to have undertaken such a fatiguing journey. But she was headstrong, M. Poirot. Her family could do nothing with her. She was by way of being a household tyrant—had had her own way too long, I guess. It certainly is true that what she said went! Yes, sir, that certainly was true."

There was a momentary pause.

"I'd just like to tell you, M. Poirot, that I'm an old friend of the Boynton family. Naturally they're all a good deal upset over this business, they're a trifle nervous and highly strung, too, you know, so if there are any arrangements to be made—necessary formalities, arrangements for the funeral—transport of the body to Jerusalem, why, I'll take as much trouble as I can off their hands. Just call upon me for anything that needs doing."

"I am sure the family will appreciate your offer," said Poirot. He added: "You are, I think, a special friend of young Mrs. Boynton's."

Mr. Jefferson Cope went a little pink.

"Well, we won't say much about that, M. Poirot. I hear you had an interview with Mrs. Lennox Boynton this morning and she may have given you a hint how things were between us, but that's all over now. Mrs. Boynton is a very fine woman and she feels that her first duty is to her husband—now."

THERE was a pause. Poirot received the information by a delicate gesture of the head. Then he murmured:

"It is the desire of Colonel Carbury to have a clear statement concerning the afternoon of Mrs. Boynton's death. Can you give me an account of it?"

"Why, certainly. After our luncheon and a brief rest we set out for a kind of informal tour round. We escaped, I'm glad to say, without that pestilential dragoman. That man's just crazy on the subject of the Jews. I don't think he's quite sane on that point. Anyway, as I was saying, we set out. It was then that I had my interview with Nadine. Afterward, she wished to be alone with her husband to discuss matters with him. I went off on my own, working gradually back toward the camp. About halfway there I met the two English ladies who had been on the morning expedition—one of them's an English peeress, I understand?"

Poirot said that such was the case.

"Ah, she's a fine woman, a very powerful intellect and very well informed. The other seemed to me rather a weak sister—and she looked about dead with fatigue. That expedition in the morning was very strenuous for an elderly lady, especially when she doesn't like heights. Well, as I was saying, I met these two ladies and was able to give them some information on the subject of the Nabateans. We went around a bit and got back to the camp about six. Lady Westholme insisted on having tea and I had the pleasure of having a cup with her—the tea was kind of weak but it had an interesting flavor. Then the boys laid the table for supper and sent out to the old lady only to find that she was sitting there dead in her chair."

"DID you notice her as you walked home?"

"I did just notice she was there—it was her usual seat in the afternoon and evening, but I didn't pay special attention."

"Thank you, Mr. Cope. May I be so indiscreet as to ask if Mrs. Boynton is likely to have left a large fortune?"

"A very considerable one. That is to say, strictly speaking it was not hers to leave. She had a life interest in it and at her death it is divided between the late Elmer Boynton's children. Yes, they will all be very comfortably off."

"Money," murmured Poirot, "makes a lot of difference. How many crimes have been committed for it!"

Mr. Cope looked a little startled.

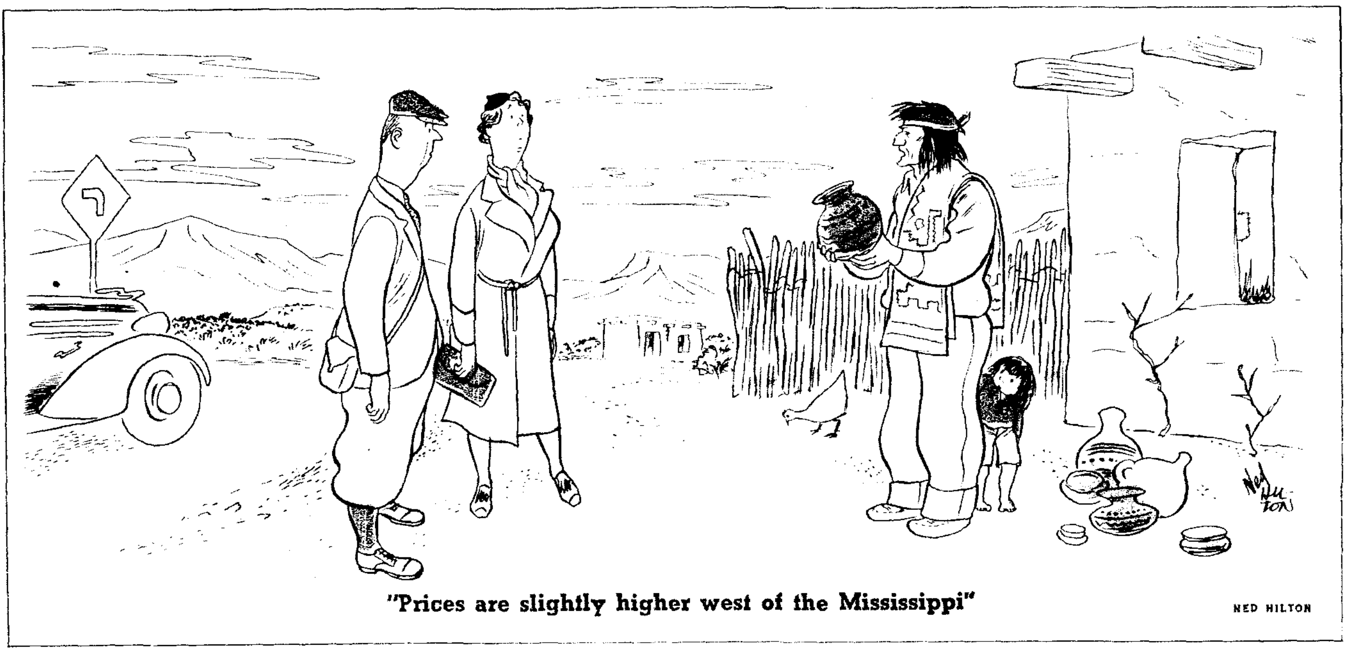
"Why, that's so, I suppose."

Poirot smiled sweetly and murmured, "But there are so many motives for murder, are there not? Thank you, Mr. Cope, for your kind co-operation."

"You're welcome, I'm sure," said Mr. Cope. "Do I see Miss King sitting up there? I think I'll go and have a word with her."

Poirot continued to descend the hill. He met Miss Pierce fluttering up it. She greeted him breathlessly.

"Oh, M. Poirot, I'm so glad to meet you. I've been talking to that very odd girl—the youngest one, you know. She has been saying the strangest things—about enemies and some sheik that wanted to kidnap her and how she has spies all round her. Really, it sounded


"Prices are slightly higher west of the Mississippi"

NED HILTON

most romantic! Lady Westholme says it is all nonsense and that she once had a redheaded kitchenmaid who told lies just like that, but I think sometimes that Lady Westholme is rather hard. And after all, it might be true, mightn't it, M. Poirot?"

Miss Pierce looked wistful and excited. Poirot said somewhat sententiously:

"It is true that there are many strange things in life."

"I didn't really take in this morning who you were," said Miss Pierce, clasping her hands. "Of course you are that *very* famous detective! I read *all* about the A B C case. It was so *thrilling*. I had actually a post as governess near Doncaster at the time."

Poirot murmured something. Miss Pierce went on with growing agitation:

"That is why I felt that perhaps—I had been wrong—this morning. One must always tell *everything*, must one not? Even the *smallest* detail, however unrelated it may *seem*. Because, of course, if *you* are mixed up in this, poor Mrs. Boynton *must* have been murdered! I see that now! I suppose Mr. Mah Mood—I cannot remember his name—but the dragoman, I mean—I suppose he could not be a *Bolshevik agent*? Or, even perhaps, Miss King? I believe many *quite* well brought up young girls of *good* family belong to these dreadful Communists! That's why I wondered if I *ought* to tell you—because, you see, it was rather *peculiar* when one comes to think of it."

"Precisely," said Poirot. "And therefore you will tell me all about it."

"WELL, it's not really anything very much. It's only that on the next morning after the discovery I was up rather early, and I looked out of my tent to see the effect of the sunrise—"

"Yes, yes. And you saw?"

"That's the curious thing—at least at the time it didn't *seem* much. It was only that I saw that Boynton girl come out of her tent and fling something right out into the stream—nothing in *that*, of course, but it *glittered*—in the sunlight! As it went through the air. It *glittered*."

"Which Boynton girl was it?"

"I think it was the one they call Carol, a very nice-looking girl, so like her brother really they might be *twins*. Or, of course, it *might* have been the youngest one. The sun was in my eyes, so I couldn't quite see."

"And she threw away a brightly glittering object?" said Poirot.

"Yes. And of course, as I said, I didn't think much of it *at the time*. But later I had walked along the stream and Miss King was there. And there among a lot of other very unsuitable things—even a tin or two—I saw a little bright metal box—not an exact square—a sort of long square if you understand what I mean—"

"But, yes, I understand perfectly. About so long?"

"Yes, how *clever* of you! And I thought to myself, 'I suppose *that's* what the Boynton girl threw away, but it's a nice little box.' And just out of curiosity I picked it up and opened it. It had a kind of syringe inside—the same thing they stuck into my arm when I was being inoculated for typhoid. And I thought how curious to throw it away like that because it didn't seem broken or anything. But just as I was wondering Miss King spoke behind me. I hadn't heard her come up. And she said, 'Oh, thank you—that's my hypodermic. I was coming to look for it.' So I gave it to her and she went back to the camp with it."

Miss Pierce paused and then went on:

"And, of course, I expect there is *nothing in it*—only it *did* seem a little curious that Carol Boynton should throw away Miss King's syringe. I mean, it was odd, if you know what I mean. Though, of course, I expect there is a very good explanation."

She paused, looking at Poirot.

His face was grave.

"Thank you, Mademoiselle. What you have told me may not be important in itself, but I will tell you this: It completes my case! Everything is now clear and in order."

"Oh, really?" Miss Pierce looked as flushed and pleased as a child.

Poirot escorted her to the hotel.

Back in his own room he added one line to his memorandum. Point No. 10. "*I never forget. Remember that. I've never forgotten anything. . . .*"

He nodded his head.

"*Mais oui,*" he said. "It is all clear now!"

"MY PREPARATIONS are complete," said Hercule Poirot.

With a little sigh, he stepped back a pace or two and contemplated his arrangement of one of the unoccupied hotel bedrooms.

Colonel Carbury, leaning inelegantly against the bed, which had been pushed against the wall, smiled.

"Funny feller, aren't you, Poirot?" he said. "Like to dramatize things."

"Perhaps that is true," admitted the little detective.

Colonel Carbury looked at him curiously.

"Well," he said. "It's up to you! I don't know what you're driving at. I gather, though, that you've *got* something."

"I shall have the honor to present to you what you asked me for—the truth!"

"Do you think we can get a conviction?"

"That, my friend, I did not promise."

"True enough. Maybe I'm glad you haven't. It depends."

"My arguments are mainly psychological," said Poirot.

Colonel Carbury sighed.

"I was afraid they might be."

"But they will convince you," Poirot reassured him. "The truth, I have always thought, is curious and beautiful."

"Sometimes," said Colonel Carbury, "it's damned unpleasant."

Poirot glanced at his watch, a large grotesque turnip of a watch.

"Family heirloom?" inquired Carbury interestedly.

"But yes, indeed, it belonged to my grandfather."

"Thought it might have."

"It is time to commence our proceedings," said Poirot. "You, *mon Colonel,* will sit here behind this table in an official position."

"Oh, all right," Carbury grunted. "You don't want me to put my uniform on, do you?"

"No, no. If you would permit that I straighten your tie."

He suited the action to the word. Colonel Carbury grinned again, sat down in the chair indicated and a moment later, unconsciously, tweaked his tie round under his left ear again.

"Here," continued Poirot, slightly altering the position of the chairs, "we place *la famille Boynton*.

"And over here," he went on, "we will place the three outsiders who have a definite stake in the case. Dr. Gerard, on whose evidence the case for the prosecution depends. Miss Sarah King, who has two separate interests in the case, a personal one, and that of medical examiner. Also Mr. Jefferson Cope, who was on intimate terms with the Boyntons and so may be definitely described as an interested party."

He broke off. "Aha—here they come."

He opened the door to admit the party.

Lennox Boynton and his wife came in first. Raymond and Carol followed. Ginevra walked by herself, a faint faraway smile on her lips. Dr. Gerard and

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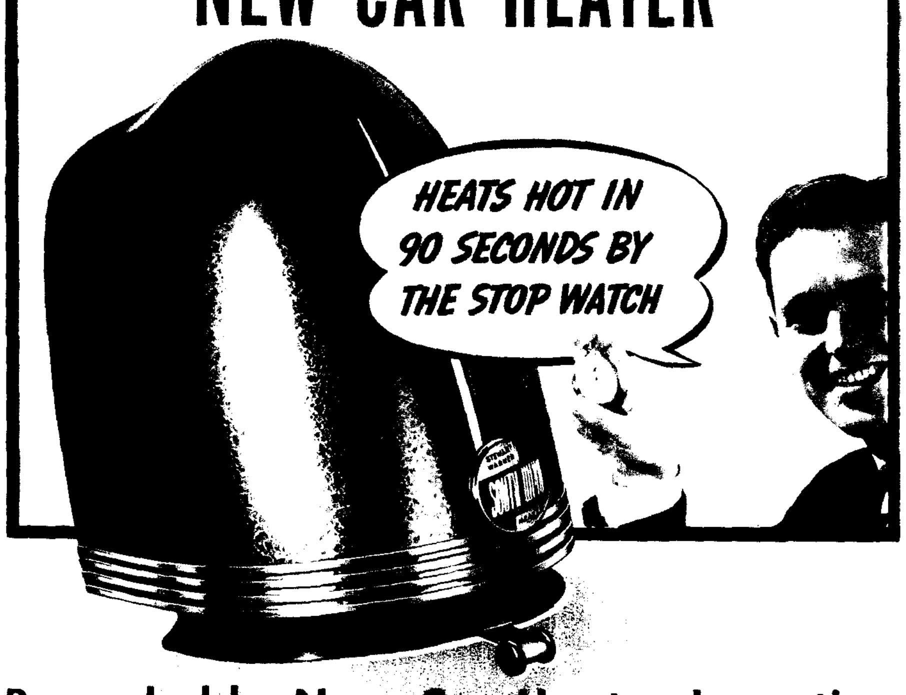

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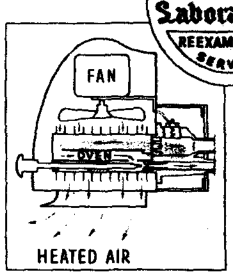

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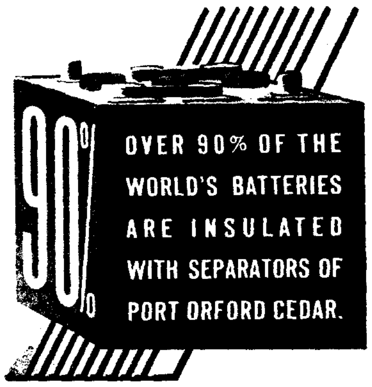

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Sarah King brought up the rear. Mr. Jefferson Cope was a few minutes late.

When he had taken his place Poirot stepped forward.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "this is an entirely informal gathering. It has come about through the accident of my presence in Amman. Colonel Carbury did me the honor to consult me—"

Poirot was interrupted. The interruption came from what was seemingly the most unlikely quarter. Lennox Boynton said pugnaciously:

"Why? Why the devil should he bring you into this business?"

Poirot waved a hand gracefully.

"Me, I am often called in in cases of sudden death."

Lennox Boynton said, "Doctors send for you whenever there is a case of heart failure?"

"Heart failure is such a very loose and unscientific term," Poirot said gently.

Colonel Carbury cleared his throat. He spoke in an official tone.

"Best to make it quite clear. Circumstances of death reported to me. Very natural occurrence. Weather unusually hot—journey a very trying one for an elderly lady in bad health. So far all quite clear. But Dr. Gerard came to me and volunteered a statement—"

He looked inquiringly at Poirot. Poirot nodded.

"Dr. Gerard is a very eminent physician with a world-wide reputation. Any statement he makes is bound to be received with attention. Dr. Gerard's statement was as follows: On the morning after Mrs. Boynton's death, he noticed that a certain quantity of a powerful drug acting on the heart was missing from his medical supplies. On the previous afternoon he had noted the disappearance of a hypodermic syringe. Syringe was returned during the night. Final point: There was a puncture on the dead woman's wrist corresponding to the mark of a hypodermic syringe."

COLONEL CARBURY paused.

"In these circumstances I considered that it was the duty of those in authority to inquire into the matter. M. Hercule Poirot was my guest and very considerately offered his highly specialized services. I gave him full authority to make any investigations he pleased. We are assembled here now to hear his report on the matter."

There was silence—an acute silence.

Poirot said quietly:

"When Colonel Carbury mentioned this business to me, I gave him my opinion as an expert. I told him that it might not be possible to bring proof—such proof as would be admissible in a court of law—but I told him very definitely that I was sure I could arrive at the truth simply by questioning the people concerned. For let me tell you this, my friends, to investigate a crime it is only necessary to let the guilty party or parties *talk*—always, in the end, they tell you what you want to know!"

He paused.

"So, in this case, although you have lied to me, you have also, unwittingly told me the truth."

He heard a faint sigh, the scrape of a chair on the floor to his right, but he did not look around. He continued to look at the Boyntons.

"First, I examined the possibility of Mrs. Boynton having died a natural death, and I decided against it. The missing drug, the hypodermic syringe and, above all, the attitude of the dead lady's family all convinced me that that supposition could not be entertained.

"Not only was Mrs. Boynton killed in cold blood—but every member of her family was aware of the fact! Collectively they reacted as guilty parties.

"But there are degrees in guilt. I examined the evidence carefully with a view to ascertaining whether the murder—yes, it was *murder*—had been committed by the old lady's family *acting on a concerted plan.*

"There was, I may say, overwhelming motive. One and all stood to gain by her death—both in the financial sense—for they would at once attain financial independence and indeed enjoy very considerable wealth—and also in the sense of being freed from what had become an almost insupportable tyranny.

"TO CONTINUE: I decided, almost immediately, that the concerted theory would not hold water. The stories of the Boynton family did not dovetail neatly into each other, and no system of workable alibis had been arranged. The facts seemed more to suggest that one—or possibly two—members of the family had acted in collusion and that the others were accessories after the fact.

"I next considered which particular member or members—were indicated. Here, I may say, I was inclined to be biased by a certain piece of evidence known only to myself."

Here Poirot recounted his experience in Jerusalem.

"Naturally, that pointed very strongly to Mr. Raymond Boynton as the prime mover in the affair. Studying the family, I came to the conclusion that the most likely recipient of his confidences that night would be his sister Carol. They strongly resemble each other in appearance and temperament and so would have a keen bond of sympathy, and they also possessed the nervous rebellious temperament necessary for the conception of such an act. That their motive was partly unselfish—to free the whole family and particularly their younger sister—only made the planning of the deed more plausible."

Poirot paused a minute.

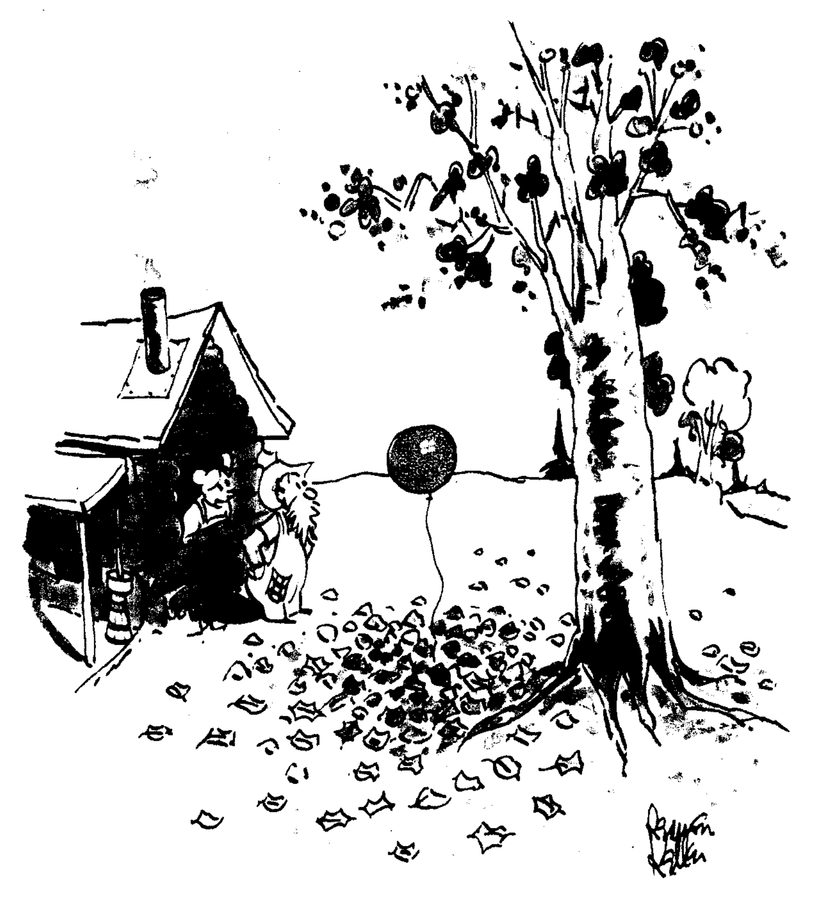
Raymond Boynton half opened his lips, then shut them again. His eyes looked steadily at Poirot with a kind of dumb agony in them.

"Before I go into the case against Raymond Boynton, I would like to read to you a list of significant points which I drew up and submitted to Colonel Carbury this afternoon. Here they are:

1. Mrs. Boynton was taking a mixture containing digitalin.
2. Dr. Gerard missed a hypodermic syringe.
3. Mrs. Boynton took definite pleasure in keeping her family from enjoying themselves with other people.
4. Mrs. Boynton, on the afternoon in question, encouraged her family to go away and leave her.
5. Mrs. Boynton was a mental sadist.
6. The distance from the marquee to the place where Mrs. Boynton was sitting is (roughly) two hundred yards.
7. Mr. Lennox Boynton said at first he did not know what time he returned to the camp, but later he admitted having set his mother's wrist watch to the right time.
8. Dr. Gerard and Miss Ginevra Boynton occupied tents next door to each other.
9. At half past six, when dinner was ready, a servant was dispatched to announce the fact to Mrs. Boynton.
10. Mrs. Boynton, in Jerusalem, used these words: "I never forget. Remember that. I've never forgotten anything."

"Although I have numbered the points separately, occasionally they can be bracketed in pairs. That is the case, for instance, with the first two. *Mrs. Boynton was taking a mixture containing digitalin. Dr. Gerard had missed a hypodermic syringe.* Those two points were the first thing that struck me about the case, and I may say to you that I found them most extraordinary and quite irreconcilable. You do not see what I mean? No matter. I will return to the point presently. Let it suffice that I noted those two points as something that had definitely to be explained satisfactorily.

"I will conclude now with my study of the possibility of Raymond Boynton's guilt. The following are the facts: He had been heard to discuss the possibility of taking Mrs. Boynton's life. He was in a condition of great nervous excitement. He had—Mademoiselle will forgive me—" he bowed apologetically to



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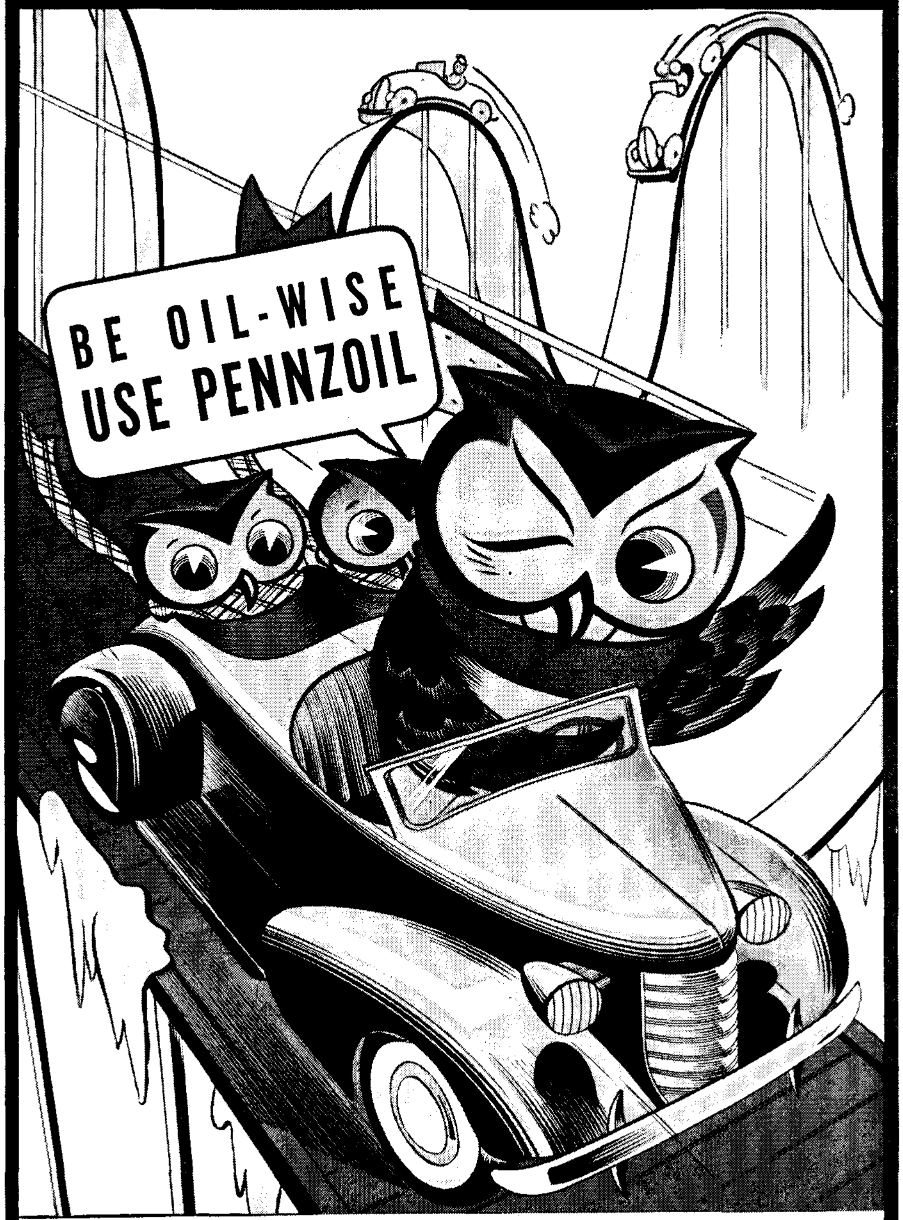

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Sarah—"just passed through a moment of great emotional crisis. He says that at ten minutes to six *Mrs. Boynton was alive and well.*

"But we now come to a fact which directly contradicts that statement. At half past six Mrs. Boynton's death was discovered by a servant. Miss King, who holds a medical degree, examined her body and she swears definitely that at that time, though she did not pay any special attention to the time when death had occurred, it had *most certainly and decisively* taken place at least an hour (and probably *a good deal more*) before six o'clock.

"We have here, you see, two conflicting statements. Setting aside the possibility that Miss King may have made a mistake—"

Raymond interrupted him:

"My mother was alive and well as I've said. Miss King was flustered and upset and made a mistake."

"ONE asks oneself," said Poirot calmly sweeping on, "whether there could possibly be a reason for Raymond Boynton to misrepresent the facts. It seems, on the face of it, that he *cannot be guilty,* since at the only time he was known to approach his stepmother that afternoon *she had already been dead for some time.* Now supposing, therefore, that Raymond Boynton is *innocent,* can we explain his conduct?

"And I say that on the assumption that he is innocent, we can! For I remember that fragment of conversation I overheard: *'You do see, don't you, that she's got to be killed?'* He comes back from his walk and finds her dead and at once his guilty memory envisages a certain possibility. The plan has been carried out, not by him but by his fellow planner. *Tout simplement*—he suspects that his sister, Carol Boynton, is guilty."

"It's a lie," said Raymond in a low, trembling voice.

Poirot went on:

"Let us now take the possibility of Carol Boynton being the murderess. What is the evidence against her? She has the same highly strung temperament—the kind of temperament that might see such a deed colored with heroism. It was she to whom Raymond Boynton was talking that night in Jerusalem. Carol Boynton returned to the camp at ten minutes past five. According to her own story she went up and spoke to her mother. No one saw her do so. The camp was deserted, the boys were asleep. Lady Westholme, Miss Pierce and Mr. Cope were exploring caves out of sight of the camp. There was no witness of Carol Boynton's possible action. The time would agree well enough. The case, then, against Carol Boynton is a perfectly possible one."

He paused. Carol had raised her head. Her eyes looked steadily and sorrowfully into his.

"There is one other point: The following morning, very early, Carol Boynton was seen to throw something into the stream. There is reason to believe that that something was a hypodermic syringe."

"*Comment?*" Dr. Gerard looked up, surprised. "But my hypodermic was *returned.* Yes, yes, I have it now."

Poirot nodded vigorously.

"Yes, yes. This second hypodermic, it is very curious—very interesting. I have been given to understand that this hypodermic belonged to Miss King. Is that so?"

Sarah paused for a fraction of a second.

Carol spoke quickly:

"It was not Miss King's syringe," she said. "It was mine."

"Then you admit throwing it away, Mademoiselle?"

She hesitated just a second.

"Yes, of course. Why shouldn't I?"

"Carol!" It was Nadine. She leaned forward, her eyes wide and distressed. "Carol. . . . Oh, I don't understand. . . ."

Carol turned and looked at her. There was something hostile in her glance.

"There's nothing *to* understand! I threw away an old hypodermic. I never touched the—the poison."

Sarah's voice broke in:

"It is quite true what Miss Pierce told you, M. Poirot. It *was* my syringe."

Poirot smiled.

"Let us now examine what occurred if Carol Boynton was innocent.

"She returns to the camp, she goes up to her stepmother, and she finds her—shall we say, dead? What is the first thing she will think? She will suspect that her brother Raymond may have killed her. She does not know what to do. So she says nothing. And presently, about an hour later, Raymond Boynton returns and, having presumably spoken to his mother, *says nothing of anything being amiss.* Do you not think that then her suspicions would become certainties? Perhaps she goes to his tent and finds there a hypodermic syringe. Then, *indeed, she is sure!* She takes it quickly and hides it. Early in the morning she flings it as far away as she can.

"There is one more indication that Carol Boynton is innocent. She assures me when I question her that she and her brother never seriously intended to carry out their plan. I ask her to swear and she swears immediately and with the utmost solemnity that she is not guilty of the crime! You see, that is the way she puts it. She does not swear that *they* are not guilty. She swears for *herself,* not her brother—and thinks that I will not pay special attention to the pronoun.

"*Eh bien,* that is the case for the innocence of Carol Boynton. And now let us go back a step and consider not the innocence but the possible guilt of Raymond. Let us suppose that Carol is speaking the truth, that Mrs. Boynton was alive at five ten. Under what circumstances can Raymond be guilty? We can suppose that he killed his mother at ten minutes to six when he went up to speak to her. There were boys about the camp, true, but the light was failing. It might have been managed, but it then follows that Miss King lied. Remember, she came back to camp only five minutes after Raymond. From the distance she would see him go up to his mother. Then, when later she is found dead, Miss King realizes that *Raymond has killed her* and, to save him, she lies—knowing that Dr. Gerard is down with fever and cannot expose her lie!"

"I did *not* lie!" said Sarah clearly.

"There is yet another possibility. Miss King, as I have said, reached the camp a few minutes after Raymond. If Raymond Boynton found his mother alive, it may have been *Miss King* who administered the fatal injection. She believed that Mrs. Boynton was fundamentally evil. She may have seen herself as a just executioner. That would equally well explain her lying about the time of death."

SARAH had grown very pale. She spoke in a low, steady voice:

"I can swear to you that I never harmed that disgusting old woman, nor would the idea of doing so ever have entered my head!"

"And yet," said Poirot softly, "one of you two *must be lying.*"

Raymond Boynton shifted in his chair. He cried out impetuously:

"You win, M. Poirot! I'm the liar. Mother was dead when I went up to her. It—it quite knocked me out. I'd been going, you see, to have it out with her. To tell her that from henceforth I was a free agent. I was—all set, you understand. And there she was—dead! Her hand all cold and flabby. And I thought just what you said. I thought maybe

Carol—you see, there was the mark on her wrist—"

Poirot said quickly:

"That is the one point on which I am not yet completely informed. What was the method you counted on employing? You *had* a method—and it was connected with a hypodermic syringe. That much I know. If you want me to believe you, you must tell me the rest."

Raymond said hurriedly:

"It was a way I read in a book—an English detective story—you stuck an empty hypodermic syringe into someone and it did the trick. It sounded perfectly scientific. I—I thought we'd do it that way."

"Ah," said Poirot. "I comprehend. And you purchased a syringe?"

"No. As a matter of fact, we pinched Nadine's."

Poirot shot a quick look at her.

"The syringe that is in your baggage in Jerusalem?" he murmured.

A faint color showed in her face.

"I—I wasn't sure what had become of it," she said.

Poirot murmured:

"You are so quick-witted, Madame."

THERE was a pause. Then clearing his throat with a slightly affected sound, Poirot went on:

"We have now solved the mystery of what I might term *the second hypodermic*. That belonged to Mrs. Lennox Boynton, was taken by Raymond Boynton before leaving Jerusalem, was taken from Raymond by Carol after the discovery of Mrs. Boynton's dead body, was thrown away by her, found by Miss Pierce, and claimed by Miss King as hers. I presume Miss King has it now."

"I have," said Sarah.

"So that when you said it was yours just now you were doing what you told us you do not do—you told a lie."

"That's a different kind of lie," Sarah said calmly. "It isn't—it isn't a *professional* lie."

Gerard nodded appreciation.

"Yes, it is a point, that. I understand you perfectly, Mademoiselle."

"Thanks," said Sarah.

Again Poirot cleared his throat.

"Let us now review our timetable. Thus:

"Boyntons and Jefferson Cope leave the camp, 3:05 (approx.).

"Dr. Gerard and Sarah King leave the camp, 3:15 (approx.).

"Lady Westholme and Miss Pierce leave the camp, 4:15.

"Dr. Gerard returns to camp, 4:20 (approx.).

"Lennox Boynton returns to camp, 4:35.

"Nadine Boynton returns to camp and talks to Mrs. Boynton, 4:40 (approx.).

"Nadine Boynton leaves her mother-in-law and goes to marquee, 4:50 (approx.).

"Carol Boynton returns to camp, 5:10.

"Lady Westholme, Miss Pierce and Mr. Jefferson Cope return to camp, 5:40.

"Raymond Boynton returns to camp, 5:50.

"Sarah King returns to camp, 6:00.

"Body discovered, 6:30.

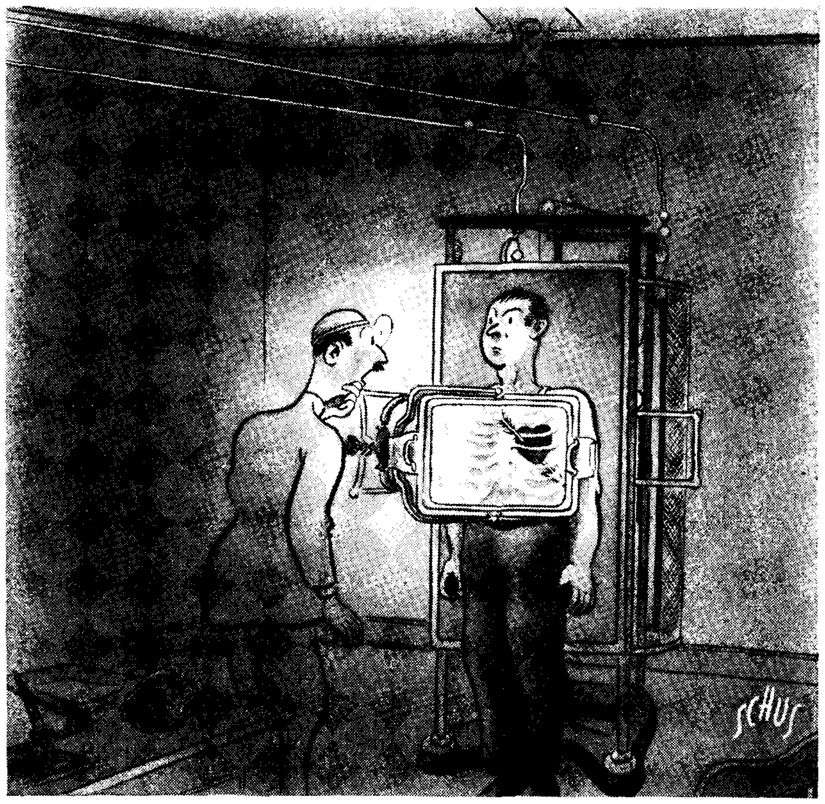
"There is, you will notice, a gap of twenty minutes between 4:50 when Nadine Boynton left her mother-in-law and 5:10 when Carol returned. Therefore, if Carol is speaking the truth, Mrs. Boynton must have been killed in that twenty minutes.

"Now who could have killed her? At that time Miss King and Raymond Boynton were together. Mr. Cope (not that he had any perceivable motive for killing her) has an alibi. He was with Lady Westholme and Miss Pierce. Lennox Boynton was with his wife in the marquee. Dr. Gerard was groaning with fever in his tent. The camp is deserted, the boys are asleep. It is a suitable moment for a crime! Was there a person who could have committed it?"

His eyes went thoughtfully to Ginevra Boynton.

"*There was one person.* Ginevra Boynton was in her tent all that afternoon. That is what we have been told—but actually there is evidence that she was *not* in her tent all the time. Ginevra Boynton made a very significant remark. She said that Dr. Gerard spoke her name in his fever. And Dr. Gerard has also told us that he dreamed in his fever of Ginevra Boynton's face. But it was not a dream! It was actually her face he saw, standing there by his bed. He thought it an effect of fever, but it was the truth. Ginevra was in Dr. Gerard's tent. Is it not possible that she had come to put back the hypodermic syringe after using it?"

(To be concluded next week)



"Tell me, Mr. Carter, are you in love?" ADOLPH SCHUS

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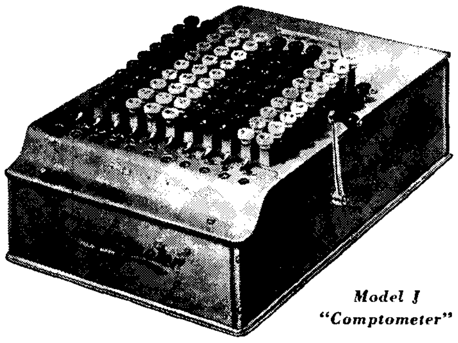

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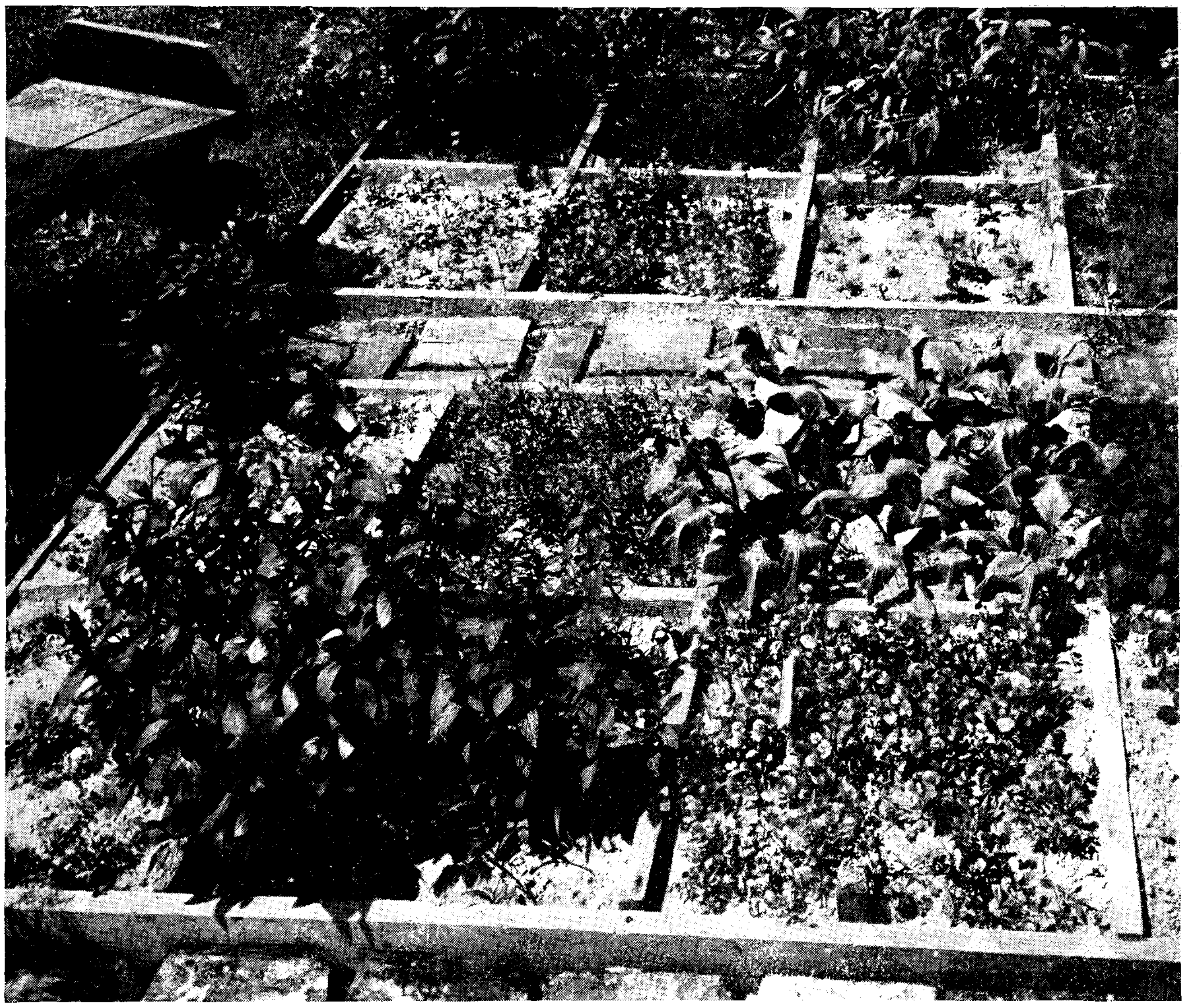

IFOR THOMAS

Flats that show how many herbs Mrs. Clarkson (and you) can grow in a small space

Thyme Will Tell

By Rose and Bob Brown

Rosemary, basil, savory, dill—herbs are back in the kitchen and praise for the cook is rising round the dinner table. Here's how to garner your share of it

Rosetta Clarkson at work in her herb garden

SOMETHING pleasant is happening to help smooth out the lines between the brows of harassed menu makers. And it's not a new beauty treatment either, but simply the revival of culinary herbs. For Grandmother's herb patch has staged a comeback and now, with the added piquance of old-new savors such as sweet marjoram and balm, even an amateur cook can ring countless changes in every familiar dish from soup to dessert.

And the technique of using herbs, *either fresh or dried, is just as simple as* seasoning with salt, pepper or spices; while the range of choice in new-found flavors is almost unlimited. Besides, there's magic in these tasty leaves and sprigs, not just in the legends and superstitions that have clung to them from ancient times, but an alchemy of health that's very real. For besides being appetizing they're wholesome tonics entirely free from digestive dangers that may attend too liberal use of more ardent condiments.

But how does one come by these quaintly named carriers of sheer piquance—basil, tarragon, marjoram, rosemary and chervil? The question might have been asked in vain only a short time ago, but today the entire herb world is astir, and it's not such a small world as you might think. There are in fact hundreds of bountiful herb gardens from Massachusetts to California. Many universities and some PWA projects are also concerned with growing them, so all you have to do is drop a penny postal for catalogues of herbs in stock, or your grocer will get them for you. And when in doubt about the nearest and best source of supply just write to the Agricultural Department in your state or to the Herb Society of America in Boston.

Only two years ago a unique enterprise which is characteristic of this sudden revival started in one of those gracious old town houses that literary and artist folk seek out in Greenwich Village, New York. There Mrs. Helen Clark Phillips settled down to write about French cooking. But where could her American readers buy the essential foreign flavorings, those simple herbs our grandmothers knew so well, which are the basic secrets of so many distinguished French dishes? After making the rounds of foreign shops and *importers she managed to assemble the* four French favorites—chervil, tarragon, marjoram and basil—and two typically English ones—rosemary and savory. With these as a base she added our already familiar sage, bay, thyme and mint, put all ten up in separate little envelopes of cellophane, packed that full flavoring kit in a snappy metal box and looked around to see if anybody else was interested.

At first she hesitated to invest in a printed leaflet of instructions and recipes, but all of a sudden there was an enthusiastic demand for those charming boxes of dried leaves and she had to double her printing order of accompanying directions. Overnight Helen Phillips' quiet house became a battleground of herb packing and shipping. It took on the fragrant scent of a mammoth potpourri jar, with herbs everywhere.

Into the wing angles of cottages, the corners of urban back yards, window sills of sunny kitchens and along the borders of velvet-smooth green lawns, herbs have been creeping back these last few years as one amateur gardener after another has fallen under their spicy spell.

There's Mrs. Rosetta Clarkson, who grows a mere 170 varieties on Old Orchard Road in New Rochelle, New York—although not all of these are for

Lounge and Listen

PHANTOM BACHELOR—One of five striking Arvin chair-side models.

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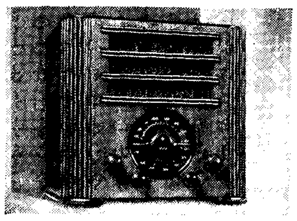
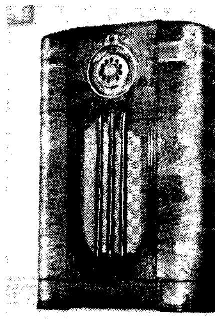
THE PHANTOM QUEEN (*Left*) New! A radio in handsome walnut bookcase design. 12 tubes. Twin 8" speakers. Automatic tuning with new Arvin Presto-Station-Changer. Flip the dial . . . there's your station.



THE PHANTOM PRINCE (*Right*) Popular priced console, beautiful in line and finish. Automatic tuning with new Arvin Presto-Station-Changer. 12 tubes. Many handsome consoles to choose from.



THE PHANTOM BABY—(*Center*)—Powerful five-tube inexpensive table model. In hand-rubbed walnut or antique white. Typical of Arvin's smart table sets.

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After a long period of patient effort, a way has been found actually to *improve* Ex-Lax . . . to make it *even better* than ever before. A more satisfactory and efficient laxative in every way!

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Ex-Lax won't upset your system or disturb your digestion. It won't cause stomach pains, nausea or weakness. Ex-Lax affords as near a natural bowel movement as any laxative can give.

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Now Improved—Better than Ever

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

flavoring food. It's easy to see that herbs are a hobby riding her, instead of the other way around. For after teaching English all day Rosetta Clarkson not only tends her garden but also gets out a monthly Herb Journal which she distributes to several thousand other enthusiasts absolutely free, even paying the postage herself—and that's devotion.

But to get right down to recipes, here's how Rosetta Clarkson tosses up a herbal tomato cocktail that's got everything: Open a tin of tomato juice, pour it into a bowl that will fit nicely in the refrigerator and stir in one teaspoonful of basil, another of savory and a third of tarragon. Add a pinch apiece of salt, sweet marjoram and thyme and a whole tablespoon of sugar. Cover it and forget it for ten or twelve hours. Just before serving mix in a couple of tablespoonfuls of chopped chives and the same amount of lemon and orange juice, strain and serve good and cold. Then you'll agree, we think, that you never sipped anything quite so full of smacking new flavors.

Oscar of the Waldorf also knows his herbs, so when the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens threw a luncheon to celebrate the setting aside of a big plot in which they're now busily reviving the cultivation of toothsome angelica, crunchy fennel, fragrant costmary, borage, balm, and the like, Oscar got up a truly herbaceous menu for the occasion and started it off with Rosemary Soup, made as follows:

In three tablespoons of butter gently cook one tablespoon of dried rosemary (or three times that amount of fresh rosemary), one small head of lettuce, another of watercress and a cup of green sorrel, all shredded or cut fine. Five minutes of cooking is enough; then pour the herb mixture into a quart and a half of chicken stock and simmer half an hour. Stir in half a cup of cream mixed with an egg yolk, at the finish; salt, pepper and serve immediately.

We toss mint leaves not only into our juleps but also into the pea soup. We sprinkle mint, too, over all vegetables that go well with baby lamb, such as string beans, new potatoes and carrots. We perk up candied sweet potatoes on occasion with sprightly sprigs of it dipped in powdered sugar. Spearmint is what we use, though there are many other kinds to experiment with—apple mint, curly mint, creeping mint, peppermint, golden mint, woolly mint, pennyroyal (that mosquitoes can't abide) and some scented with lemon and orange.

The Family of the Mints

As a matter of fact, the mint family includes half a dozen other sweet herbs, among them the well-known sage and thyme (of which over a hundred varieties exist) as well as the Biblical hyssop, savory, rosemary, basil and sweet marjoram that are now returning with the fatted calf.

All of these herbs, no matter how different they may look and taste, are actually sister mints under the skin. So once we've established this blood relationship it's easily seen how each and every one of them is interchangeable with the little bunch of spearmint that all knowing butchers throw in with a roast of lamb.

When we come right down to it, the vast majority of sweet herbs belong to only two families—and the other one is the common carrot. The sisters, cousins and aunts in this big carrot tribe include such seemingly unrelated herbs as plain parsley, chervil, coriander, caraway, celery, anise, cumin, fennel and, for us best of all, dill. We'll gnaw our carrots in the form of fresh dill, thanks. It's an old Scandinavian custom, and once exposed to it your diet will never be quite the same. It'll be livelier.

We got the dill habit (and by the way it's in season until late October) from buying it in flower. The fluffy yellow flowers and fragile top stems or leaflets appeal to us most. We chop them together and strew them over stews, omelets, salads and soups when nobody's looking. They bestow both color and savor from nature's lavish spice box and twist the tongue of many a guest into wrong guesses as to exactly what exotic flavor has made that most pungent of sauces. Dill is unbeatable with fish or scattered over the succulent stems of fennel boiled and eaten exactly the same as asparagus. For tang in any cucumbery salad words fail us, but not the dill.

A Triumvirate of Taste

The two leading herb families, when represented by thyme and parsley, unite with one bay leaf to make the classic herb bouquet, called a faggot of herbs in England and *bouquet garni* in France. This triumvirate of taste is no bigger than a buttonhole bouquet and is tied together with a string for convenience, or if the herbs are dry and have been rubbed to small particles they're sewed into a little muslin bag, but in either case the bouquet is always taken out of the pot after it's given the dish all of its flavor.

Through Europe this herb bouquet is the first thing that's thrown into soup, stew pot, casserole or roasting pan to impart its subtly fine flavor and, quite naturally, the three herbs that make it vary according to different locales.

The chief rule for us to observe is restraint. So let us start calmly, by sticking to the herb bouquet rule of three and go international only by substituting one of the mints for thyme or a member of the carrot family for parsley, as we have seen the Continentals do. Personally, we like a bouquet scented with marjoram or savory for consommés, stuffings, green goose and stews; one made with basil in place of the parsley for fish, and rosemary instead of the thyme in turtle soup.

Of course, any one of these herbs, fresh or dried, comes handy outside of the bouquet, too, just by its own sweet self, or in careful combination. And since there's no cookbook devoted to herbs alone for our guidance, the field is wide open for experiment. So try sprinkling your next ragout with the minced green leaves of either basil, marjoram or rosemary, then progress to mixing two and finally, when you can trust your restraint, use all three.

Basil makes a French dressing go completely Italian. But throw in plenty, until the oil and vinegar become a bright green sauce. Tomatoes then cry for it, and any of the lettuces, from Boston to romaine, thus dressed, are a novelty and delight.

That well-known cooking style called *aux fines herbes*—with chopped herbs—is another natural; but in trailing around the world after thousands of French cooks it's undergone as many a seasoning change as the old *bouquet garni* itself. So those lively green specks that twinkle out at you from an *omelette aux fines herbes* or other dish with as French a name may be cress, basil, rosemary, savory, almost anything in place of the classic parsley and chives which the original recipe specifies. It may be just chervil alone, for that tastes like parsley and fennel combined.

Fines herbes, destined to be mixed with melted butter to make that sauce supreme with grilled steak, calls for tarragon along with the chives. But there's no hard-and-fast rule about any of this, so just be guided by your taste and whatever herbs you can get.

Air Conditioned

Continued from page 25

16 touchdowns by the aerial route, and we scored as many or more in this way in 1935. That is an average of some 96 points in a season, not counting the extra try for goal. Statistics show that in each game one or two men are going to snag a pass and scamper across the goal line.

Every team is defeated now and then, as witness last year's many major upsets. But I doubt if any major team in the country has a better record than Arkansas for consecutive scoring, thanks to its highly developed passing attack. Arkansas has scored at least one touchdown in the last 23 games.

Paddlefoot Sloan is a Mudder

Last season we scored 178 points, an average of almost three touchdowns a game, with our "basketball system" of football. We were dubbed the "pass-crazy" Porkers and were recognized nationally as the "passingest" team in the nation.

We haven't had a great, smashing fullback at Arkansas in years, although I've prayed earnestly and with feeling for such a man all the time. To make up for the lack of such a player we have resorted to bombing the enemy with forward passes.

Sure, we coaches all employ the power smashes when we've got the power. I was a lineman myself back at Nebraska. But what are you going to do when you haven't the power? What are you going to do when you find your great line, the pride of your heart for the last two years, all graduated and you looking ten to twenty hopeful sophomores in the face this season—and these sophomores who must rebuild that line not only lacking experience but also for the most part lacking the necessary weight?

Arkansas likes the passing game—the great passing show—in its football. We have found that it means larger attendance, more gate receipts, more fan interest. We have built a new stadium at Arkansas this year, largely because of the forward pass. From the spectator's point of view, the pass is the most thrilling part of the game.

For the last two years Arkansas has had to pass. The consensus of sports writers throughout the nation was that in 1936 Arkansas had the eleventh toughest schedule in the country. In 1935 it was agreed we had the second or third hardest schedule.

In 1936 we lost only to Texas Christian University inside the conference, and that by four points, but at the start of the season I had the crying towel out plenty.

Jack Robbins, my passer, quarterback, ball-carrier and punter, the man around whom I had built my offense, turned up with a leg injury and then sprained his ankle and burst a blood vessel on the other leg. He was out of three early games. Our captain and our only starting tackle was Cliff Van Sickle, and he opened the season with a formidable appendicitis attack. A third starting halfback suffered a leg injury. Another went down with appendicitis. Other calamity descended.

Fortunately old Paddlefoot Sloan, a lad used to playing around in the river-bottom mud of Bob Burns' home town, Van Buren, turned up with a bullet pass. Furthermore, he was a wet-weather passer. Sloan, slippery footballs and wet weather got along beautifully together, all season. A straight "A" student, Ralph Rawlings, filled in at quarterback for Robbins.

Sloan could pass, and Rawlings could call 'em, and two basketball men at the ends—Ray Hamilton, who towers near six feet five, and James Benton, six feet three, could catch 'em. With this revamped line-up we met the enemy, and then the rains came. Three of our first five games were played in the rain, and our power attack had been left at home or on the bench with limbs in gauze bandages.

Rain or no rain, we knew we couldn't go through the opposition, so we attempted wet-weather bombing tactics.

In justice to our "basketball" style of play, let me add that our records show that we completed 106 of the 211 passes in 1935, and 120 of the 284 attempts in 1936. We gained 1,455 yards by passing in 1935 and 1,484 yards rushing. We gained 1,498 yards on passes in the 1936 season and 1,243 yards by rushing. Despite the great number of passes thrown, less than ten per cent, both years, were intercepted.

In last year's game against the great Texas Christian team, in the Dallas Cotton Bowl, Jack Robbins was on one leg. I give this as no alibi for losing. No one ever needs an alibi for losing to Texas Christian University, which has yet to lose an intersectional game and which, year in and year out, is a Southwest conference championship contender.

In this game, Robbins tied into a pitching duel against the great "Slingin' Sam" Baugh at his best. Arkansas lost the game and therefore, from a baseball scoring standpoint, Baugh was the winning pitcher. But from the standpoint of pass completions and yardage gained, Arkansas' basketball gang had the more impressive record. The Razorbacks fired 39 passes at the Horned Frogs, completing 19 of them for a total gain of 228 yards. However, the Frogs, combining a clever passing game with a powerful ground attack, nosed us out 18-14.

An Average Gain of Five Yards

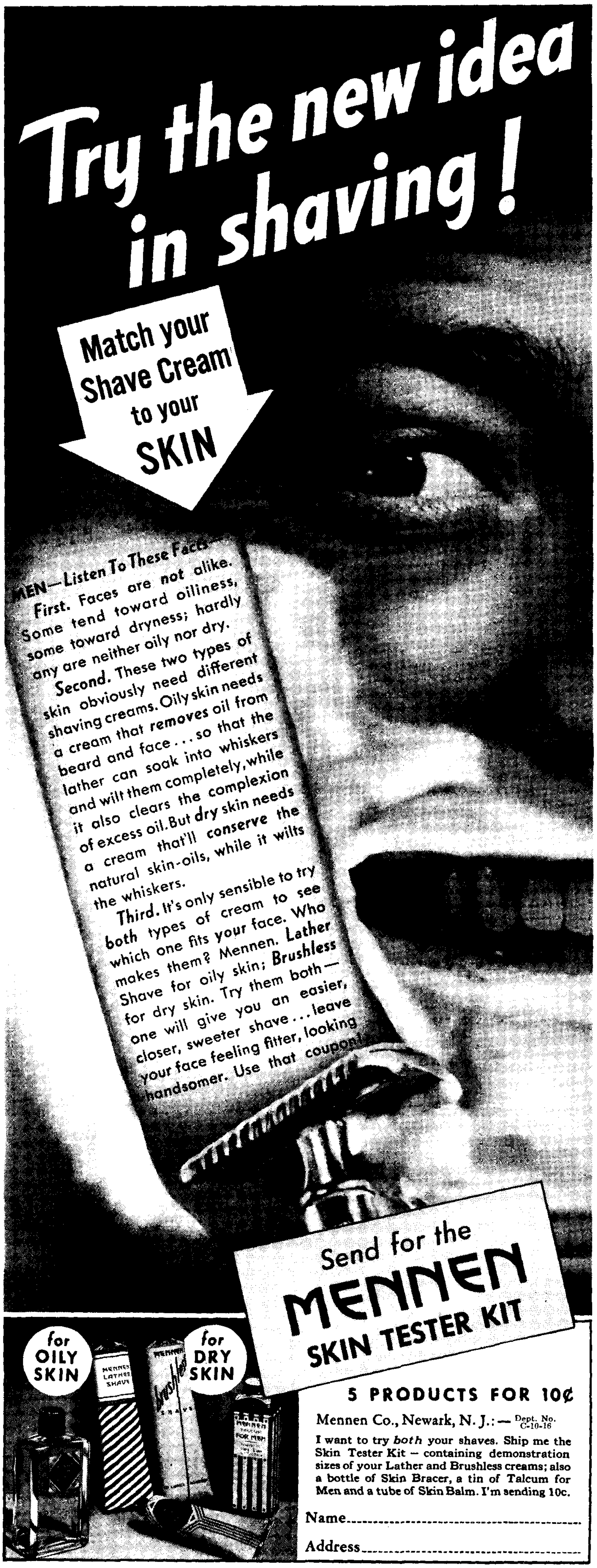
While we are on statistics, I'd like everyone to have a look-see at the record of this lad Jack Robbins. He was out three games in 1936, because of injury, and wasn't himself in one more. In the seven games he played, however, he threw 103 forward passes, completing 54 for a total of 554 yards and four touchdowns.

Jack Robbins was selected as an all-conference guard on the Southwest conference basketball team in 1937. He was an all-state basketball forward in his high-school days. He played as a sophomore on the Razorback Olympic Dixie championship basketball team in Madison Square Garden, in 1936.

End James Benton caught 39 passes for 519 yards and scored six touchdowns last year, including the winning touchdown against the University of Texas in the rain and mud at Little Rock, December 5th, which gave Arkansas the Southwest Conference championship. Benton is a regular on our basketball squad and plays either forward or guard. Ray Hamilton, the other end, caught 20 passes for 296 yards and one touchdown. He is our starting center on our basketball team and was given all-conference mention.

Jim Lee Howell and Ike Poole of the 1935 football squad, played with the All-Stars against the Chicago Bears, at end position, and performed very creditably, as any of the Bears will tell you.

On the completed forward passes in 1935 and in 1936, we averaged 12 to 13 yards. But at least half of them were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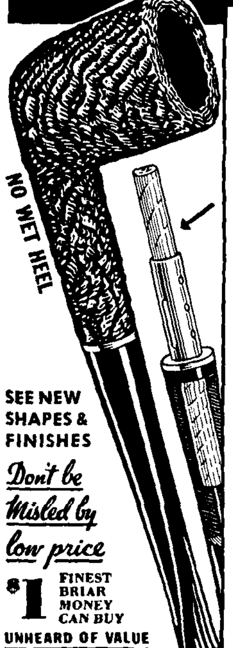

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For six happy months, now I've been smoking that Frank's. This afternoon I bought my second one, and have it sending up incense as I write. I want to tell you - in case you don't already know it - that you're one of the benefactors of society. Lo! the poor Indian! Lo! Sir Walter Raleigh! Lo! everybody who died before you brought out a filter that really works. I'm telling my friends by the dozen, but not fast enough.

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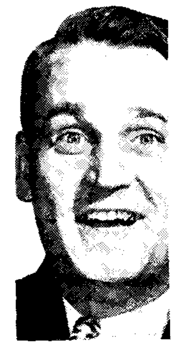

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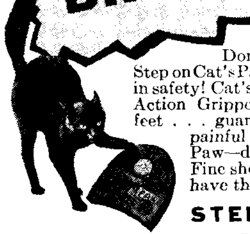

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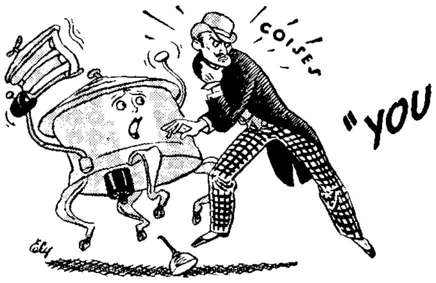
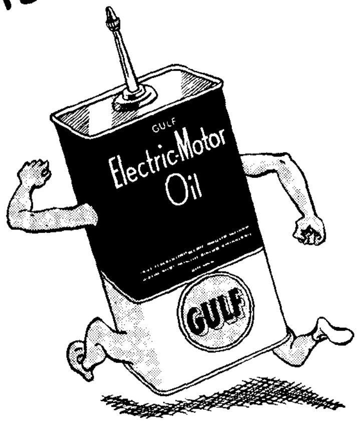
"YOU AINT DOIN' RIGHT BY LITTLE NELL!"





GOODNESS, no! *Don't* put your electric washer at the mercy of "sewing machine oil." Oils like that are too thin for such a heavy-duty mechanism.

Give it the *ONE* oil specially made for washing machines and other expensive motor-driven appliances—*Gulf Electric-Motor Oil.* It makes them run better, wear a lot longer. It never gums or sticks. Your dealer has the *big* can for only 25c.

GULF ELECTRIC-MOTOR OIL

The ONE oil made specially for electric appliance motors
Gulf Petroleum Specialties—Pittsburgh, Pa.

incomplete, it is objected. All right then, every time Jack Robbins' arm went back to pass, it was good for an average gain of five to six yards. And the same with Dwight Sloan, pitching even in the rain, and the rest of our backfield passers. You give me a player who can gain five yards on every play, cracking through the line, or even a whole team that can gain five yards on every play, and I'll win every game Arkansas schedules.

All right, you say, why didn't you pass twice as much and win all the games last year and the year before?

And there's the rub. That's why football will always be football, no matter whether you are playing basketball football or the ground-smashing kind.

Did you ever see Ty Cobb play baseball? I have. There perhaps was but one thing more disconcerting to the pitcher on the other side than Ty Cobb facing him at the plate. That was Ty Cobb on base.

Cobb took such a lead off base the pitcher thought the diamond was off balance. If he shot the ball to first he was lucky Cobb didn't spring in the other direction and take second. You couldn't outguess him. He capitalized on surprise and daring. He'd steal bases when you didn't expect him to, and he'd stand all day on one base when you did expect him to steal. If you thought he was going to bunt, he'd take advantage of the bad balls the pitcher threw at him and get a walk out of it. And now and then he'd triple or send one over the fence.

The principle of surprise made use of by Cobb in baseball is exactly the same as in the perfect passing attack.

If the other team knows you are going to pass, chances of completion are cut at least fifty per cent, probably a lot more. That is the reason, no matter how good a passing combination a coach may have, he can't rely on it altogether. He has to mix in his ground plays, or the other team will not use a line of scrimmage, on defense, at all. The opposition would take up basketball formation on defense, with eleven men eligible to bat down the ball or intercept it, while the passing team could muster but five men, outside the passer, eligible to receive.

Passing from the End Zone

How are you going to guard against a team that is equally ready to pass or run with the ball, and which does one fully as much as the other? My goal is to have Arkansas' opponents guessing, "Pass or run?" on every play.

If Jack Robbins or whoever was calling the signals thought the other squad was ready for a line play, he fired a pass, even if he had to throw it from behind his own goal line, a thing that we have done several times. As a matter of fact, one of our best passing plays is from the goal line or back of it. Twice against Texas Christian University last fall passes from back of the goal line netted 37 and 34 yards respectively.

That isn't even basketball, that's plain foolishness, you say. All right, imagine yourself in the quarterback's shoes. You are a good passer, or you have a backfield mate who is. You consider those long, lanky basketball ends at either side of your line among the best pass catchers in the nation. You know what the opposing team is thinking. Your back is against the wall. Any safe and sane team is going to kick out—for safety. Their safety man is way back. The other backs are deep. Their line and ends are bent on blocking that kick.

It takes time to kick that ball. It is a dangerous operation. The kick may carry forty to fifty yards up the field, according to the direction of the wind. If the safety man is fast, he may gain a third or even half of that back.

Just plenty of times my quarterback figures it is sane football to flip that ball anywhere—or almost anywhere over the line into the hands of that pass-catching end and let him scamper down the field for a good gain, first down and a chance to fight out or kick into the enemy's territory. And I agree with him.

Coaches have asked me for the secret of my passing attack. For years, as I suggested at the start, there hasn't been an end on an Arkansas football team who hasn't been a first-class basketball player. And the majority of our pass heavers have been basketball players.

I train my passers to throw that ball just exactly the way I train an overhand pitcher to throw a baseball. You put a man up in front of Dizzy Dean, and let him rush Dean, and even that great pitching maestro isn't absolutely certain of getting the ball over the plate. That's the difference between the accuracy which the pitcher gets out of the ball and the passer with the pigskin. If no one is rushing that passer very fast or very close, he ought to handle that ball as well as the baseball pitcher does the baseball. The principle is the same.

Getting Acquainted

A baseball player also is firmly set with both feet on the ground, with one or two possible exceptions, perhaps, when he is getting ready to throw that ball. I require my passers to be on a certain spot, firmly set, when they are delivering that pass, following through just like a baseball pitcher delivers the ball.

The passer must have good blocking, of course, and I try to have my men block out their opponents as far away from the passer as possible, to prevent him from being bothered.

The passer must be cool under fire, because plenty of the opposition are going to be shooting at him throughout the game. Jack Robbins has this coolness. So have Sammy Baugh, Dixie Howell, Abe Mickal and the other great passers.

The passer also should keep his eyes straight ahead. In other words, he should not look toward the man he is going to pass to. Looking toward the receiver is a dead giveaway, and one that a fast opposing backfield will take advantage of. That is one of the secrets of Dwight Sloan's passing success. He never looks toward the receiver.

In training my receivers, I differ somewhat from many coaches. From the first I separate the ends and backs from the rest of the squad and impress upon them that they are eligible pass receivers. On each practice play they try to get in position for receiving a pass.

In separating our ends from the remainder of the players at the start of the season, we have another purpose in addition to that of giving the receiver practice in catching the ball. We want our passer to get acquainted with him. We want the passer to learn the speed and running habits of the individual receivers. We spend many hours in this getting acquainted, and I have found they are well spent.

We also have a "dead man" on every play. He is a receiver trailing along there somewhere, where he isn't noticed, to take the pass if the intended receiver is blocked out.

The 1937 football season is now upon us. Arkansas should have a good team—fingers crossed on that remark. Shall we pass this year? "Well, I'll tell you," as Bob Burns would say, "no doggone Razorback is going to root for acorns when by lifting his snout a little bit he can pull down an ear of corn fresh from the stalk."

England's "No" Man

Continued from page 18

went comparatively late in life from business into public affairs. But like his father, Neville Chamberlain had a thorough acquaintance with municipal life. He earned his living as a manufacturer. He took a prominent part in Birmingham local politics, where, no doubt, his father's name was a decisive aid; but, none the less, his own personal efficiency marked him out at an early stage in the great city where he lived and where he was best known. F. E. Smith (Lord Birkenhead) in a biting sentence once described him as "an adequate Mayor of Birmingham in a lean year." There was much more to it than this. No one who knew him but felt himself in contact with a cool, capable and purposeful man.

The war broke out. It flamed and roared on for two years. At length Lloyd George undermined and overthrew Asquith, and formed, at a time when resources were ever becoming more exhausted, a government of intense action. Voluntary enlistment had played its part. Conscription was already the law. Every man up to forty-five or more—"the only son of his mother, and she a widow"—must prepare himself for battle; even the twice wounded must be patched up and returned to the cannonade.

Neville Chamberlain, with his municipal record behind him and his great name, was invited to undertake the organization of man power; who should stay to make great wages in munitions, who should go to the front for a soldier's pay? How was all this process to be related to the needs of the armies, to the needs of the munition industries, to the feeding of the nation and to its remaining life? That was his problem.

In solving this problem he was held to have failed. After a few months there was general agreement that a new chief must be found for "National Service" as the office was called. A Select Committee of the House of Commons reported ". . . that the results were not commensurate with the preparations made and the heavy preliminary outlay."

In the autumn of 1917 Sir Auckland Geddes, afterward ambassador to the United States, was appointed in Mr. Neville Chamberlain's place. The future Prime Minister of Great Britain resigned his important wartime function and returned to his business and his Birmingham.

One can hardly imagine a more stunning and crushing reverse for any man. If ever there was a knockdown blow, not immediately mortal but utterly catastrophic, this was it. I remember a few months later, at the height of the war, to have read quite casually in the papers that the departed Minister of National Service had told the Birmingham Daily Mail: "Now I have decided to embark upon political life, I do not want to wait an indefinite time, until a general election, before going into Parliament. Naturally I should like to represent a division of Birmingham."

The terrible culminating months of Armageddon rolled forward. Victory came. Lloyd George and his colleagues were swept into a new lease of power by the relief and gratitude of the people after the triumphant Armistice had been dictated. As an incident in this electoral upheaval Neville Chamberlain became the member for a Birmingham seat. There followed the aftermath years of prostration and confusion. The hideous Irish specter raised its head. I have but one recollection of Neville Chamberlain in those days. We had made the Irish settlement; I had the duty of carrying it through, both in parliamentary debate and in actual execution. Many breaches of faith, many bloody and treacherous murders affronted the broad and high settlement we had sought to make between the British and Irish peoples. The House of Commons at times was hardly controllable. But at one critical juncture the new member for Birmingham rose in his place, as I well recall, and said quite coldly and calmly that we had entered into a settlement, that he was in favor of the settlement, and that he would not be turned aside from that decision, even though all kinds of cruel and lamentable deeds and events occurred, or words to that effect.

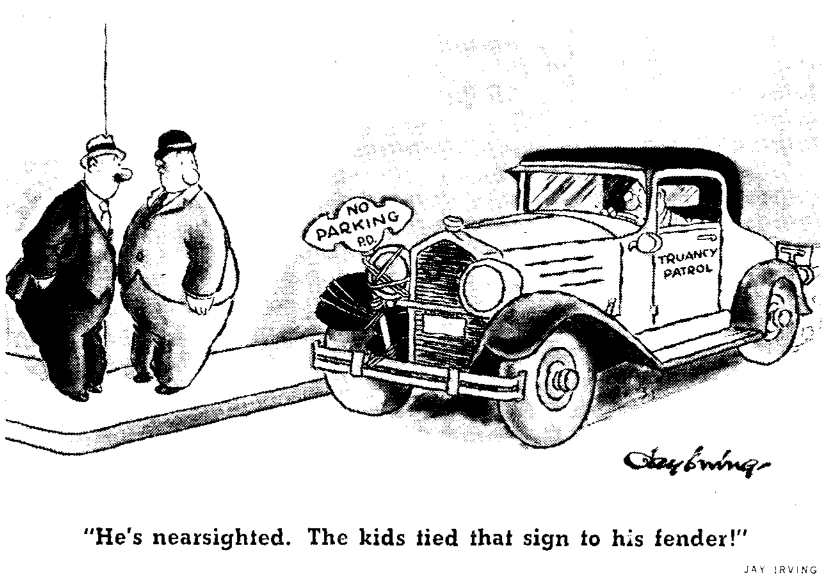
Called to the Rescue

In the course of time the weight and poison of the aftermath enveloped the Lloyd George government with violent unpopularity. Personally, I think it was the greatest administration I have ever seen; but the force of events was greater still. It fell.

Bonar Law, recently retired from our councils, formed a conservative government as a dying man. Baldwin, hitherto unknown, became Chancellor of the Exchequer. Neville Chamberlain was given the office of Postmaster General.

The mortal illness of Bonar Law led to great changes in this short government, and within six months Neville Chamberlain became Chancellor of the Exchequer.

After a brief Socialist interlude, Bald-



"He's nearsighted. The kids tied that sign to his fender!"

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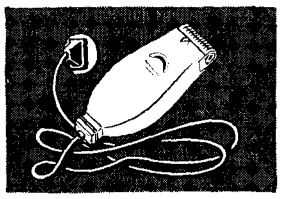
Try it . . . real BAYER Aspirin. Ask for it by its full name, "Bayer Aspirin" when you buy and not by the name "aspirin" alone. You pay only 15c a dozen—or a quarter for a pocket tin of two full dozen now in any drug store in the United States.



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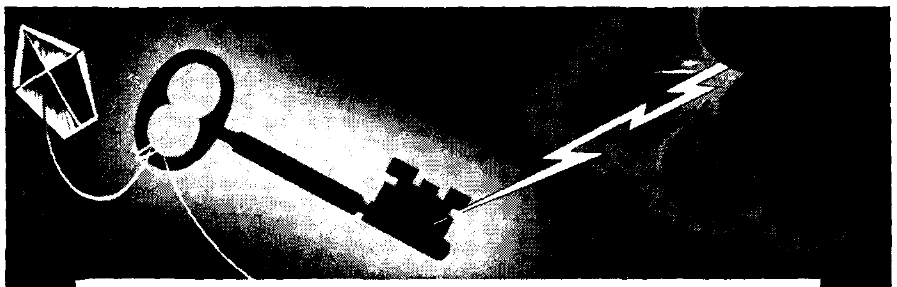

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By Associated Customers

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Refrigerators	206,879	9,400
Water Heaters	10,053	33,516

ASSOCIATED GAS & ELECTRIC SYSTEM

win was again returned to power. Everyone expected that Robert Horne would become Chancellor of the Exchequer. Neville Chamberlain was quite content to yield place to him. He therefore accepted the Ministry of Health. It was with much surprise and little pleasure that he learned the next day that I had been appointed Chancellor. We worked together for nearly five years in offices which were frequently in relation. I, from the Treasury, proposed and financed large measures like the Widows' Pensions Scheme and the De-rating Scheme, which he, as Minister of Health, shaped and carried through Parliament. He discharged his task in good will and good faith, even though it was not the task which he himself would have desired.

Now we come to the great financial collapse of 1931. The Socialists showed themselves utterly incapable of bearing the weight of British national administration. They broke in pieces under the strain. Their leaders came over as allies to the Tories, and the National Government was formed, representing all three parties. Chamberlain was its Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was called to the rescue of the nation's finances at a moment when Socialist folly and incompetence had almost plunged our wealthy, powerful state and empire into the appearance, at least, of bankruptcy. But by vigilant, austere control of the Exchequer he re-established confidence and credit both at home and abroad. By his Conversion Scheme and by the cheap-money policy which he was able to pursue, a saving of over one hundred millions was effected in the annual service of the debt.

Doing the Bulk of the Work

But the great change with which he was primarily associated was the adoption of the low- or medium-tariff system which now rules. This proved an invaluable solatium in the home market at a time when foreign barriers, quotas and restrictions were preying most cruelly on our export trade, and opened within our very doors new fields hitherto unused by British traders. At the same time the principle of weaving together the British empire by trade preferences received a decisive forward impulse. Here was a historic change in the fiscal policy of Great Britain. Free Trade was definitely abandoned, and the whole indirect process of setting up a tariff was carried through Parliament, and has now entered into the composition of our national economy.

For the next five years he served as Chancellor of the Exchequer, first under MacDonald and thereafter under Baldwin. I have, of course, no knowledge of what took place inside those cabinets, but I am assured that in the main he did the bulk of the work. Neither MacDonald nor Baldwin was the kind of leader who was at the same time a capable administrator. They were essentially party leaders, men of the caucus, men who presented to Parliament and the public the broad issues, and who represented to them the general conception which the nation then desired. They both, in turn or together, sat back and added the weight of their party or national influence to the immense practical power which a Chancellor of the Exchequer necessarily wields. He is the man who has to find the money, and by that very fact he is master of the fortunes of many departments. A Finance Minister who can say No to every hopeful scheme for making things better at the public expense is necessarily a most prominent actor in any cabinet. There is hardly a day when he must not pronounce a decision against a fellow minister and procure the support of his colleagues and of his chief.

Here a remarkable circumstance deserves to be noticed. It is, of course, the natural business of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to criticize, canvass and oppose expenditure, especially expenditure upon nonproductive services like armaments. Chamberlain was no more alive than the rest of the MacDonald-Baldwin government to the great new danger which opened upon Europe in the German mass rearmament, which began in deadly earnest in 1933 and 1934. But when, in 1935, he at last realized the gravity of the situation and the almost total unpreparedness of Great Britain, he was found capable of making a decisive change of view. Instead of putting his hand to the brake upon expenditure as the character of his office would have prompted, he put his foot upon the accelerator.

As Baldwin gradually yielded to the weight of years and to the many pressures of work and worry which beset the heads of governments in modern times, and also probably in ancient times, the Chancellor more and more became the essential functionary behind the scenes. To quote a Shakespearean phrase—he was "the pack-horse" in great affairs.

There never was any doubt that Neville Chamberlain would succeed Baldwin. No rival candidature was even discussed by serious people. Thus we see him securely installed in the great office, which while it by no means possesses the high direct authority of a President of the United States, nevertheless combines in one single man the guidance of the executive, leadership of the House of Commons and the control of the strongest party machine.

Curiously enough, at the moment of succeeding to all these commanding powers Neville Chamberlain has made the most obvious mistake of his political career. He added to his budget, quite needlessly so far as the current year was concerned, a tax which was at once injurious, unworkable and infertile. The city, at first puzzled, was soon thoroughly estranged. The manufacturers and traders who, for so many years, had reposed their confidence in a Chancellor of the Exchequer who, like themselves, was a trained and experienced businessman, were infuriated. The markets collapsed in an exaggerated but none the less alarming slump. He was the last man from whom such an excursion was expected. Reaction was all the more severe. After a month of bargaining, bickerings and hagglings it gradually became clear that the House of Commons would not have the tax, or would have it forced upon them only at the price of the prestige of the new cabinet and the popularity of the new Prime Minister.

A Passion for Social Justice

No one impugned his motives. They arose from a very sincere desire to absolve the government from all suspicion of tolerating readily profiteering in the firms inevitably enriched by the great flood of government rearmament. They arose from a desire to make the munition workers realize that the imperative, long-delayed rearmament of Britain would not be converted into a rich man's ramp. They arose from the habit of looking ahead and from a grave view of the European and world situation.

But still, for ten or twenty millions out of a budget of over eight hundred and fifty millions no one should compromise the larger issues involved. Least of all should this be done when the money could so easily be found from the same quarters by *different* and simpler means.

It was with enormous relief that the House of Commons learned that the new Prime Minister was not incapable of making a timely, judicious and coolly executed withdrawal. So far from his prestige being affected by his retreat, it has, strangely, become enhanced.

There has grown up a conception of Neville Chamberlain as a cold, aloof, rather inhuman figure, set apart, not only by the loneliness of leadership, but also by a certain arctic quality in himself. His strength is unadorned with graces. There is a bleakness in it. It is true that he has few friends and that he shuns society. He dislikes and mistrusts facile enthusiasms. He has taken no pains to invite or encourage those affectionate loyalties that so often center upon the personality of a party chief. He has the typical Englishman's distaste for emotionalism. This certainly does not imply that he is cold and unfeeling. He has inherited a great deal of his father's passion for social justice. Like Joseph Chamberlain, he believes that the well-being of the people is the touchstone of political success. And he interprets well-being in no narrow sense. The extensive scheme for the physical education of British youth, of which he is the principal architect, bears the impress alike of boldness of conception and generosity of spirit.

Twenty Minutes for Lunch

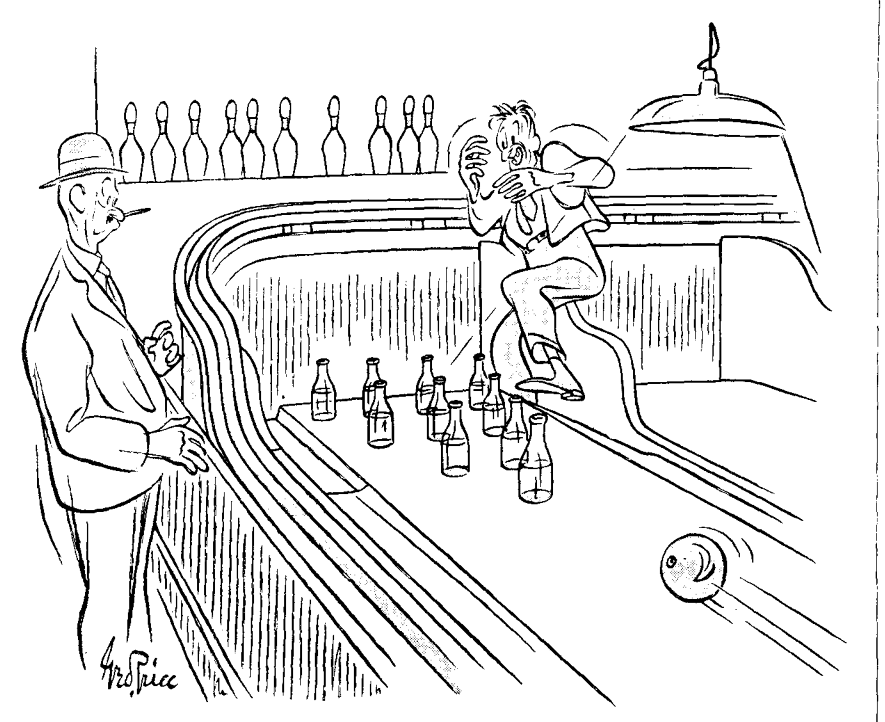
But there is one sphere especially in which the real man has revealed himself. There are many homes in England that would be motherless today but for the impetus which, as Minister of Health, Neville Chamberlain gave to the campaign against maternal mortality. Behind his interest in this subject lay a deep intensity of feeling which had its origin in personal tragedy. "My own mother," he said in a speech nine years ago at Leeds, "died in childbirth. And I know how great is the injury to the family when the mother is taken away." It is possible that this early bereavement, so deeply felt, drove the boy in upon himself and led to the creation of that cloak of icy reserve in which, at times, the man appears to be wrapped.

His chosen recreations—fishing and bird-watching—are of a kind best pursued alone. They have perhaps confirmed him, not in misanthropy, but in self-sufficiency. But it is difficult to fit the friend of birds, who feeds a flock of sparrows, blackbirds and thrushes every morning at No. 10 Downing Street before sitting down to his own breakfast, into the picture that is sometimes painted of him. It is not any lack of normal human feeling that makes him hold aloof from society. The happy comradeship of his home life shows that. But Neville Chamberlain, throughout his career, has been too busy doing things to bother about meeting people.

In his wife he found the ideal helpmate. She has, he said on one occasion, "rejoiced in my successes, encouraged me in my disappointments, guided me with her counsel, warned me of dangers, and never allowed me to forget the humanity underlying all politics." And he added: "She has been privy to all my secrets, and she has never divulged one."

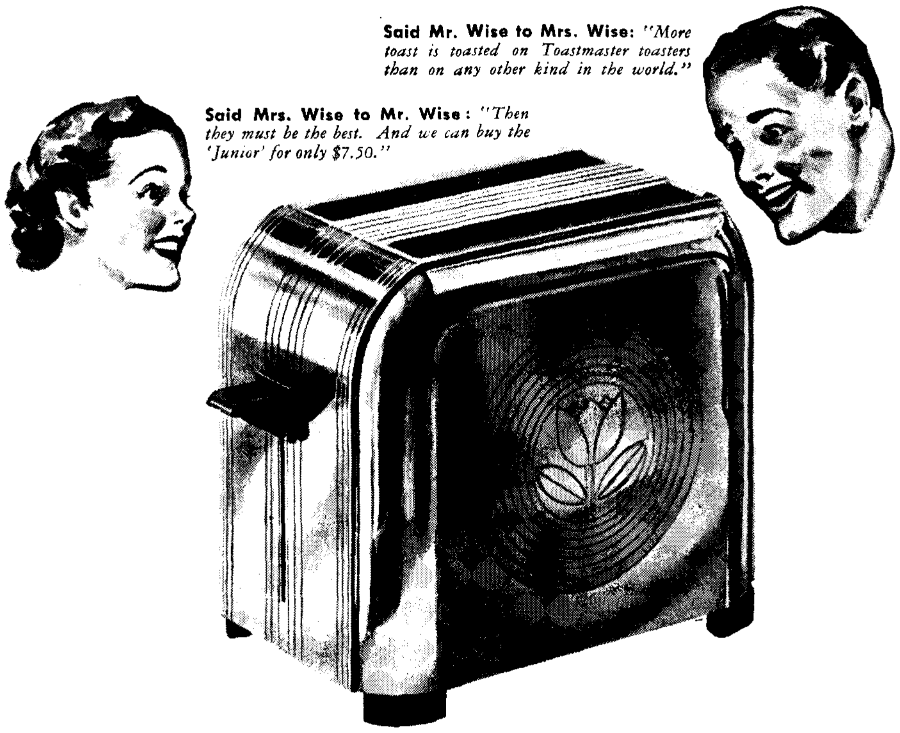
He has never spared himself. When he was doing war work as Lord Mayor of Birmingham he allowed himself only twenty minutes for lunch and had no break for tea. He still rises early and goes to bed late. The days are too short for the work that he wants to crowd into them. A man who has thus had to fight every inch of the upward way, and in whom habits of unremitting industry and self-discipline have become ingrained—one, moreover, whose chosen recreations take him to scenes where nature is still unspoiled and man is dwarfed by the immemorial hills—may well regard the standards of society and the easy eminence which birth or wealth can give, with a measure of suspicion.

It must be of United States interest, as well as British interest, that the stable, ordered continuity of British government should be preserved. In these days, the United States views with favor and sympathy the part Great Britain is striving to play in the maintenance of peace in Europe, and in upholding what is of even more importance than peace, the cause of law and liberty, now threatened as it has not been threatened for centuries. Much of the weight of this will impose itself in the coming years upon Chamberlain's shoulders. He is, as he said himself at his adoption meeting, undertaking this heavy burden at a time when most men are thinking of retirement. Still, as told us, he has led a sober, temperate life, and at sixty-eight he is sound in wind and limb and capable of hard, long and tiring effort. He is a man of the highest character, equipped with many years' experience, and supported on all sides by the hopes and wishes of his fellow countrymen. He has a most agreeable voice on the broadcast; he has a disarming smile, a charming wife, and carries the flag of righteous endeavor. We must all wish him well.



"I like the tinkle of broken glass and the attendant confusion!"

GEORGE PRICE



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By Frank J. Taylor

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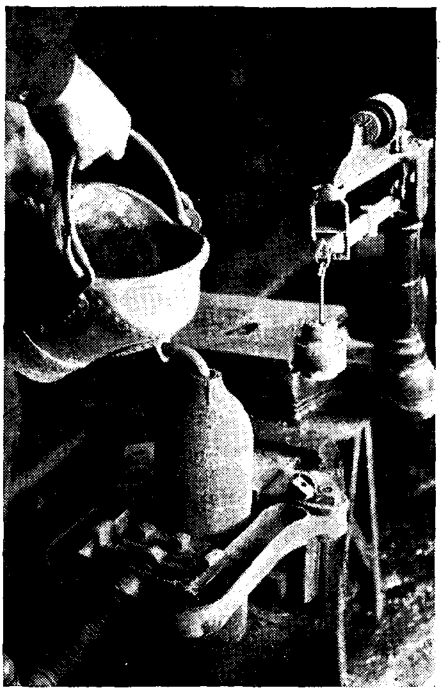
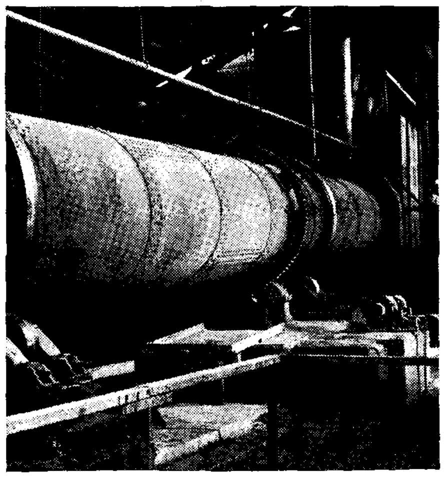


MOULIN



OLD Pop Carey is "hoeing the soot" on the heavy, sloping, iron table alongside the battery of condensers. Each time his hoe bites into the soot, tiny, shiny, silvery blobs pop like beads of perspiration out of the steamy black pile. They gang together like raindrops to trickle in tiny rivulets to a quivering puddle of liquid silver in the low corner. In its mirrored surface Pop's wrinkled visage bounces back at him.

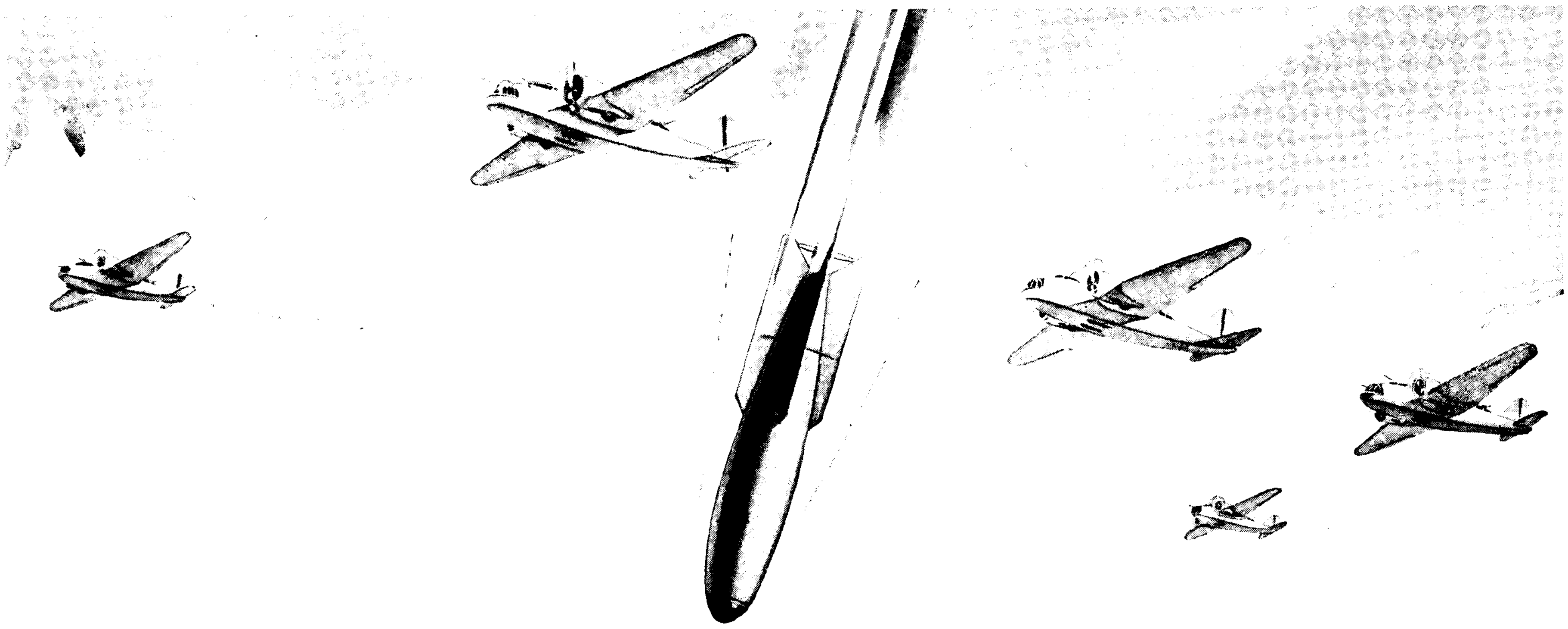
"Stick your hand in," suggests Pop. "See if you can pick some up."

You try it. There is an uncanny, cold, metallic feel to the stuff. You try to grab a little of it. It slips away like nothing at all. Now you have it, now you don't. Finally you get smart. You cup your hand and catch a little, like rainwater. But before you can lift it up, the quicksilver has slipped between your fingers and is gone. You look at your hand, expecting it to be wet from the liquid metal. It's as dry as a bone.

"Got away from you, did it?" laughs Pop. "Quicksilver's funny stuff."

Which nobody can deny.

Quicksilver, or mercury (take your choice), is the magic metal that has teased and tormented the alchemists for a thousand years. Without mercury, half the ointments in common use and many of the antiseptics would cease to be. Without it the dredges could collect no gold or silver. Without its basin of mercury in which to float, how would your lighthouse and airway beacon turn so smoothly? Without it your doctor couldn't take your blood pressure. Without quicksilver the most promising prospect for cheaper lights and power would vaporize into thin air, like mercury itself. More important yet, without this magic metal, no soldier could fire a shell or explode a bomb. Quicksilver, the only metal in liquid form at normal temperature, barometer of both weather and war, is skyrocketing in price. Eu-



THROUGH EVERY WAR SINCE 1845

War and its aftermath ...gold stars on window panes . . . crosses row on row . . . stifling debt and financial catastrophe. Meeting the crises of four wars, two of them among the most devastating in all history, New York Life has steadfastly remained safe and sound and met all its obligations. Much as we may hope and pray that never again will America become involved in war, a life insurance company must ever be prepared against such a possibility. Therefore, in good times and bad, the New York Life adheres to the principle that, in investing, safety should always be the first consideration. Furthermore, it maintains its reserves on the most conservative basis used by American and Canadian life insurance companies.

No one can foresee at what time and under what economic conditions a life insurance policy may become payable. It may be many, many years in the future. The Company must, therefore, be kept so safe that it can pay all its claims no matter when they fall due.

After all, when the future of your family and your own security in old age are at stake, safety is your prime objective . . . *isn't* it?

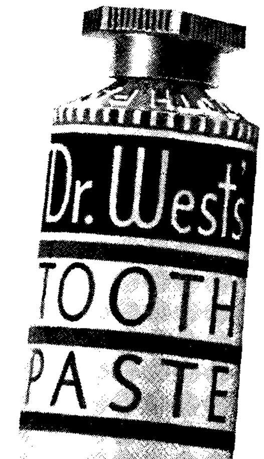
SAFETY IS ALWAYS THE FIRST CONSIDERATION...NOTHING ELSE IS SO IMPORTANT

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

A Mutual Company founded on April 12, 1845

THOMAS A. BUCKNER, *Chairman of the Board* **51 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.** **ALFRED L. AIKEN,** *President*

Safety First!



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An adult's teeth need DR. WEST'S completely safe tooth paste even more than the teeth of this child!

● DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste is formulated to the highest standard of quality by the makers of the famous DR. WEST'S *Water-proofed* Toothbrush.

From raw material to finished product, 158 exacting tests safeguard the purity and safety of each and every tube. Only the finest ingredients, regardless of price, are used.

DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste contains no medication, no mysterious or "trick" ingredients. It cleans the teeth of *both* adults and children with *perfect safety* to tooth enamel and the gums, leaves the mouth feeling delightfully clean and refreshed.

Every tube *Certified* by the makers of DR. WEST'S famous Water-proofed Toothbrush to be completely safe for gums and enamel.

✓ NO "TRICK" INGREDIENTS
✓ NO MEDICATION

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE: Try a tube of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. If it fails to please you in any way, your dealer will refund the full purchase price.

FAMILY SIZE 40¢ Also in Regular 25c size tube

THE NEW Dr. West's TOOTH PASTE

FEET TIRE, ACHE?

Tired, aching feet, rheumatic-like foot and leg pains, sore heels, callouses on soles—all are signs of weak or fallen arches. Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports give you immediate relief by removing muscular and ligamentous strain—the cause of your pain. They are *molded* to your feet and soon restore the arches to normal. Can be changed one pair shoes to another. Expertly fitted and adjusted at leading Shoe and Dept. stores everywhere. For FREE booklet write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 43, Chicago.

Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

There is a Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Appliance or Remedy for Every Common Foot Trouble

rope, jittery with war fever, is anxiously hoarding the stuff.

Which explains why Pop Carey and his son George, who work the quicksilver game as partners, have full-time jobs once more at New Idria, hidden in the Coast Range, 150 miles south of San Francisco.

Today things are booming at this largest single quicksilver ore deposit yet found on the Western Hemisphere. The great mine has returned to life under new ownership, which includes the Hoovers, Theodore and Herbert (who used to work the international mining game together years ago before Herbert became a statesman and Theodore a professor); Senator Sanborn Young of California, and Henry W. Gould, leading quicksilver engineer and metallurgist of the country.

Until the new interests took the property over a few months ago, New Idria was next thing to a ghost mine. The scores of miles of tunnels and shafts and the big reduction plant, idle for nearly five years, teem with activity.

A good way to find out something about this mysterious metal is to journey up the devious, winding road to San Carlos Peak, in which the tunnels of the New Idria mine are burrowed. By the time you have forded the rushing mountain stream a dozen times and bounced over the rough, red road surfaced with cinnabar, the vermilion rock that holds quicksilver captive in its native state, you're bursting with questions about the stuff. Hank Gould is the man to answer them.

Life has been one exciting hunt for rare and exotic metals for this self-educated mining engineer. His search for quicksilver has taken him to most of the continents. In London, Moscow, Madrid, Rome, New York, San Francisco or Mexico City, his word on quicksilver ore is gospel.

Gardening for Mercury

The first thing you want to know is how they get an elusive, flowing silvery metal from that hard red rock. Mr. Gould picks up a chunk of cinnabar, and points to a round vermilion bump on it.

"See that strawberry?" he asks.

"Strawberry?"

"We call them strawberries. That's quicksilver in the raw. So is this streak here."

You look at him dubiously and allow that all the quicksilver you've seen is silvery white and fluid.

"Well, in its native state it was red cinnabar, sulphide of mercury," he explains patiently. "That's how the early Spaniards came to locate the best quicksilver mines in California."

Quicksilver, you soon conclude, belongs in the Arabian Nights fairy tales. Wave a wand and it emerges from solid red rock in the form of colorless vapor. Catch it in dirty, black soot and it pops out as silvery-white liquid that the dentist used to drop in your hand to amuse you when you were a kid. Mix it with nitrate and it is the most powerful explosive known. As mercury bichloride it makes a poison so deadly that there is no antidote for it. Mix it with heat and it is the most efficient source of power yet discovered.

At New Idria the red ore is buried deep in the low mountains. It is hauled to daylight by a narrow-gauge railway tapping eighty miles of tunnels and shafts. The cinnabar is conveyed by aerial cables swinging aloft from the tunnel mouths to the chutes at the top of the reduction plant. From these bins it feeds into long, sloping, steel cylinders which revolve about once a minute. Blasts of hot air from the furnaces below raise the temperature to over a thousand degrees. In these cylinders the quicksilver hastily leaves the rock in which it has been imprisoned for eons and floats off in vapor form. The vapor passes through a dust-removing chamber, then through a series of vertical iron tubes. Cooling and condensing, the quicksilver turns to liquid and drops with the soot into the buckets at the bottom of each condenser tube.

That's where Pop and George Carey take things in hand. George lugs a heavy bucket of the stuff to the iron table and spills it on the pile of lime Pop has spread out. Pop grabs a hoe and gardens like nobody's business, cultivating the lime and the soot. Before your unbelieving eyes, the blobs of quicksilver burst out of the mess and scuttle down the warm table to the puddle, which overflows into a potbellied kettle.

From this Pop dips the metal into an iron bucket and weighs it on a scales. Then he pours seventy-six pounds of liquid into each flask, which is held in a vise. That is the standard weight the world over.

Meeting Tough Competition

Spain's civil war has removed from the world market for the time being the most formidable competitor the American quicksilver miners have—to wit, the Almaden mines.

Spain's Almaden is the most fabulous mine of all time, bar none, and choose your metal. The Almaden has been producing steadily for at least 2,900 years. No other hole in this round planet has a comparable record.

After the Spanish conquest of South America and Mexico, Almaden's quicksilver was transported by the shipload to the Americas for gold-mining operations, even after the Spaniards had captured and worked the ancient mercury mines of the Incas at Huancavelica in Peru. The Peruvian mines caved in during 1789, burying 1,800 men in the worst mining disaster of all time. They were never reopened, but the Almaden mine went on and on.

This has been tough competition for American quicksilver miners, because the ores of Almaden run 140 pounds of quicksilver to the ton of ore. The average for the American mines is six pounds per ton. In fact, the only way the Americans can stay in the game is by handling ore fast and cheap. A rotary furnace in a domestic mine retorts 400 tons a day with a crew of thirteen men. To handle the same amount of ore, the Almaden uses 1,500 men, or over a hundred to one.

Back in 1872, when the Spanish Crown, which owned the Almaden, needed funds to quash a revolution, Rothschilds of London kindly advanced $50,000,000 in consideration of a fifty-year exclusive sales right on the output of the mines. About the same time, the Rothschilds of Frankfurt am Main made a similar deal with the rulers of Austria-Hungary for control of the world's second greatest quicksilver source, the mines at Idria near Fiume, and shortly secured control of the number-three source, the Monte Amiata mines in Italy. Through American connections, the London Rothschilds controlled the fourth major source, the New Almaden and New Idria mines in California.

Thus, for half a century, until the World War upset their monopoly, no nation could make war without asking the Rothschilds for mercury. During the World War, the Idria mines in Austria supplied the Central Empire with the wherewithal for explosives. The Allies relied upon the mines of Spain and Italy.

By the time the United States entered the war, the New Almaden mine, twenty miles west of San Jose, had been practically worked out. The War Industries Board hung up attractive inducements to quicksilver miners, putting it at the head of the list of essential metals. Then, having whooped up the output, the government virtually ruined the thriving young industry by dumping its surplus stock shortly after the Armistice at prices lower than the cost of handling the ore. Quicksilver mining went into a tailspin, from which it was saved several years later by Mr. Benito Mussolini of Rome.

In 1922, the year that Mr. Mussolini and his blackshirts took over the management of Italy, the Rothschild deal for Spain's quicksilver expired. The Spanish tried marketing through brokers. The Idria mine was no longer Austria's, but Italy's, as the result of the Treaty of Locarno. Since Italy and Spain controlled the three major sources of mercury, Premier Mussolini and the Spanish government formed Mercurio Europeo, a cartel existing for the sole purpose of marketing quicksilver and maintaining prices. They fixed the price at $121 a flask. The cartel began to function in 1928.

Developing Efficient Power

The result was a new boom in quicksilver mining in this country. With rotary furnaces, American miners can produce quicksilver at costs ranging from $50 to $70 per flask. At $70, quicksilver mining is a grubstake. At $90, it is good going, and at $121, there's money in the stuff.

Mercurio Europeo, plus the $19-dollars-a-flask duty, provided an umbrella for the American industry until the second year of the depression. By that time, the Spanish and Italians had begun to fudge on their agreement. Both sold secretly at low prices to Felix Berk of London, the leading independent quicksilver broker of the world. That soon glutted the market, and quicksilver hit bottom again about 1932.

Now it's on the upswing without any umbrella. The war scare has set all the nations of Europe and Asia buying the precious metal in a catch-as-catch-can grabfest. In the New York market the price is $90 a flask and mounting. Russia is building a plant to work ore running barely a pound of quicksilver to the ton. France is pouring capital into a mine in North Africa, England into one in New Zealand. Japan has erected two plants. Germany, so far, has failed to find a source, other than the world market. The Italian government broke up the Mercurio Europeo cartel and Mussolini refused to play ball with the radical Spanish government, whose leaders don't think so much of him either.

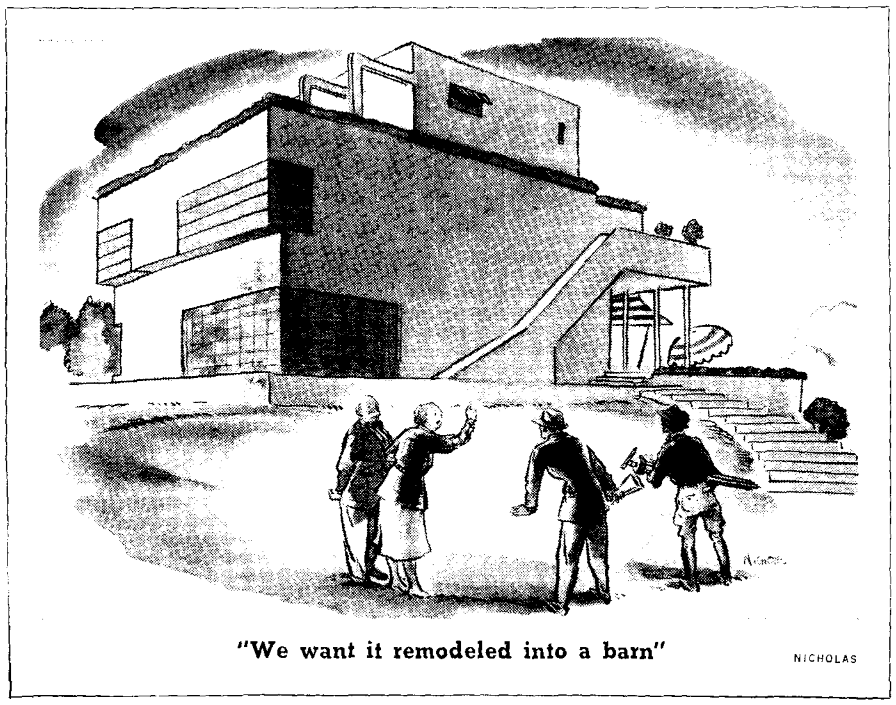
There's another side to the quicksilver picture that looks bright to the American miners, too. Quicksilver has become in the last decade an almost indispensable metal to several lusty industries. Seedsmen are using it as a weak bichloride solution to disinfect seeds, bulbs and potatoes, and check the spread of soil germs. The neon lights that make Main streets so gay all call for their quota of the magic metal. But the best bet of all is the new mercury boiler developed by General Electric.

Some years ago, Dr. W. L. R. Emmett, one of the G. E.'s ace experimenters, hit upon the idea of replacing the water in boilers of turbines of electric generating plants with mercury. He passed the mercury vapor at a very high temperature through a specially designed mercury turbine. Then, instead of allowing the mercury to escape, after it turned the turbine, Dr. Emmett condensed it by running it through steam pipes surrounded by water. The exhaust mercury proved so hot that it converted this water to steam, which in turn was used to operate an ordinary steam turbine.

Just to prove that this idea of using the same fuel twice to develop power was no pipe dream, General Electric built three power-generating plants with mercury turbines at Schenectady, New York; Hartford, Connecticut, and Kearney, New Jersey. They have been in use from three to five years now. Engineers are convinced that they are the most efficient means of developing power yet discovered.

At the present time, General Electric is building a smaller portable unit in the form of a locomotive to haul Union Pacific streamline trains, in competition with General Motors' Diesel power unit. Another mercury turbine installed in a seagoing vessel demonstrates that a still larger one used on a ship the size of the Queen Mary would save nearly a million dollars a year in fuel and operating expenses.

What makes all this so appealing to the quicksilver miners out in the Western diggings is that the mercury needed for a single General Electric plant like the one at Schenectady was four thousand flasks, or over one fifth the entire output of the American mines for 1936. A fleet of mercury turbine locomotives to haul the trains of one railroad would consume as much quicksilver as did the American Expeditionary Forces during the war. Only one per cent of the mercury is lost in a whole year of turbine operation, but even so, when this new motive power gets going in a big way, the quicksilver miner is going to thumb his nose at Mars for the first time since 1799, when the explosive shell with the mercury fulminate cap was invented.



"We want it remodeled into a barn"

"We can't hire them—
nor train them
overnight"

● Increasingly, such scenes as this are being enacted in American industry: "Then we must turn down this order," glares the Sales Manager, "because we lack enough skilled mechanics?"

"That's true. We can't train all-round journeymen overnight, nor hire them, because none are available. If we had started to train our own when this shortage was first predicted, we wouldn't be in this jam today."

A well-organized and well-administered apprentice program is the answer.

But the problem is to provide adequate related instruction which can be co-ordinated with shop practice, so that equal attention is given to training of head and hand. The method must be simple, practical and economical.

This problem is solved. Both small and large companies are proving it to their satisfaction, by the directed use of the instruction service of the International Correspondence Schools. The client company determines who is to be enrolled and when, selects the course, conducts directed study periods, co-ordinates each subject with shop practice—and cancels *if* an apprentice drops out.

The plan is *elastic*, because one apprentice or a thousand can be enrolled. It is *adaptable*, because a special course can be arranged fitted to the variations in each trade and shop. It is *effective*, because correspondence instruction is individual instruction. It is *economical*, because overhead costs are reduced.

Costly, uncertain experimenting is eliminated. First I. C. S. program, established in 1898, by a great railroad system, is still operating.

Ask for: "*The Related Instruction Problem.*"

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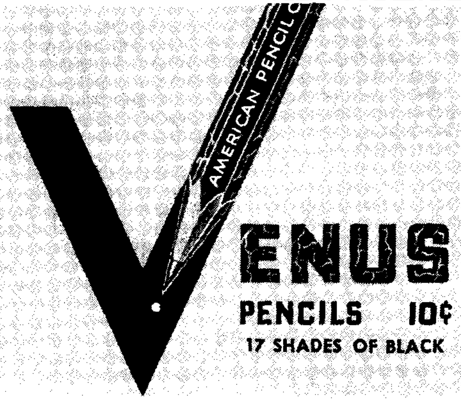

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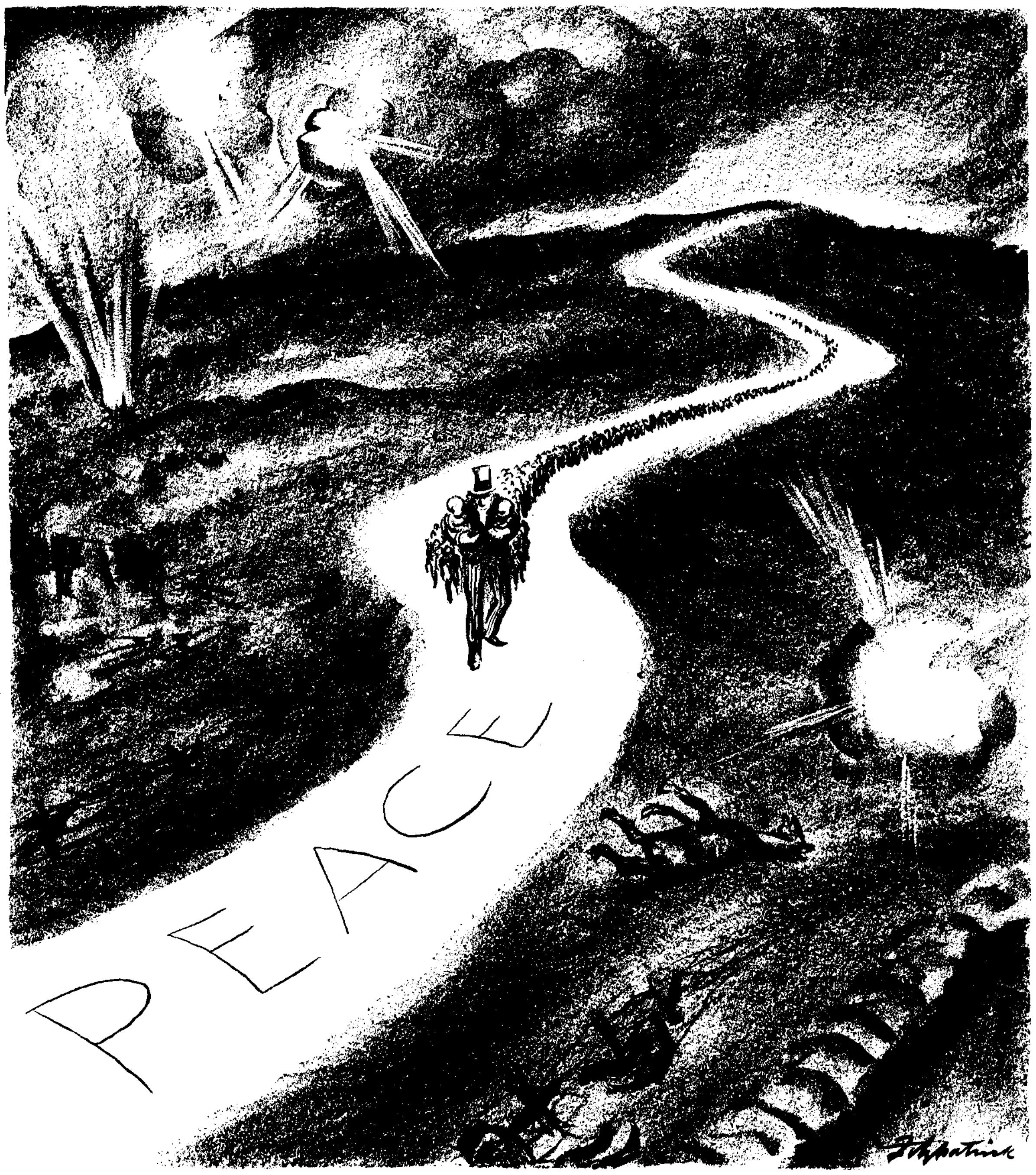

Face the Danger

HOWEVER far fighting spreads in Europe or Asia, the vast majority of Americans don't want to be dragged into war. There are no divisions of sentiment among the American people upon this point. As a nation, we want to keep out of war. We don't like war as a means of settling international questions. All classes, rich and poor, conservative and liberal and radical, agree that war is a stupid, cruel, wasteful and insanely murderous procedure. We want no part in it.

In the summer of 1914 we felt the same. Even Theodore Roosevelt, the ex-President, who later was a leader of the war party, said at first that Europe's war was not our affair. But Europe's war became the World War and we found ourselves irresistibly drawn into it. By April, 1917, Americans were willing, yes, eager, to fight overseas.

We were willing to fight because civilization or democracy, or some other fine ideal, seemed worth preserving. Actually, we declared war because the German submarines were attacking our merchant ships. If the Kaiser Wilhelm had been willing or able to restrain the submarine campaign, the United States might not have entered the World War and Wilhelm Hohenzollern, and not Adolf Hitler, might be number-one man in Germany.

Much as we loathe the very idea, we will fight again if we think war's sacrifices less than those of peace. We are passionately attached to peace today but not much more so than we were in 1914.

If the Japanese or Germans decided to take a hunk of Mexico or Cuba or Canada, we should go to war fast enough. A hundred and twenty-two years ago President Madison was popular when he sent Decatur with an American fleet to clean out the Barbary pirates of the Mediterranean. Today we think we are more willing to yield maritime rights if it is necessary to avoid war.

On land we are fortunate. We are protected by two oceans. Three thousand miles of blue water lie between us and the nearest possible invader. Our merchant ships might be sunk or captured, our possessions abroad confiscated and our travelers killed or outraged but we would be safe from actual invasion until the range of bombing planes is sufficiently increased.

Actually, we have never awaited the ultimate injury before resorting to war. We decided to defend the human rights of seamen in 1812 and again in 1917. Now we tell the seamen that the seas are dangerous and that they had best stay home. Of course the seamen will take what chances they must. That is the way of the sea. So incidents, irritating incidents, may arise and if they do decisions must be made.

European nations and Asiatic must surrender more than we to escape war. China gave up nearly everything asked and still did not avoid Japanese invasion. It is much easier for us to escape war than it is for the British or French, who are so close to powder kegs.

It is the business of good government to prevent the development of situations which inevitably result in war. Prince von Buelow, the old German Chancellor, indicted his successors in power in 1914 because they failed to prevent an incident from becoming a war. Von Buelow said pointedly that Europe had been on the verge of war during the twenty years prior to the actual conflict. Skillful statesmanship had found ways of repressing the irrepressible conflict. Fools permitted a war which intelligent men were able to avoid.

We Americans certainly want our government to use all the skill it can muster to avoid our participation in any major conflict. We know, if we know anything, that the task is not light.

Complete pacifism has not saved the Chinese. It did not protect Ethiopia from Mussolini. Inability to fight or unwillingness to fight at any cost would not assure our safety. We must be able to fight if we are to have any reasonable expectation of peace.

On the other hand, we shall have to be very patient under exasperating circumstances if we are to keep the peace. Some very reckless men possess great power in the dictator countries. From malice or caprice or fear, devastating action can be decreed by Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin or the army chiefs in Japan. A dictator can compel a democratic people to fight or else make humiliating sacrifices.

So far as we can choose, we want to keep out of war. Public opinion is willing to make very great sacrifices. We want reasonably to adjust international difficulties and not resort to slaughter and destruction.

The Administration understands this public feeling. The actual course of the Administration has not been rendered easier by the clumsy provisions of our hastily conceived neutrality act nor by clamor for its hurried enforcement. We must reconsider and revise this law if we seriously intend to be neutral rather than tacitly allied with one or another group of powers.

For the President, however, the chief wish of the American people is to be saved from the sacrifices of a great war. If Secretary Hull and the President can so control events that we are kept out of war, they will earn the gratitude of an intelligent people.

FARE THEE WELL

Good as it is, turkey alone could not be called a rich tasting dish. But sauce it . . . season it . . . stuff it . . . roast it . . . and it becomes rich, flavorsome fare. Much the same is true about GOLDEN WEDDING. ONE whiskey alone cannot produce its richness. It takes several choice whiskies . . . one famous for flavor . . . another for body . . . and still another for bouquet. If you have a flair for richer fare, you'll favor the richer flavor of Golden Wedding. All whiskey . . . rich whiskey . . . it makes highballs and cocktails richer. Know where you're heading. Go GOLDEN WEDDING! It has had no peers for fifty years.

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BLENDED STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF

AS YOU PREFER—IN RYE OR BOURBON

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Why Many People Can't GET TO SLEEP

If *you* have trouble getting to sleep, try this Drugless Aid that is helping so many thousands...

WHAT is tomorrow going to bring for the man who can't get to sleep at night? Chances are, he won't be as efficient as he should be. He won't be enthusiastic. He will look tired. His expression will betray his lack of sleep.

That is the serious thing about not sleeping. It unfits you for the next day.

That is why so many people will read this message seriously.

Food-drink aids sleep!

Ovaltine is a Swiss food-drink* which was originated for convalescents. Then it was discovered that when taken at bedtime it had the ability to aid in promoting sound, restful sleep.

So widespread has this use become that Ovaltine is now the world's favorite nightcap. It is used by hundreds of thousands of people. And thousands—literally thousands—of these people have reported to us the benefit which it has been to them.

There is nothing mysterious about Ovaltine. It is not a drug, or narcotic. It is a food, as pure and wholesome as fresh milk or vegetables.

But—when you take it at bedtime it helps to promote slumber, and its action is explained in the following way:

First, it helps to draw blood from the brain to the region of the stomach. This helps to "compose" the mind for sleep.

Second, it gives the stomach a light digestive job to do, and this tends to relieve that feeling of hollowness and restlessness which keeps so many people awake.

In short, Ovaltine helps to relieve that feeling of "inner tenseness" which bothers so many people—enabling them to RELAX and get to SLEEP!

Why not try it?

Why not try Ovaltine, and see what it will do for you? See if you don't fall asleep more quickly . . . if you don't sleep *better*, if your sleep isn't more unbroken and undisturbed. And see if . . . as a result—you don't wake up tomorrow morning feeling much better than you have in a long time.

These are the results which thousands of people report. Why not let it be your experience, too?

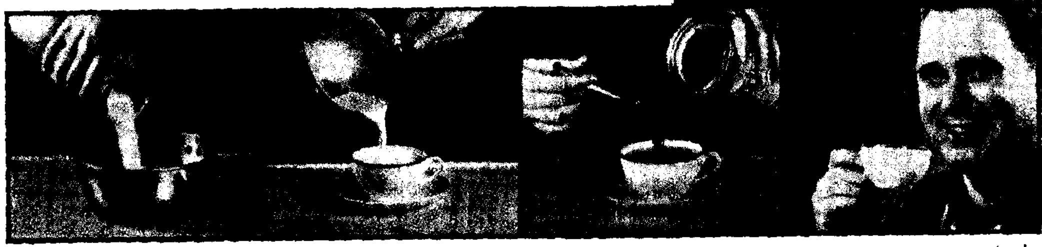
Get a can of Ovaltine and mix yourself an Ovaltine nightcap tonight. Make this a regular nightly habit.

Doctors approve Ovaltine. Over 1,700 hospitals, in this country alone, use it regularly.

*Now made in the U. S. A.

OVALTINE *promotes sound, natural* SLEEP

You can get Ovaltine at all grocery and drug stores. You make a drink of it simply by following the directions at the right. It's a very easy thing to do. Drinking Ovaltine at night may do wonders for you!



Pour milk into saucepan. Heat, but not to boiling. | *Pour hot milk out into a teacup, and then . . .* | *Add 3 or 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine to the milk.* | *Sweeten to taste . . . And there's your "nightcap"!*

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